

THE
ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

*A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art,
and Politics.*

VOL. XXX. — SEPTEMBER, 1872. — NO. CLXXIX.

A DAY IN A JAPANESE THEATRE.

HE who would gain a just idea of the various qualities of a Japanese theatre — its conspicuous merits and its flagrant faults, its contrasts of rude simplicity and lavish splendor, its swift successions of dexterous illusion and awkward disenchantment, and its alternating incongruities of genuine dramatic taste and skill, and reckless defiance of æsthetic and human proprieties — must give at least one uninterrupted day to its study; going early, and leaving only when all is finished. Repeated visits of shorter duration will hardly serve, for one will be almost sure to miss some element, not only of entertainment, but also of importance in estimating the general value of theatrical art among the Japanese. In the performances of one day one will probably find fair examples of nearly all that they attempt to accomplish. Unlike the Chinese, who are content to follow the course of a tortuous tragedy or complicated comedy through days and weeks of mazy evolution, the Japanese must have variety, as well as abundance, in their mimic sports. Their more active nature requires the stimulant of continual novelty, and, for the

price of a single day's amusement, they expect, and usually receive, a complete Polonius's list of representations, with additional details of the kind referred to by Hamlet as more appropriate to the Polonial humor.* One visit, then, will doubtless enable the foreign spectator to satisfy himself as to the standard of the Nippon drama, and to determine its rank among like exhibitions in other lands. If it recommend itself to his gentle senses, there is nothing to prevent him from repeating the experiment as often as he may choose; if it weary him, there is nothing to prevent him from staying away as freely as in any country where the form of government is supposed to be more liberal than in these islands of the Origin of the Sun.

Put yourself, I pray, under my guidance for a day, and come with me to Asakusa, at once the busiest and the merriest quarter of Yedo. Here, amid the incessant bustle of trade, are congregated the best of the public amusements which the great city possesses; most of them under the shadow of the majestic temple of Kuan-non, which,

* "He's for a jig," etc.

unlike the majority of temples, is kept constantly open and in operation, perhaps as an antidote to the poisonous influences of concentrated commerce. Here are gardens with quaint devices of dwarf forests, streams, and mountains, to tempt the curious. Here are archery-grounds, with nimble-fingered Oriental Dianas to fit the fidgety arrow to the evasive cord. Here are menageries with nothing more ferocious about them than languid snakes and spiteful apes. Here are wax-works of truly marvellous fidelity, compared with which even Madame Tussaud's are commonplace caricatures. Here, also, are the theatres; three of them, keeping each other close company, as that famous row on the Boulevard du Temple once did. Of these we can take our choice. They are all alike, externally, and are all sufficiently attractive to the eye, with gay flags protruding and enormous lanterns depending from their balconies, and their walls covered, like those of many play-houses at home, with transparencies representing the most impressive scenes in the favorite dramas of the day. It matters little which we enter. We pass the first, learning that it is already compactly full, and the second, because, although it is but a little past eight o'clock, the performance has already begun. At the door of the third, the proprietor or his assistant waits, bowing and smiling, to receive us; and, ascertaining which part of the house we wish to be placed in, precedes us to our destination, clearing the way, and making all comfortable before us, as an amiable usher would naturally do in any well-conducted American establishment. But as regards payment, no word is spoken at this early period. That ungracious formality is left for a later stage. At present the attendant's thoughts are occupied solely by his desire to bestow us comfortably in our box, with sundry cushions to mitigate the asperities of rough and angular boards, and with pots of fragrant tea to soothe the impatience of the interval before the opening of the day's dra-

matic budget. We might have chairs, European chairs, if we desired, but of course we reject them, as, on such an occasion, we would reject anything unnecessarily foreign, and, folding ourselves together upon the matted floor, we commence our personal proceedings by an inspection of the house and the assemblage.

It is certainly a plain and primitive edifice; thoroughly substantial, and neat enough, but totally destitute of anything approaching to luxury; covering a space about equal to that occupied by Niblo's Garden, in New York, though not equal to Niblo's in height; four solid walls bound together at the top by massive beams and sheltered by a roof, the numerous apertures in which are so arranged, with broad shutters, as to produce specific scenic effects of light and shade. There is no ceiling, and, of course, no plastering or paint upon the woodwork in any part. The auditorial arrangements are not unlike those of the smaller French theatres. The centre of the floor is filled with stalls or boxes,—the former name seems more appropriate here than it is with us,—square spaces separated from one another by partitions about ten inches high, each calculated comfortably to accommodate four, or possibly six, persons. The aspect of the whole is suggestive of a magnified waffle-iron. Two aisles lead from the back of the house to the stage, which latter is not divided by any practical boundary from the body of the parquet, both being upon the same level. Indeed, these aisles appear to be intended rather for occasional exits and entrances of the actors than for the accommodation of visitors, the partitions between the boxes being sufficiently bulky to afford an easy passage to the sure-footed Japanese. Along the outer side of each of the aisles a row of boxes, like the French "loges," extends, constructed to hold four occupants apiece. The gallery—there is only one—chiefly consists of similar "loges," the space in the extreme rear corresponding to the least select part of our play-

houses. Altogether there is ample room for some twelve hundred persons, and with a little of the pressure which American ushers are accustomed to exert, two thousand might be introduced without serious difficulty. Mats and cushions are liberally supplied, but no other conveniences are provided, or, indeed, looked for. The only decorations are a few colored hanging curtains, stretching from side to side like our stage "borders"; rows of paper lanterns hung about the edges of the gallery in the same manner as our gaseliers, and, like them, intended rather for ornament than use, and long strips of cloth thrown over the fronts of the conspicuous boxes above and below, emblazoned with the names of popular actors, the crests of tutelary deities, and the titles of certain plays that have proved especially attractive. The curtain occupies the same position as with us, but there is no proscenium, and nothing to prevent the curious spectator from penetrating behind the scenes at pleasure, excepting his own sense of propriety. It is difficult to discover exactly what restrictions do exist in this respect, for even now, while the mysterious noise of preparation resounds, occupants of the front parquet stalls occasionally lift the curtain before them, dart beneath it, and appear at the sides, having evidently chosen this speedier method of getting out to a promenade along the somewhat narrow partition-tops; and little children, eager to explore the yet undivulged mysteries, leave their places, and, running down the aisles, peer curiously into the dim arena, unmolested and without rebuke.

Half past eight o'clock, an unusually late hour, and the house is two thirds full, but the performance does not begin. We have yet time to take observations of the audience, which, gayly gossiping, seems to care very little for the delay. Most of those present have come prepared to make a day of it, and a half-hour, more or less, is of little moment to them. The *élite*

appear to be in the upper boxes, nearest the stage, although many fine dresses and aristocratic *tournures* are visible both in the lower boxes and the central stalls. On one side, far in front, there happen to be grouped this morning nearly a hundred children, mostly girls, inexpressibly bewitching in their pretty, gentle, innocent glee. I am never tired of paying tribute to the loveliness of the better class of Japanese children. As they sit there just beneath us in their bright holiday attire, they form a picture which many a painter that I know of would give all his old pallets to get sight of, yet will not take a paltry month's voyage to find. For a contrast, we may turn to the rear upper boxes, which are in possession of a body of pleasure-seeking soldiers whose appearance is not at all picturesque. The Japanese *sawarai*, in his transition state from nobleman's retainer-at-large to national guardsman, is as far as possible from an object of beauty. On entering his new military career he is expected to throw off his former graceful, but cumbersome robes, and adopt the garb of European armies; and he does this not unwillingly, but awkwardly and by slow gradations. Instead of dashing boldly across the Rubicon of dress-reform, he trifles on the brink, or plashes timidly and shallowly about, as if afraid of venturing too suddenly beyond his depth. The result is a series of the most extraordinary combinations that can be imagined; fantastic hair-dressings, which refuse to accommodate themselves to the regulation cap; striped trousers rolled up to the thighs, to relieve the legs from an unaccustomed and oppressive warmth; misalliances of the long-sleeved, flowing Japanese sack with tight-fitting breeches, —sometimes with nothing more than woollen drawers, —and, *vice versa*, of the broad-legged *hakami* with close jackets; and, in numerous cases, when all other obstacles have been overcome, a resolute adherence to the Japanese sandals and high pattens, which alone are sufficiently destructive to

every pretension of military bearing, as we understand it. Valor, however, is not dependent upon accidents of apparel, and if there is one quality which the sawarai is known to possess in a higher degree than any other, it is that of indomitable physical courage. Behind the cluster of soldiers is a small gathering of neat-looking servants, apparently in waiting upon certain lofty yaconins, who occupy some of the best places in the house, and who are, in turn, attendants of a very distinguished officer who sits with a small party in a half-hidden recess, closely resembling one of those which, in old-fashioned French theatres, are situated upon the stage, behind the curtain. It is satisfactory to know that a recognized representative of Japanese dignity and mystery is near us; but the real interest of the scene, at present, lies in the body of the house, among the stalls, which are more heterogeneously filled, and spiced with more variety. How polite, good-humored and sociable they all are! There are obvious distinctions of rank in dress, but there are none after the opening salutations of a conversation in intercourse. Though probably all strangers, they smile and jest, and puff one another's health in pinches of tobacco, and interchange candies and fruits like lifelong acquaintances. Candies and fruits! There is abundance of these, for no London pit ever resounded more freely with cries of vendors of every known species of superfluous refreshment, and the trade they carry on is incessant, especially among the young folks, some of whom seem disposed to preclude all possibility of nourishing food, for that day at least, by surfeiting themselves with sweets at the outset. While we are amusing ourselves with the elaborate gravity with which these juvenile bargains are conducted, our friendly co-proprietor, or manager's assistant, or whatever he may be, comes to us with information that the real business is on the point of commencing, and hands us a package of programmes to prepare our minds properly for the delights

in store; to break, one might say, the artistic shock to us. Ah, these are indeed programmes! For amplitude of description and copiousness of illustration, the new worlds of Europe and America know nothing to compare with them. They are not slips or sheets of paper, but little books, neatly bound, and worth preserving as ornaments after their immediate purpose has been served. They present a list of the day's proposed entertainments, with names of the actors and portraits of some of the most distinguished among them, followed by very full analyses of the various plots, with colored illustrations of the principal scenes. Apart from their usefulness in the theatre, they are said to be amusing little volumes for all occasions. It is true that a price is put upon them, but it is very small, not more than a cent for each. As we pay for them, we learn also the price of our admission. This varies according to the hour when the visitor arrives, and, as we are among the earliest, no charge can be higher than ours. It is a little less than two "bu," about half a dollar, apiece; and if anybody can tell me where else upon earth you can go through so much by paying so little, I should like to have him deliver his information forthwith.

The attention of the audience is presently arrested by a series of sharp sounds behind the curtain, caused by rapping two hard and solid blocks of wood together, a very common form of notification everywhere in Japan, and one which, again, suggests the French theatrical method of warning. After a dozen or more of these raps, three blows upon a drum are heard, and the curtain is rapidly drawn aside from the left of the stage to the right, revealing in the centre a neat and tasteful garden scene, than which nothing need be more complete or more correctly designed. Less effective views and less accurate "sets" are often seen in more than one New York and London, not to say Paris theatre of pretension. The space occupied is small, only about two thirds the width of that dis-

closed by the withdrawal of the curtain, and extending to what might correspond to the third entrance in one of our average-sized houses, but it is well filled. Whatever other contradictions to literal fidelity we may observe, there is certainly none of that barbarous indifference which in Chinese theatres allows the orchestra to be seen in full and noisy operation *behind* the actors, and demands no further concession to stage illusions than a portable bush to represent a forest, or a paper gate to stand for a walled city. The scenic appointments of the Japanese are quite well enough in their way; imperfect of course, considered from our point, but excellent as far as they go. The disposition of their musicians, however, is open to severer criticism, of which, by the by, they are unsparing themselves, but seem reluctant to overthrow the old traditions, even while acknowledging their absurdity. From what would be their proscenium, if they had a proscenium, to what would be the edges of their first wings if they had those, stretch two little galleries, or platforms about five feet above the stage, in which the orchestras and choruses are stationed. There are generally three *samisen* or guitar players, and three singers, on each side, and it should be mentioned that one of the justifications of their presence in so conspicuous a position is that the assistance of the choruses is supposed to be frequently required to explain the progress of the drama. Their tuneful commentaries do indeed elucidate a great deal that might otherwise be obscure, and obviate the necessity of much dialogue and many soliloquies which, without some such substitute, would be indispensable. It is easy to say that the whole system is ridiculous, yet who shall determine where the line of musical illustration is to be drawn. In many of our own melodramas at least one half of the action is sustained by orchestral accompaniments, and nobody disputes the value of such effects; and, if we attempt to apply logical tests, which is

more unreasonable, — for a chorus to tell us what is secretly passing in the mind of a particular character, or for that character to proclaim it himself in an outspoken soliloquy? And what mighty difference is there between being informed by three or four respectable middle-aged gentlemen, in melodious unison, that “an interval of two months is supposed, etc., etc.,” and reading the same upon a play-bill? The truth is, that there is no defence for either chorus or soliloquy, and not much for the impertinent and superfluous suggestions of play-bills, so we can afford to pass these questions unanswered. They need not, indeed, present themselves at all, in this opening scene of the Yedo theatre, for we presently discover that, before beginning the dramatic feast, a species of pantomimic prelude is offered, intended, perhaps, to simulate a propitiatory appeal to supernatural powers, or perhaps only to introduce the more diversified proceedings of the day by an act of formal greeting to the assemblage. The regular musicians, all dressed in rich but plain-colored robes of state, having taken their accustomed places, the doors of a pavilion in the mimic garden are opened, and a dozen more imposing figures enter therefrom, bearing instruments which are not employed in the orchestras, though familiar enough to the Japanese, namely, flutes, *kotos*,* and little drums of curious construction and various in tone, some broad and shallow like tambourines, some long and slender, and some contracted like hour-glasses. These gravely seat themselves in a row, as a line of chairless negro-minstrels might do, and without much delay, open a lively tournament of cacophonous rivalry with their neighbors overhead. The entries in the lists, however, are very gradual, and some five minutes pass before the whole

* The koto is an instrument resembling a magnified Æolian harp, the strings of which are sometimes stretched upon a hollow box, but generally upon a large block of solid wood. Its tone is soft and melodious, much more so than that of the *samisen*, which differs little from our banjo.

force of twenty-four is in united operation. An hour-glass drum, perched lengthwise upon the player's right shoulder, and smartly tapped with the fingers of the left hand, is first sounded, the performer's voice following it in a monotonous recitative. Samisens in the galleries next emerge from silence, at first softly and timidly, as if afraid of intruding, but presently, gathering boldness, with a rising energy that threatens to extinguish the solitary drum and calls for reinforcement below, which is hastily thrown in by the wry-necked fife. A sonorous platform chorister soon mingles in the emulous fray, provoking a vigorous rejoinder from the entire body of vocalists upon the floor. The twelve above reply with a flowing phrase. The twelve below retort with a shrill stanza. Then all the drums are heard in a fine frenzy rolling, the samisens twitter, the kotos twang, and twenty-two pairs of lungs pour forth their utmost volume. Two flute-players alone, having their mouths as well as their hands full, and being unacquainted with the American art of singing through the nose, are forced to abstain from swelling the choral strain. But the tumult is sufficient with only their partial co-operation, and so, lustily and vigorously, for some sixty seconds, without interruption, the acoustic anguish is prolonged.

Suddenly, without premonition, and with no apparent cause to inexperienced eyes, the commotion is multiplied by loud cries from the audience. Nothing has happened upon the stage to occasion such an outburst, but, following the gaze of the multitude, we perceive that two figures have entered from the rear of the parquet, and are now proceeding slowly down the aisles. The uproar of the populace is simply a demonstration of welcome. The actors are evidently familiar favorites, for, in addition to the usual welcome of cheers and clapping of hands, their names are shouted again and again by the more eager of their admirers, a proof of extreme popularity. Unmoved by the applause, they glide ma-

jestically to the middle of the aisles, where they pause, salute each other and the audience, and then, in a series of easy undulations, their feet seeming never to leave the floor, move onward again toward the stage, having at last reached the centre of which, they stand motionless for a few seconds in attitudes of singular freedom and grace. By this time the general agitation is subdued, and tranquillity reigns again. During the next ten minutes no sound is heard excepting the most gentle touches of the samisens and kotos, and an occasional cry of "Kimi-tayu" or "Ina-hachi," the names of the performers, from some irrepressible enthusiast in the body of the house. Now is our opportunity for minute inspection. The characters represented are feminine, but the impersonators are men, as is always the case in Japan. As far as appearance goes, the disguise presents few difficulties, for it is the custom of all women of position to powder their faces and necks in such profusion as to make the imitation of the artificial complexion an extremely easy matter. Certain prescribed touches of pink paint still further facilitate the masking of the countenance, and the hair, of course, is counterfeited without trouble. It is in the movement of the body and the management of the dress that the cleverness of the actor is shown; and in these details, the couple before us are undoubtedly accomplished experts. Excepting their tallness, — and even this is not excessive, — there is nothing about them to betray their real sex to the most penetrating observation. Every trace of masculine angularity and stiffness has been banished from their frames. But these characteristics, which are afterward more curiously studied, do not at first strike us with so much surprise as the splendor of their apparel. Dresses more costly may sometimes be seen in Western theatres, but none at once so rich in material, so vivid in color, and so perfectly tasteful and harmonious in their extraordinary brilliancy. The chief materials are silk

and velvet of the finest Japanese quality, which means the finest quality in the world, overwrought with fanciful embroidery and glittering with crystals and polished metals. The two costumes are at first precisely alike in form, but so contrived in color that one seems a blaze of gold, the other a glare of silver. The head of each actor is covered with a tall shining hat, from which a fringe of bullion falls, entirely concealing the hair. The throat and shoulders are swathed with glittering scarfs. A long robe, with sleeves of inordinate length, is lightly bound around the figure, closing in at the ankles, and suddenly expanding about the feet, like an inverted lotos-leaf. The waist is encircled by the broad Japanese cestus, or *obi*, heavily knotted at the back, in which are sheathed innocuous weapons and ornaments of various design. The combinations of color, and the effects produced by them, it is useless to attempt to describe; there is no proximate standard of previous recollection to measure them by. It is sufficient to say that past visions of "Black Crook" costumes,—I believe some of the characters wore clothes in that famous spectacle,—and those of similar displays, become dull and rusty in comparison. Moreover, one dress alone is not held sufficient for the occasion. A few stately gestures, and the hats and outer garments are thrown aside, disclosing a second and totally different attire, in no respect less striking than the first. And, presently, after a haughty sweep around the stage, a third is unveiled, the most superb of all. The bodies of the two comedians are now cleared for action, and a dignified dance begins. I say a dance, although it exhibits little of the activity which the word implies with us. In the feminine choreography of Japan there is no saltatory motion. The men are marvels of vivacity, but the women are always comparatively calm and subdued. Their feet do not appear to be lifted from the ground. They glide from spot to spot, with bodies

rhythmically vibrating and arms seductively swaying, pausing now and again in postures of approved Oriental coquetry, to beckon with a fan-flirt or lure with a smile. But of animated action there is very little, and here, this morning, less than usual, since the purpose of the performance is grave and austere, rather than jubilant and mirth-inspiring. Nevertheless, it is full of grace, and is impressive from the elaborate precision with which the movements of the two dancers are blended; and we willingly join in the acclamations which ring through the house as, after a final swoop and flourish of prodigious expanse, they dart beneath the hanging curtains of the pavilion, and vanish from public sight.

Now, amid the bustle which ensues, hum of conversation, cries of refreshment-sellers and rattle of machinery upon the stage, we look to our programmes for what is to follow. "Bumbuku Chagama" is announced. "Bumbuku Chagama" is a typical dramatic subject in Japan, and shall therefore be explained. The literature of the country is full of fanciful legends and fables, some apparently derived from foreign sources, and arbitrarily adapted to Japanese traditions, some exclusively national and illustrative of such crude mythology as here exists. In the latter the grotesque ideals of the fox, the badger, or some other mysteriously endowed animal frequently figure. They are very old, generally very brief, and always extremely popular. Every child is familiar with hundreds of them, since they are circulated profusely in neat little pamphlets, drolly illustrated, at the cheap rate of about a dozen for a cent. Theatrical versions of these tales form about half the stock in trade of the Yedo playhouses. As we shall by and by discover, the dramatizations do not strictly follow the course of the original fables, but divergences of this sort have always been the inalienable privilege of playwrights, from Shakespeare down to the lowest. Among them all, "Bumbuku Chagama" is one of the best known

and most frequently represented. Why this is so nobody can satisfactorily explain, for it is only of average merit, and as a mere narrative has very little romantic, or even human, interest about it. But, since it possesses a certain prominence, both as a favorite nursery fiction and an accepted theatrical theme, a double purpose may be served by offering first a literal translation, and afterward showing in what manner it has been thought judicious to rearrange it for dramatic treatment.

BUMBUKU CHAGAMA ;

OR,

THE BUBBLING TEAPOT.*

Once upon a time, it is said, there lived a very old badger in the temple known as Morin-ji, where there was also an iron teapot, called Bumbuku Chagama, which was a precious thing in that sacred place. One day, when the chief priest, who was fond of tea, and who kept the pot always hanging in his own sitting-room, was about taking it as usual to make tea for drinking, a tail came out of it. He was startled, and called together all the little *bonzes*, his pupils, that they might behold the apparition. Supposing it to be the mischievous work of a fox or badger, and being resolved to ascertain its real character, they made due preparations ; some of them tied handkerchiefs about their heads, and some stripped their coats off the shoulders,†

* It is extremely diverting to find the literati of Japan at loggerheads about the etymology of this title, and to learn that the result of their inquiries is very much like that which followed the investigations of the discoverer of "Bill Stumps his Mark." The scholars have held that Bumbuku is a compound, the first syllable of which, Bun (here softened into Bum), signifies learning, and the second, Fuku (or Buku), wealth. There is no question about Chagama, which means teapot. Antiquaries desire that the name should thus be equivalent to "The Accomplished and Prosperity-bestowing Teapot," and the Chinese characters which they apply to it have this interpretation. But it appears that in the province of Sendai, where Morin-ji and the wonderful pot still exist, the word "Bumbuku" is currently used in simple imitation of a bubbling or gurgling sound, and may be indifferently applied to boiling water, running streams, or the mental processes of over-fanciful philologists. Thus rudely are the glims of science doused.

† Customary preparations of laboring-men for any arduous toil.

and armed themselves with sticks and bits of fire-wood. But when they were about to beat the vessel down, wings came out of it, and as it flew about from one side to another, like a dragon-fly, while they pursued it, they could neither strike nor secure it. Finally, however, having closed all the windows and sliding-doors, after hunting it vigorously from one corner to another, they succeeded in confining it within a small space, and presently in capturing it.

While they were variously consulting what they should do with it, a low merchant, whose business it was to collect and sell waste-paper, entered opportunely, and they showed him the teapot, with the view of disposing of it to him, if possible. He, observing their eagerness, offered for it a much lower price than it was worth ; but, as it was now considered a monstrous thing in the temple, they allowed him to have it, even at the unfair valuation. Greatly rejoiced, he took it and hastily carried it away, and reached his home well satisfied with his bargain, looking forward to a handsome profit the next day, when he hoped to sell it to some lover of tea-drinking.

Night came on, and he laid himself down upon his cushions to rest, and, covering himself with blankets, slept soundly.

But at a later hour, toward the middle of the night, the teapot once more changed itself into the form of a badger, and came out from the waste-paper basket in which it had been placed. The merchant was aroused by the noise, and caught the teapot while it was in flight ; and, by treating it kindly, gained its confidence and affection. In the course of time, moreover, it became so docile that he was able to teach it rope-dancing and various other accomplishments.

The report soon spread that Bumbuku Chagama had learned to dance, and the merchant was invited to various great and small provinces, where, also, he was summoned to exhibit the marvel before the daimios, who bestowed

upon him large gifts of gold and silver. In course of time he reflected that it was only through the teapot, which he had bought so cheap, that he had become prosperous, and felt it to be his duty to return it again, with some compensation, to the temple. He therefore carried it thither, and, telling the chief priest the story of all his good fortune, offered to restore it, together with one half of the money he had gained.

The priest, well pleased with his gratitude and generosity, consented to receive the gifts. The badger was made the tutelary spirit of the temple, and the name of Bumbuku Chagama has remained famous in Morin-ji to the present day, and will be held in remembrance until the latest ages as a legend of ancient times.

That is the whole story as it stands in popular literature. How it has been amplified and adorned for the stage, we shall now see.

As the curtain is drawn aside, we faintly discern the interior of a priest's apartment in the temple. The existence of an outer wall, toward the spectators, is of course left to the imagination, but a door is outlined, by which the room communicates with a garden, the shrubbery in which is thickly laden with snow. It is a stormy night, and the effect of gloom is augmented by the closing of most of the large windows in the roof of the theatre. The wind moans, and the branches of the withered trees rustle uneasily. Upon the mats within, the chief priest sits or kneels beside his *hibachi* (fire-bowl), reading by the dim light of a large paper lantern. The iron teapot hangs upon the inner wall. The warmth and repose of this interior contrasts keenly with the restless discomfort of the scene outside.

Entering by one of the aisles, a huntsman advances, clothed in furs, carrying his match-lock on his shoulder and his game-bag on his thigh. In pantomime he bewails the hard fortune of the day. The falling snow has ex-

tinguished his fuse when he most needed it. His fingers, cramped by frost, have failed him at the moment of firing. He has lost his usual steadiness upon the slippery ground, and missed his aim repeatedly. He is weary, cold, and hungry. All this is admirably told in silent action. Suddenly he discovers the light in the temple. He runs and asks admission. The old priest receives him hospitably, listens with interest to the tale of his misadventures, brings him cushions from behind a screen, and goes out in search of food, leaving directions for the huntsman to prepare hot water in the teapot.

The gratified guest takes the huge vessel from its hook, and hangs it over the *hibachi*. A terrible shock awaits him. No sooner is the influence of the fire felt upon it than it opens in front, and a grinning badger's head protrudes. He recoils, awe-stricken and speechless, and, while he glares upon the apparition, it changes to a human countenance, — that of a young and comely woman. He springs toward it, but at that instant the priest returns, and the teapot resumes its ordinary shape.

Trembling with excitement, the huntsman hurriedly tells the marvelous story of what has happened. The priest attempts to pacify him, intimating that his brain is disturbed by hunger and exhaustion. The huntsman protests, but the priest is unconvinced. His scepticism, however, is speedily overthrown. He approaches the teapot to throw in the fragrant herb, when lo! it vanishes, and in its place stands a blooming *mus'me*, all agitation and timidity, shrinking with sensitiveness and cowering with confusion. The priest and huntsman, though greatly perplexed, are dazzled by her charms, and endeavor to reassure her; and she, coy and reluctant for a while, consents at last to be comforted. We observe that she resolutely keeps her face toward her entertainers; but when she turns her back in our direction, we, the audience, discover that the beautiful young lady has a bushy tail. This piece of caudal confidence is intended

to let us into the secret that, in spite of seductive appearances, the fair visitor is in reality an imp of mischief and still a badger at bottom. But the two victims are completely deluded.* The priest again retires, to fetch other refreshment especially suited to the delicate taste of his new guest. The huntsman and the beauty being left alone, flirtation ensues. From flirtation, the transition is rapid to ulterior consequences, and a succession of scenes is enacted, almost as indescribable as some of those in Offenbach's "Gerolstein" or "Genevieve." The priest, returning, flutters, rages, writhes with jealousy. He is guilty of a meanness alike unbecoming to his character as a host and as a disciple of Buddh. He peeps through a crevice in the screen. What he discovers, or thinks he discovers, may be imagined from the fact that, on the reappearance of the mysterious stranger, he essays the military manoeuvre of flanking her and cutting off her rear. She is adroit and agile, but the priest, though aged, is animated by a triple energy. He is consumed by curiosity, his moral senses are shocked, and the fiend of jealousy urges him on. Moreover, the lady is so eagerly faced by the huntsman that she has little opportunity for afterthought. The priest at length finds his opportunity, and seizes it. He seizes also, the betraying member, — the tell-tail. Then his eyes are fully opened. The disguise falls, and we behold no longer a woman, but a badger unadorned, an unpalliated groundhog, an *ursus meles*, unmitigated and undissembled. With the huntsman, however, the illusion is prolonged. He has still faith in the feminine fraud; and while the priest is now chasing a four-footed fact with a bushy tail, he is pursuing a frolicsome phantom of his own species, with bright eyes, soft lips, and a dainty artificial complexion. The ardor of the priest at length prevails. The badger, incapable of longer main-

taining its double identity, leaps once more into the teapot, which is grasped by the priest and hurled from the window. The huntsman, with a wail of despair, flings himself after it, and the benevolent Buddhist, resolved to prosecute his good work to the end, also clambers laboriously forth, uttering cries of remonstrance and warning.

The scene slowly changes to a cemetery. Dusky gravestones are rimed with frost, and *ignes fatui* are flitting from mound to mound. The teapot lies upon the ground, as empty and desolate as the rest of the picture. It is evident that the badger has escaped. The huntsman runs in, looking from side to side, peering behind monuments and listening acutely for his lost treasure. He espies it. It is there, half hidden behind a bush. As it moves swiftly away, he follows it. The priest appears, catches sight of the retreating forms, and starts again in pursuit. We may judge that he intercepts the fugitives, for he soon returns, driving the badger before him, and belaboring it with his lantern-stick. The chase is long-continued, the sprite always showing itself in human form when the huntsman is near, and resuming its natural shape when approached by the priest. Before long other badgers join the fray, and for a while we have a wild hunt of the "Freischütz" order, — a sort of Oriental Walpurgis witch-dance. But nothing can elude the persistence of the priest. Harassed and worn-out, the original badger once more seeks refuge in the teapot. The priest, with the fragment of a tombstone, shatters the receptacle to atoms. As it breaks, some mysterious spell seems to be broken with it. The obnoxious animals retire, howling. The gravestones fall, and reveal flowers and pleasant architectural images. The churchyard is transformed into a smiling garden, and in the midst stands lovely woman, this time without a tail, as we are permitted to perceive, released from her enchantment, and ready to reward her adorer. He capers with glee, the priest beams benignantly upon them, and all

* This trick of badgers and foxes turning themselves into women to mislead weak mortals is frequent in Japanese fable.

ends as it should end, — abruptly, but happily.

This may serve as a fair description of the average Japanese drama. Of course the supernatural element does not prevail in all, but it is very frequently employed and is always heartily welcomed. We find as the morning goes on, that lively comedies and plays of the class which we call “domestic” are common; and historic episodes of political intrigue and warlike achievement are particularly favored, — almost as much so as the fables. One of the most agreeable to us — perhaps from the fact that we recognize in it an old acquaintance — is a pure fairy romance called “Momotaro,” the story of which is a simple modification of our “Fair One with the Golden Locks”; the three friendly animals being in this case a pheasant, a monkey, and a dog. In all of them there is much to enjoy, something to admire, and a little to laugh at. The acting has more merit and fewer faults than we could have expected. In the portrayal of violent emotions, of pride, terror, or rage, these players could not be anywhere surpassed. Their truthfulness never wavers, and as a trifling commentary, it may be mentioned that, during a certain ghost-scene, a party of children in the audience are so infected with the assumed fright of one of the actors that they jump from their seats and scamper out of the house in dismay. What is more, the actor in this scene, having fallen to the ground in an agony of alarm, and being obliged to make his exit at the moment, literally writhes himself along the aisle and out of sight in a series of convulsive throes, without once disturbing the illusion. He is upon the dangerous line of the ridiculous all the way, but he never oversteps it. In the gentler passions, however, they are less successful; and we, of course, are not to be deceived by any serious love-making, when we know that both the parties to it are of the stouter sex. We scoff at sentiment when we spy a beard under the muffler. But in lighter comedy, or

farce, this is a matter of less importance. And, truly, the fellows are astonishingly clever in their feminine airs and graces. As we saw before, the mimicry of personal appearance is perfect enough; but an insurmountable difficulty lies in the voice. The Japanese actors do not attempt, like the Chinese, to speak in a strained falsetto, but maintain their natural tones; and in this they are judicious, for, although they may not reproduce the real softness of womanly utterance, they at least avoid downright absurdity, which the Chinese never do. I am prepared to say that, taken as a whole, the Japanese comedians, as illustrators of the manners and feelings of their countrymen are on a level with those of any Western nation. There is proof of close study and of genuine culture in all their performances, and their most obvious error is not strictly a defect of art, but a defiance of nature. They complain, themselves, of the absence of women-players, and aver that they have often tried them, but have never found them sufficiently apt scholars. Perhaps they have not tried them with a due determination to make them succeed. Otherwise, they satisfy every reasonable requirement, and this, I am sure, would be the judgment of all who, while examining their acting as critically as need be, would dissociate it from its embarrassing accessories. What makes it often appear irregular or grotesque are its illogical surroundings, and these are all really so extraneous and unnecessary that they might be swept away at once, without disturbing in any degree the integrity of the representations. Put a company of first-class Japanese comedians upon one of our stages, and they might compete with the world, up to their limit of dramatic interpretation. Here, although they do not know it, they are needlessly hampered in a variety of ways. It is no excuse for anomalies like the perpetual jingle of orchestra and clamor of chorus to say that others, just as bad, exist in other theatrical systems; and so long as the Japanese actor has

to contend against samisens and song-singers, he will always be at a disadvantage. The stage arrangements, too, are ludicrously disregarding of the *ars celare*. The prompter usually stands in full view, and for the removal or introduction of furniture or other properties there is a battalion of lads-in-waiting, gnome-like creatures in black, with crape veils over their faces, who run about the stage picking up a discarded dress or supplying a sword whenever occasion demands. If a warrior falls dead upon the stage, after a combat quite as irrational as the "three-up and three-down" broadsword fights of our minor theatres, two of these attendants come forward and stretch a shawl before him, under cover of which he rises and walks off the stage. Just picture the incongruities. After a passionate quarrel, in which the rising wrath of each participant is depicted with masterly expression, a mock passage-at-arms ensues, which would not impose upon an infant. Receiving a death-wound, one of the duellists dies slowly, and with a literalness of increasing torture which shows that he is following no imaginary model, but has made himself perfect in the process by watchful observation, and immediately afterward jumps up and takes himself off behind a scarf which hides nothing. As to the scenic appliances, they are in most respects good, — more than merely good. There is no chance for broad effects, but the views are always prettily and elegantly painted. The method of scene-shifting is cumbersome and wasteful of space, yet is not without a certain ingenuity of its own. The practicable stage is one large circle which is bisected by the "flat," and which, being turned half around by hidden machinery, carries with it all that was in sight, and discloses an entirely fresh "set." The back of the old scene becomes the face of the new one. Sometimes groups of characters are thus made to disappear while their dialogue continues, and another body comes into view, laughing and chatting, more di-

rectly *in medias res* than is possible with us. Seen for the first time, this kind of change has a peculiar force. For other mechanical effects the stage has plenty of traps, which are used for the ascent of spectres and spirits, for hiding-places in plays of intrigue, for secret passages in hostile surprises, and similar purposes.

The curtain having closed upon a particularly thrilling climax of bloodless carnage and animated death, our good-natured assistant-manager, or something, who has hovered protectingly about us all day, comes again to the door of our box, and tells us, in a whisper, that the interval before the next performance will be long, and that, if we like, we may accompany him upon a short visit behind the scenes. This is indeed a privilege. We follow with alacrity, and soon find ourselves in the midst of that familiar confusion and disorder which, I suppose, must always be the same wherever the theatre flourishes. One touch of the *coulisses* makes the whole world kin. Carpenters are rushing about, balancing heavy "flats" against the air, property men are gathering together and redistributing their stores, and the stage-director is dancing diabolically around, execrating everything and generally deporting himself with the fury and ferocity which, as is well known, are necessary to keep the drama from going to the dogs. Are we really in Japan? Why, this might be an *entracte* in any metropolitan theatre where pure English is supposed to be spoken. There is a degree of politeness here, amid all the hurry, which might elsewhere be thought to conflict with high art; but in all other respects, we, who have penetrated these mysteries in many climes, are entirely at home. Our conductor insists upon leading us up stairs, down stairs, and in the actors' chambers, assuring us that we shall not intrude, but, as strangers, will be perfectly welcome. We are shown the windlass by which the stage is turned, the contrivances for wind whistling and rain pattering, the

paint and property rooms, and are finally introduced to the presence of the principal players, all of whom, assisted by their dressers, are arraying themselves for the coming representations. They receive us very pleasantly, but are too busy to talk, as we well understand, and so, after a formal salutation, we speedily leave them. One gentleman, however, gorgeously clad in nothing but paint, whose preparations are quite completed, constitutes himself our companion from this point, and directs our attention to a number of interesting details. We remark that we have not yet witnessed any of his acting, but that, in compensation, we shall see a great deal of him when he does appear, referring, mildly, to his nakedness. He is pleased to catch the subtle humor of our jest, and he explains that he is to personate a *beto*, or groom, one of a class which is distinguished all over Japan by profuse and elaborate tattooing; and that he has been all day in the hands of a painter who, as we see, has cleverly imitated the permanent decorations of the ostler tribe. In order properly to qualify himself as a *beto*, he has relinquished some of his best parts to other players. Is not this real devotion? Could the enthusiasm of that tragedian, who, in *Othello*, blacked himself all over, be carried to a higher pitch?

The sounds of the samisen warn us away, and we return to our box to find the stage cleared for a species of ballet. Numerous dances follow one another, some very merry, some more subdued, but none so rigidly grave as that which opened the events of the day. Pantomime enters freely into this performance. There is a fan-dance, in which the omnipresent toy is put to more coquettish uses than ever a Rosina dreamed of. There is a shuttlecock dance, the implements of which, like Macbeth's dagger, are but of the mind, but are capitally suggested by appropriate gesticulation. A favorite game with an elastic ball is worked into a dance, and it is delightful to see with

what mock energy the supposed ladies compete for the possession of the plaything, — which does not exist, — and, having obtained the airy nothing, how such one in a stooping posture chases it about, withholding it to the last possible moment from other claimants. There are plenty of dances by men as well, and they amply supply all that the women lack in activity. They have their own shuttlecock game; and the violent struggles they depict, the collisions and overthrows, the mortification at missing a stroke and the elation when especially successful are irresistibly ludicrous, particularly as there are no shuttlecock and battledore all the while. In the same way, they go through the movements of the butterfly trick, of a certain dexterous feat with a looped handkerchief, and of vaulting exercises; the material fabrics being equally baseless in every case. Toward the end of this diversification an "umbrella dance" is introduced, full of ingenious developments and strange surprises. The umbrella dances which we have seen at home are stupid bores. Here the instrument is so contrived, that, although when shut, it is quite ordinary and insignificant in appearance, "with no points that any other umbrella might not have," when opened, it assumes, at the will of the holder, a dozen different shapes, colors, and dimensions. The various combinations are thus made to resemble a brilliant pyrotechnic display. And the variety of uses to which they are put! Half closed, they are worn as high-peaked hats. With the handles bent, they are disposed upon the stage to imitate beds of flowers, among which the dancers promenade. Rolled edgewise over the ground, they become the wheels of a Harlequin coach, in which the queen of the ballet seems to ride. We really have seen nothing like it on any of the continents. The closing dance is not so entirely foreign in character. The women still retain their gentle stateliness, but on the part of the men it is a kind of raging cancan, worthy of the *habi-*

tués of the Mabilles, or even their coarser caricaturists, those blonde Bedouins of the stage, who, unsexed from the crown to the toe, figure in New York burlesques.

It is now long past noon, and the exertion of long-continued applause, together with much laughter, has given us an appetite. We are informed that there are excellent tea-houses over the way, and, repairing to one of these, we find all that is needed for a satisfactory luncheon. This accomplished, we return to the theatre, taking with us sundry packages of choice Yedo confectionery, which we do not want, but which were urged upon us so cannily by a pretty waitress, that we found our command of the Japanese language insufficient to refuse them. There is yet a considerable time to wait before the renewal of the revels. A great deal of lively conversation is going on down stairs. The two-sworded *jeunesse dorée* are wandering about from box to box, shedding compliments and collecting smiles. A little piece of business just beneath us seems to mean mischief. A young liberty-taker has made a loop in a long paper string, and thrown it, lasso-like, over one of the projecting hair-pins of a tidy-looking damsel in front of him, obviously intending thus to establish a cord of sympathy between himself and her. Nevertheless, though he pulls as firmly as he dares, she is not perceptibly drawn toward him. The surrounding spectators are greatly amused. We plainly see that the restraints of Western theatres are not recognized here, and since larks are permitted, and even encouraged, why should we not have one of our own? By all means, an original, ingenious, spirited, and luminous lark; dazzlingly brilliant, but strictly innocent. We will lure from their nests below all the children that our own box and the two adjoining, which are empty, can contain. Unwinding the strings from our bundles of candy, we bait them with sugar-plums and cautiously drop them over the sides, not within the reach of those below, — we

are too clever for that, — but just outside of it. The children laugh and clutch hysterically. Their guardians are convulsed, and, in fact, the entire audience thinks it about the best thing it has ever seen in its life. It is a magnificent popular success. We are only afraid that our friends behind the curtain may become envious. We beckon, but the children shake their heads doubtfully. They are not a bit afraid, but some of them think they are, and others like to pretend to be. They consult first together, then with their parents. The candy tempts them strongly, and so does the prospect of adventure. At last one little girl, a Winkelried in her way, runs up the aisle, climbs the staircase, and springs boldly in between us. *Rien ne coûte après le premier pas.* We are surrounded, stormed, and despoiled before we can count ten in correct Japanese. It is more than a success; it is a triumph. We feel that a more flattering *début* can seldom have been made in this establishment. We are approved by the multitude, esteemed by a select circle of mothers, and adored by the infants, most of whom remain with us during the rest of the day, highly confidential and contented, and behaving as, I think, only Japanese children know how to behave.

The afternoon programme presents very little that is new. We have another historical sketch; a ghost-story, in which a dreadful cat first as a magician destroys, and afterwards as an animal devours, an entire family; a comedy, not long, but extremely broad; and a second ballet. As twilight approaches, and we are preparing to leave, we are exhorted to wait yet a little, and witness what the French call a *solennité*, a first representation and by candle-light, which latter condition is most unusual. Of course we consent to remain. Just before the termination of the ballet, a device well known in our theatres is practised. An actor, dressed simply as a citizen, rises from among the audience, and, attracting attention by cries and eccen-

tric gestures, makes his way to the stage, having reached which, he changes his tone, and announces that his purpose was only to gain the public ear, and give information of the novelty in store, which is not set down in the bills. Everybody had risen to depart, but now everybody sits down again, and immediately after we see, through the increasing darkness, an immense number of people pouring in from the street, who rapidly fill every corner of the house. It appears that on the occasion of a first performance, which always takes place at the close of a day, the theatre is thrown open, and any person may enter gratuitously. This is undoubtedly intended to accomplish what at home is done by the newspapers. If a piece is well received the favorable report of a thousand individuals is a good advertisement, and, indeed, is almost the only kind of public announcement possible in this place. As we have sometimes remarked in other communities, these free-comers are the most exigent of all auditors. While others are patient and calm, they immediately begin a series of clappings, poundings, and cat-calls that carry us back in imagination to Drury Lane on Boxing Night, or the Bowery in a bad temper. Before the stage arrangements are ready, twilight has deepened into dusk; and to dispel all doubt about the growing darkness, a number of attendants proceed to render it visible by planting six dim candles along the line which with us is occupied by footlights. It is a fine specimen of what the emendator of "*Paradise Lost*" calls "transpicuous gloom." When the curtain is drawn, it is wholly impossible to distinguish any object, and it becomes a question whether we

shall not have to content ourselves with colloquy, and imagine the action. But we have not yet fathomed the resources of the establishment. As the two actors who first take part in the new piece approach by the aisle, we see hovering before them a couple of will-o'-the-wisp-like lights, fastened to the ends of long rods, and carried by a pair of the dark attendants before mentioned. Whenever a new performer appears upon the scene, he is preceded and made partially distinguishable by one of these, and when half a dozen are grouped together, the picture becomes weird and grotesque beyond description. This is so far outside the limits of possible illusion that we cease to regard the representation as anything but a curious experiment, and, even thus considered, it soon fails to be amusing. The mass of the spectators, however, enjoy it amazingly, and are quite indifferent to the abnormal and incomplete method of illumination. They follow the play — a short farce — with keen intentness, shake the edifice with laughter over its comic incidents, and break out in a frenzy of applause at the close, which gives the actors ample assurance of a new success. The long theatrical day is at an end. Lights are extinguished, and, with two thousand others, we blindly grope our way through intricate corridors and down precipitous staircases, and emerge with a sense of sudden relief into the lively and well-lighted street. The last half-hour, certainly, has been a little oppressive; for the rest, — I have my own conviction, as you may suppose, but one opinion, however sincere, does not make a verdict. May I have yours? And, knowing mine, do you think you can agree with me?

E. H. House.

HALF AN HOUR BEFORE SUPPER.

"SO she's here, your unknown Dulcinea, — the lady you met on the train, — And you really believe she would know you if you were to meet her again?"

"Of course," he replied, "she would know me; there never was womankind yet
Forgot the effect she inspired. She excuses, but does not forget."

"Then you told her your love?" asked the elder; the younger looked up
with a smile,

"I sat by her side half an hour, — what else was I doing the while!"

"What, sit by the side of a woman as fair as the sun in the sky,
And look somewhere else lest the dazzle flash back from your own to her
eye?"

"No, I hold that the speech of the tongue be as frank and as bold as the
look,
And I held up herself to herself, — that was more than she got from her book."

"Young blood!" laughed the elder; "no doubt you are voicing the mode of
To-Day;
But then we old fogies, at least, gave the lady some chance for delay.

"There's my wife — (you must know) — we first met on the journey from
Florence to Rome:
It took me three weeks to discover who was she and where was her home;

"Three more to be duly presented; three more ere I saw her again;
And a year ere my romance *began* where yours ended that day on the train."

"O, that was the style of the stage-coach; we travel to-day by express;
Forty miles to the hour," he answered, "won't admit of a passion that's less."

"But what if you make a mistake?" quoth the elder. The younger half sighed.
"What happens when signals are wrong or switches misplaced?" he replied.

"Very well, I must bow to your wisdom," the elder returned, "but admit
That your chances of winning this woman your boldness has bettered no whit.

"Why, you do not, at best, know her name. And what if I try your ideal
With something, if not quite so fair, at least more *en règle* and real?"

"Let me find you a partner. Nay, come, I insist — you shall follow — this way.
My dear, will you not add your grace to entreat Mr. Rapid to stay?"

"My wife, Mr. Rapid — Eh, what! Why, he's gone, — yet he said he would
come;
How rude! I don't wonder, my dear, you are properly crimson and dumb!"

Bret Harte.

THOMAS JEFFERSON AS A SORE-HEAD.

PUBLIC men were apparently more sensitive to criticism in the last century than in this. Junius has had many imitators; he founded a school; he invented an industry; and the efforts of so many keen, reckless, ill-informed makers of antithesis and epigram have, perhaps, toughened the skins of public men, so that they now scarcely feel what would have made the statesmen of other days writhe in torment. It is an easy mode of producing an effect, this business of assailing the anxious and heavy-laden servants of the State. It was not difficult for a perfumed dandy in the amphitheatre, yawning at his ease, to find fault with the scarred and sweating gladiator fighting for life in the arena. It is not difficult to prepare in the secrecy of a garret a barbed and stinging bolt, and hurl it from the safe ambush of a pseudonym at a distinguished combatant while he is absorbed in a contest with open foes. Poor Chatterton did it almost as well as Junius. At sixteen, an attorney's apprentice in far-off Bristol, singularly ignorant of the world, knowing nothing of politics, he wrote fulminations against ministers, which Wilkes thought good enough to print in the "North Briton." So easy a trade is it to one who is ignorant enough and reckless enough. It were easy now to prove that Junius himself, who showed such skill in the art of hiding, knew little more of the real character, aims, and difficulties of the men whom he assailed, than the boy Chatterton. Happily, the industry of so many anonymous and irresponsible cowards has lessened the power of the most envenomed criticism to injure or torture a good minister. Unhappily, it has rendered the most just exposure of a bad one all but ineffectual. Truth and calumny we are apt alike to reject when they concern a public man.

Jefferson was destined to suffer a
VOL. XXX.—NO. 179.

18

very large share of ignorant and reckless criticism, which he learned to endure with the imperturbability of trained good sense. However, in 1781 he was not only a young man, but the world was younger than it is now, not having outgrown the veneration once supposed to be due to all governors as such. It was a fearful thing still to censure the head of a State. One young man in the Legislature of Virginia had publicly cast the blame of Virginia's desolation, during the first months of 1781, upon Governor Jefferson; and in this censure some other members were known to acquiesce. It fills the reader of to-day with astonishment to observe, in Jefferson's correspondence, how deeply he took this to heart, and how long he brooded over it. Every man in a situation to judge his conduct had commended it. Washington, Gates, Greene, Lafayette, Steuben, with whom he had co-operated in the defence of the State, had applauded his wisdom and promptitude; and many of his fellow-citizens complained only that he had done too much. But the single word of censure outweighed all applause. For many months he could not get over it. And, indeed, we must own that the censure was ill-timed, when his estate was overrun, his old servants destroyed, his family driven from their home, and himself pursued; all *because* he had been his country's conspicuously faithful servant in a perilous time.

Such was his indignation, that he forswore public service forever. He would go back once to the Legislature to meet his accusers face to face; but, after that was done, nothing, no, *nothing*, should ever draw him from his books, his studies, his family, his gardens, his farms again. He had had enough of public life. No slave, he wrote, was so wretched as "the minister of a commonwealth." He declared

that the only reward he had ever desired for his thirteen years of public service was the good-will of his fellow-citizens, and he had not even obtained that; nay, he had lost the little share of their esteem he had once enjoyed. Thus, he exaggerated the injustice done him, and nursed, Achilles-like, his mortification.

In August, Lafayette forwarded to him through the lines a letter from the President of Congress, telling him that, six weeks before, Congress had again elected him to a foreign mission. But he would not be consoled. For once, the health of his wife and the condition of his family (their infant child had died a few weeks before) were such as to permit their attempting the voyage together. He might have gone to Europe in 1781; he would have gone, but for this slight show of legislative censure. "I lose an opportunity," he wrote to Lafayette, "the only one I ever had, and perhaps ever shall have, of combining public service with private gratification; of seeing countries whose improvements in science, in arts, in civilization it has been my fortune to admire at a distance, but never to see, and at the same time of lending some aid to a cause which has been handed on from its first organization to its present stage by every effort of which my poor faculties were capable. These, however, have not been such as to give satisfaction to some of my countrymen, and it has become necessary for me to remain in the State till a later period in the present year than is consistent with an acceptance of what has been offered me."

Before the Legislature met again, the winter of Virginia's discontent was made glorious summer by the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown. All thought of censure was swallowed up in that stupendous joy. December 19, 1781, exactly a month after the surrender, Jefferson, occupying his ancestral seat as member for Albemarle, — to which he had been re-elected without one dissentient vote, — rose in his place, reminded the House of the intimated

censure of the last session, and said he was ready to meet and answer any charges that might be brought against him. No one responded. His accuser was absent. There was silence in the chamber. After a pause, a member rose and offered a resolution thanking him for his "impartial, upright, and attentive administration"; which passed both Council and Assembly unanimously.

Even this did not heal the wound. As he refrained from attending the spring session of the Legislature, James Monroe wrote to him a letter of remonstrance, telling him that the public remarked his absence and were disposed to blame him for withholding his help at so difficult a time. He answered, that, before announcing his determination to retire from public life, he had examined well his heart, to learn whether any lurking particle of political ambition remained in it to make him uneasy in a private station. "I became satisfied," he continued, "that every fibre of that passion was thoroughly eradicated." He thought, too, that thirteen years of public service had given him a right now to withdraw and devote his energies to the care and education of the two families dependent upon him, and the restoration of estates impaired by neglect or laid waste by war. Nor could he forget the wrong done him in the Assembly. "I felt," he wrote, "that these injuries, for such they have since been acknowledged, had inflicted a wound on my spirit *which will only be cured by the all-healing grave.*" For these and other reasons, he held to his purpose to withdraw from all participation in public affairs, and dedicate the whole residue of his life to the education of his children, the culture of his lands, and the sweet toils of the library. He concluded by inviting his young friend to visit him at Monticello. "You will find me busy," he said, "but in lighter occupations."

Yes, he was busy; but few persons who look over the work he was then doing regard it as a very light occupa-

tion. The French government had instructed its minister at Philadelphia to gather and transmit to Paris information respecting the States of the American Confederacy; and the secretary of legation had sent Mr. Jefferson a list of questions to answer concerning Virginia. From childhood, he had observed nature in his native land with the curiosity of an intelligent and sympathetic mind; and, in his maturer age, even in the busiest and most anxious times, he had been ever a student, an inquirer, a collector. All the stores of knowledge accumulated in so many years he now poured upon paper, and interspersed subtle and curious essays upon points of natural history, geography, morals, politics, and literature. M. de Marbois must have been astonished to receive from him, not a series of short, dry answers to official questions, but a volume, teeming with suggestive fact and thought, warm with humane sentiment, and couched in the fluent language natural to a sanguine and glowing mind. It is in this work that the chapter occurs which gave so many powerful texts to our noble Abolitionists, during their eighty years' war with slavery:—

"The whole commerce between master and slave is a perpetual exercise of the most boisterous passions, the most unremitting despotism on the one part, and degrading submissions on the other. Our children see this and learn to imitate it; for man is an imitative animal. This quality is the germ of all education in him. From his cradle to his grave he is learning to do what he sees others do. The parent storms, the child looks on, catches the lineaments of wrath, puts on the same airs in the circle of smaller slaves, gives a loose to the worst of passions, and, thus nursed, educated, and daily exercised in tyranny, cannot but be stamped by it with odious peculiarities. That man must be a prodigy who can retain his manners and morals undepraved by such circumstances. . . . I tremble for my country when I reflect that God is just; that his justice cannot sleep for-

ever; that, considering numbers, nature, and natural means only, a revolution of the wheel of fortune, an exchange of situations, is among possible events; that it may become probable by supernatural interference! The Almighty has no attribute which can take side with us in such a contest."

At the close of the war, then, Jefferson supposed his public life ended. He was sure of it. He had publicly said so. Monroe had remonstrated with him; Madison had remonstrated; his old constituents and Congress both solicited his services; but he could not be lured again from his pleasant mountain home and its delicious duties into the arena of public strife, whence he had but lately issued, wounded and sore. I suppose he was wrong in this; for if he, with his ample fortune, his fine endowments, his health, his knowledge, and his culture, was not bound to render some service to Virginia in 1782, of whom could public service be reasonably demanded?

It was a delightful dream while it lasted, that of spending a long life in the Garden of Virginia, with an adored wife, troops of affectionate children, and an ever-growing library. We have a glimpse of him there in the spring of 1782, when he was visited by one of the officers of the French Army, Major-General the Marquis de Chastellux. During this year, while the negotiations for peace were lingering, the French officers were much in American society, making an impress upon manners and character that is not yet obliterated. Americans were peculiarly susceptible then to the influence of men whose demeanor and tone were in such agreeable contrast to those of the English. The French were exceedingly beloved at the time; not the officers only, but the men as well; for had they not marched through the country without burning a rail, without touching an apple in an orchard, without ogling a girl by the roadside?

The influence of the French officers upon the young gentlemen of the United States was not an unmixed

good. It was from them that the American of eighty years ago caught the ridiculous affectation of fighting duels, which raged like a mania from 1790 to 1804. The French nobleman of the old school had also acquired an art, which men of our race never attain, the art of making sensual vice seem elegant and becoming. Anglo-Saxons are only respectable when they are strictly virtuous. It has not been given to us to lie with grace, and sin with dignity. We are nothing if not moral. And, doubtless, if a man permits himself to conduct his life on an animal basis, it is honest in him, it is better for others, for him to appear the beast he is. The dissoluteness of the English officers at Philadelphia and New York, being open and offensive, was not calculated to make American youth cast aside the lessons of purity which they had learned in their clean and honorable homes. Dashing down Chestnut Street in a curricule with a brazen hussy by your side, is not as pretty a feat as carrying on what was styled "an intrigue," in an elegant house. It was these French officers who infected many American youth besides Hamilton and Burr and their young friends with the most erroneous and pernicious idea that ever deluded youth,—that it is but a trifling, if not a becoming, lapse to be unchaste.

Jefferson, who had the happy art of getting the good, and letting alone the evil, of whatever he encountered on his way through life, was strongly drawn to this Marquis de Chastellux, a man of mature age, of some note in literature, a member of the Academy, and full of the peculiar spirit of his class and time. Jefferson had invited him to visit Monticello. On an afternoon in the first week of May, 1782, behold the Marquis and his three friends—a cavalcade of four gentlemen, six mounted servants, and a led horse—winding up the Little Mount, and coming in sight of the "rather elegant," unfinished Italian villa on its summit. I am afraid Mrs. Jefferson saw this brave company

dismount with some dismay, for she was not in a condition to entertain strangers. They, however, were well pleased to see a bit of Europe in those western wilds. "Mr. Jefferson," wrote the Marquis, "is the first American who has consulted the fine arts to know how he should shelter himself from the weather"; which was a sweeping statement, though not far from the truth. Upon entering, he met the master of the house; "a man not yet forty, tall, and with a mild and pleasing countenance"; "an American, who, without ever having quitted his own country, is at once a musician, skilled in drawing, a geometrician, an astronomer, a natural philosopher, legislator, and statesman"; "a philosopher in voluntary retirement from the world and public business," because "the minds of his countrymen are not yet in a condition either to bear the light or to suffer contradiction"; blessed with "a mild and amiable wife, and charming children of whose education he himself takes charge." Mr. Jefferson, he adds, received his invited guest without any show of cordiality, even with something like coldness; but before they had conversed two hours, they were as intimate as if they had passed their whole lives together. During four days the joy of their intercourse never lessened; for their conversation, "always varied and interesting, was supported by that sweet satisfaction experienced by two persons, who, in communicating their sentiments and opinions, are invariably in unison, and who understand one another at the first hint."

It so chanced that the Frenchman was a lover of Ossian. "I recollect with pleasure," he tells us, "that, as we were conversing one evening over a bowl of punch, after Mrs. Jefferson had retired, our conversation turned on the poems of Ossian. It was a spark of electricity which passed rapidly from one to the other. We recollected the passages in those sublime poems which had particularly struck us, and entertained with them my fel-

low-travellers, who fortunately knew English well. In our enthusiasm the book was sent for, and placed near the bowl where, by their mutual aid, the night advanced imperceptibly upon us. Sometimes natural philosophy, at others politics or the arts, were the topics of our conversation; for no object had escaped Mr. Jefferson, and it seemed as if from his youth he had placed his mind, as he had done his house, on an elevated situation, from which he might contemplate the universe."

Sometimes he rambled with his guests about the grounds, showing them his little herd of deer, a score in number. "He amuses himself by feeding them with Indian corn, of which they are very fond, and which they eat out of his hand. I followed him one evening into a deep valley, where they are accustomed to assemble towards the close of the day, and saw them walk, run, and bound"; but neither guest nor host could decide upon the family to which they belonged. In other branches of natural science the Marquis found Mr. Jefferson more proficient, particularly in meteorology. He had made, in conjunction with Professor Madison, of William and Mary, a series of observations of the ruling winds at Williamsburg and at Monticello, and discovered that, while the northeast wind had blown one hundred and twenty-seven times at Williamsburg, it had blown but thirty-two times at Monticello. The four days passed like four minutes, says the Marquis. The party of Frenchmen continued their journey toward the Natural Bridge, on land belonging to their host, eighty miles distant. Mr. Jefferson would have gone with them: "but his wife being expected every moment to lie in, as he is as good a husband as he is an excellent philosopher and virtuous citizen, he only acted as my guide for about sixteen miles, to the passage of the little river Mechinn, where we parted, and, I presume to flatter myself, with mutual regret."

He *might* flatter himself so far. Mr. Jefferson was extremely pleased with

him; and this was the beginning of that fondness for the French people which he carried with him through the rest of his life.

Before the Marquis de Chastellux had been gone from Monticello many hours, the sixth child of Thomas and Martha Jefferson was born, making the number of their living children three. It was death to the mother. She lingered four months, keeping her husband and all the household in what he termed "dreadful suspense." He took his turn with his sister and with her sister in sitting up at night. With his own hands he administered her medicines and her drinks. For four months he was either at her bedside, or at work in a little room near the head of her bed, never beyond call. His eldest daughter, a little girl of ten, but maturer than her years denoted, never lost the vivid recollection of her father's tender assiduity during those months. When the morning of September 6th dawned, it was evident that she had not many hours to live, and all the family gathered round her bed. Thirty years after, six of the female servants of the house enjoyed a kind of honorable distinction at Monticello, as "the servants who were in the room when Mrs. Jefferson died,"—such an impression did the scene leave upon the minds of the little secluded community. It was a tradition among the slaves, often related by these six eye-witnesses, that the dying lady gave her husband "many directions about many things that she wanted done"; but that when she came to speak of the children, she could not command herself for some time. At last, she said that she could not die content if she thought her children would ever have a step-mother; and her husband, holding her hand, solemnly promised that he would never marry again.* Toward noon, as she was about to breathe her last, his feelings became uncontrollable. He almost lost his senses. His sister, Mrs. Carr, led him staggering from the room into his library, where

* Jefferson at Monticello, p. 106.

he fainted, and remained so long insensible that the family began to fear that he, too, had passed away. They brought in a pallet and lifted him upon it. He revived only to a sense of immeasurable woe. His daughter Martha, who was to be the solace of all his future years, ventured into the room at night; and even then, such was the violence of his grief, that she was amazed and confounded. For three weeks he remained in that apartment, attended day and night by this little child. He walked, as she related, almost incessantly, all day and all night, only lying down now and then, when he was utterly exhausted, upon the pallet that had been hurriedly brought while he lay in his fainting fit. When at last he left the house, he would ride on horseback hours and hours, roaming about in the mountain roads, in the dense woods, along the paths least frequented, accompanied only by his daughter, — “a solitary witness,” she says, “to many a violent burst of grief, the remembrance of which has consecrated particular scenes beyond the power of time to obliterate.”

So passed some weeks. He fell into what he called “a stupor of mind,” from which the daily round of domestic duties could not rouse him. Meanwhile the intelligence of his loss reached Congress, then in session at Philadelphia, waiting with extreme solicitude the issue of the negotiations for peace at Paris. Six months had already passed since the negotiations had been begun, during the last three of which Dr. Franklin had been laid aside by an attack of his disease, leaving the chief burden to be borne by Mr. Jay alone. It now occurred to the Virginia members that, as the causes of Mr. Jefferson’s previous declining to cross the sea were removed, he might be willing to join the commission to treat for peace. He was at once elected a plenipotentiary by a unanimous vote, and, as Madison reports, “without a single adverse remark.” The news of his election reached him November 25, 1782, eleven

weeks after the death of his wife, when he had gone with his troop of children, — daughters, nephews, and nieces, nine in all, — to a secluded estate in Chesterfield County to have them inoculated.

It was like a trumpet-call to a war-horse standing listless under a tree in the pasture, after a rest from the exhaustion and wounds of a campaign. He accepted instantly. He flew to his long-neglected desk to write the necessary letters, and to bring up the arrears in his correspondence; for the French Minister had offered him a passage in a man-of-war which was to sail from Baltimore in three weeks, and in that vessel his beloved Marquis de Chastellux was also to cross the ocean! Enchanting prospect! But there is many a slip ’twixt the cup and the lip. When he reached the port after many delays, it was only to discover that the enemy’s fleet blocked the pathway to the sea; and before the admiral saw a chance to elude them, came the ecstatic news that the preliminaries had been signed, and there was no need of his going. So he wrote to Mr. Jay to give up the lodgings in Paris which he had requested him to engage, and in May, 1783, he was at home once more.

But the spell was broken. He had shown himself willing to serve the public. Next month, the Legislature elected him a member of Congress; and in November, 1783, we find him at Annapolis ready to take his seat, after having left his eldest daughter at school in Philadelphia.

In the universal languor which followed the mighty effort of 1781, it was hard to get twenty-five members together. But Jefferson found them brimful of the spirit of disputation; for Arthur Lee was a member, the most disputatious man of whom history condescends to make mention. Caught in a shower in London, he sought the shelter of a shed, where a gentleman ventured the civil remark that it rained very hard. “It rains hard, sir,” said Lee, “but I doubt whether you can say

it rains *very* hard." One such person would suffice to set any twenty men by the ears. Days were wasted in the most trivial and needless debates, during which the good-tempered Jefferson sat silent and tranquil. A member asked him one day, how he could listen to so much false reasoning, which a word would refute, and not utter that word. "To refute," said he, "is easy; to silence, impossible." He added that in measures brought forward by himself he took, as was proper, the laboring oar; but, in general, he was willing to play the part of a listener, content to follow the example of Washington and Franklin, who were seldom on their feet more than ten minutes, and yet rarely spoke but to convince. Despite the copious flow of words, many memorable things were done by this Congress; and though Jefferson sat in it but five months, his name is imperishably linked with some of its most interesting measures. It is evident that he often took "the laboring oar." Twice during the sickness of the president, he was elected chairman of the body, and his name stands at the head of every committee of much importance.

He it was who, as chairman of the committee of arrangements, wrote the much-embracing address with which the President of Congress received General Washington's resignation of his commission. He assisted in arranging the details of that affecting and immortal scene. The spectacle presented in the chamber at Annapolis impressed mankind; and the two addresses winged their way round the world, affording "a lesson useful to those who inflict and to those who feel oppression." As a member of this Congress, Thomas Jefferson, with four other signers of the Declaration of Independence, namely, Roger Sherman, Elbridge Gerry, Robert Morris, and William Ellery, signed the Treaty of Peace which acknowledged the independence of the United States.

A currency for the new nation, to take the place of the chaos of coins

and values which had plagued the Colonies from an early day, was among the subjects considered at this session. Jefferson, chairman of the committee to which the matter was referred, assisted to give us the best currency ever contrived by man, — a currency so convenient that, one after another, every nation on earth will adopt it. Two years before, Gouverneur Morris, a clerk in the office of his uncle, Robert Morris, had conceived the most happy idea of applying the decimal system to the notation of money. But it always requires several men to complete one great thing. The details of the system devised by Gouverneur Morris were so cumbrous and awkward as almost to neutralize the simplicity of the leading idea. Jefferson rescued the fine original conception by proposing our present system of dollars and cents; the dollar to be the unit and the largest silver coin. He recommended also a great gold coin of ten dollars' value, a silver coin of the value of one tenth of a dollar, and a copper coin of the value of one hundredth of a dollar. He suggested three other coins for the convenience of making change, — a silver half-dollar, a silver double tenth, and a copper twentieth. It remained only to invent easy names for these coins, which was done in due time.

This perfect currency was not adopted without much labor and vigorous persistence on the part of Jefferson, both in and out of Congress. His views prevailed over those of Robert Morris, the first name in America at that time in matters of finance. Jefferson desired to apply the decimal system to all measures; and this doubtless will one day be done. "I use," he tells us, "when I travel an odometer, which divides the miles into cents, and I find every one comprehends a distance readily when stated to him in miles and cents; so he would in feet and cents, pounds and cents."

Jefferson struck another blow at slavery this winter, which again his Southern colleagues warded off. The cession by Virginia of her vast domain

in the Northwest, out of which several States have been formed, was accepted by this Congress; and it was Mr. Jefferson who drew the plan for its temporary government. He inserted a clause abolishing slavery "after the year 1800 of the Christian era." In a Congress of twenty-three members, only seven voted no; but as a measure could only be adopted by a majority of States, these sufficed to defeat it. Every member from a Northern State voted for it, and every Southern member except two against it.

In this ordinance Jefferson assigned names to various portions of the territory. If his names had held, we should to day read upon the map of the United States, Sylvania, Michigania, Cherro-nesus, Assenisipia, Metropotamia, Illinoisia, Saratoga, Polypotamia, Pelispia, instead of the present names of the States west and northwest of Virginia. We have improved upon his names. Ohio is better than Pelispia, and the least agreeable of the present names is not so bad as Assenisipia.

Absorbed as he was in these public duties, he could not forget the desolation of his home, and he seems to have thought of returning to Monticello with some degree of dread. But when the strongest tie is severed, others grow stronger. He had another dream of the future now, suggested by his young friend, James Monroe, talking of buying a farm near Monticello with a view to settle there. His three most congenial and beloved friends at this time were James Madison, James Monroe, and William Short. We might almost style them his disciples, for they had been educated under his influence or guidance, and were curiously in accord with him on questions moral and political. Why, he asked, could not they all live near one another in Albemarle, and pass their days in study and contemplation, a band of brothers and philosophers? Madison, just disappointed in love, which kept him a bachelor for many a year, had gone home to his father's house in Orange, where he sought relief in the most

intense and unrelenting study. Who was better fitted to console him than Jefferson, who had had a similar experience in his tender youth? Jefferson did his best, and begged him to ride over to Monticello as often as he chose and regard the library there as his own. And more, "Monroe is buying land almost adjoining me. Short will do the same. What would I not give if you could fall into the circle. With such a society, I could once more venture home and lay myself up for the residue of life, quitting all its contentions, which daily grow more and more insupportable."

There was a little farm two miles from Monticello, of a hundred and forty acres of good land, with a small, old, indifferent house upon it, that would just do, Jefferson thought, for a republican and a philosopher; for it was just such an establishment as his beloved friend, Dabney Carr, had been so happy in. It could be bought for two hundred and fifty pounds. "Think of it," he urged. "To render it practicable only requires you to think so." Madison, all unsuspecting of the different career in store for himself and his three friends, replied that he could neither accept nor renounce the captivating scheme. He could not then change his abode, but in a few years he thought he might make one of the circle proposed. The large estates of his father required his attention and presence. Monroe alone settled in the neighborhood; though Madison lived all his life within a day's ride.

With General Washington, too, we find Mr. Jefferson in close relations during the spring of 1784. They agreed in deploring the weakness, the utter insufficiency of the central power, and in thinking that there must be a SOMETHING besides Congress, if only a committee of members to remain at the seat of government during the absence of the main body. The country was feeling its way to a constitution. Independence had been won, but a nation had not yet been created. It was just after receiving General Wash-

ington's concurrence, that Jefferson brought forward his proposition to divide the work of Congress into legislative and executive, and to intrust the executive functions to a permanent committee of one from each State. This was the first attempt toward a government; and its failure, as Mr. Jefferson records, was speedy and complete. A committee of thirteen was only a *more* disputatious and unmanageable Congress. The committee being appointed, Congress adjourned, leaving it the supreme power of the continent; but they "quarrelled very soon," split into two parties, abandoned their post, and left the government without any visible head until the next meeting of Congress. Jefferson remarks that many attributed their disruption to the disputatious propensity of certain men; but the wise, to the nature of man. The failure of the Executive Committee had its effect in preparing the way for the convention of 1787.

On another point Jefferson and Washington were in full accord this winter. For more than ten years, the General had been warmly interested in connecting the great system of Western waters with the Atlantic Ocean by way of the Potomac River. Besides public reasons, General Washington had a private one for favoring this scheme. He owned a superb tract of land on the Ohio, which was dearer to his pride than important to his fortune; for he had won it by his valor and conduct in the defence of his native land in the French War. If the Potomac were but rendered navigable back to the mountains, and then connected with the nearest branch of the Ohio by a canal, this fine western estate would be advantageously accessible. The General was deep in the scheme when he was elected to take command of the army in 1775, and resumed it as soon as he was released in 1783; and he now pursued it with the more zeal for a new reason. He had become acquainted during the war with the pushing energy of the people of New York.

He had prophetic intimations of the Erie Canal. In March, 1784, when De Witt Clinton was a school-boy of fifteen, General Washington, the father of our internal-improvement system, wrote thus to Thomas Jefferson: "With you, I am satisfied that not a moment ought to be lost in recommencing this business, as I know the Yorkers will delay no time to remove every obstacle in the way of the other communication, so soon as the posts of Oswego and Niagara are surrendered; and I shall be mistaken if they do not build vessels for the navigation of the lakes, which will supersede the necessity of coasting." Any one familiar with the magnificent line of cities created by the Erie Canal, and with the harbors of Buffalo, Toledo, Oswego, and Chicago, finds it difficult to realize that this sentence was written less than ninety years ago.

The General had acquired in some way a strong conviction of the resistless enterprise of the New-Yorkers. He returns to the subject in a letter to Benjamin Harrison. "No person," he says, "that knows the temper, genius, and policy of those people as well as I do, can harbor the smallest doubt of their connecting New York and the lakes by a canal." It is curious that these same New-Yorkers in 1872, after having dug, enlarged, and superseded their own canal, should be carrying out Washington's idea in a way he never dreamed of, by completing the railroad from Richmond to the Ohio. Such is the "temper, genius, and policy of those people."

A topic of the deepest interest at this time was the Society of the Cincinnati, the first annual meeting of which was to occur in May. Members of Congress, not of the order, viewed it with extreme disapproval, and were resolved, as Jefferson reports, "to give silent preferences to those who were not of the fraternity," in the bestowal of office. It was not in human nature for such men as Henry, Madison, Jefferson, Samuel Adams, Elbridge Gerry, and John Page to regard with favor an

institution designed to perpetuate the distinctions of the war, even to remote generations; an institution that would give a valuable advantage to the posterity of a raw lieutenant of one campaign over the offspring of the most illustrious sages of the civil service. Besides, the events of the last eighteen years had implanted in the minds of reflecting Americans a dread and horror of the hereditary principle, to which the recent bloody disruption of the British Empire was due. General Washington, who was to preside at the coming assembly, was troubled and anxious at the growing opposition. He asked Jefferson's opinion. Jefferson was utterly opposed to the order, and said so in a long and ingenious letter to the General; and when Washington passed through Annapolis, a few weeks after, on his way to the meeting, he called on Jefferson to talk the matter over with him.

They sat together alone at Jefferson's lodgings from eight o'clock in the evening until midnight. They agreed that the object of the officers in founding the society was to preserve the friendships of the war by renewing their intercourse once a year. Nothing more innocent than the *motive*. But they agreed, also, that there was great danger of the order degenerating into an hereditary aristocracy; and, meanwhile, it was odious to the great body of civilians. In the course of the conversation Jefferson suggested that if the hereditary quality were suppressed, there would be no harm in the officers who had actually served coming together in a social way now and then. "No," said the General, "not a fibre of it ought to be left, to be an eyesore to the public, a ground of dissatisfaction, and a line of separation between them and their country."

The General resumed his journey, fully resolved to use his influence with the members of the order to induce them to disband. He tried his best. Most of the old officers came into his views at length, and he thought he had secured a majority against going on;

but just then arrived from France Major l'Infant, as Jefferson tells us, "with a bundle of eagles for which he had been sent there, with letters from the French officers who had served in America praying for admission into the order, and a solemn act of their king permitting them to wear its ensign." All was changed in a moment. Such was the revulsion of feeling, that the General could only obtain the suppression of the hereditary principle; which, however, sufficed to render the order as unobjectionable as the societies of similar nature which were formed after the late war.

Jefferson had a new pleasure during this session, that of writing to his daughter Martha in Philadelphia. No one who has ever loved a child can read his letters to his children without emotion; least of all, those written while the anguish of their irreparable loss was still recent. It is difficult to quote them, because nearly every sentence is so lovely and wise that we know not what to select. Imagine all that the tenderest and most thoughtful father could wish for the most engaging child. But the burden of his song was, that goodness is the *greatest* treasure of human beings. "If you love me," he says, "strive to be good under every situation, and to all living creatures, and to acquire those accomplishments which I have put in your power." A curious trait of the times is this: "It produces great praise to a lady to spell well." Happy would it be for those benefactors of our race, the wise and faithful teachers of the young, if every parent would use such words as these in writing to his children at school: "Consider the good lady who has taken you under her roof, who has undertaken to see that you perform all your exercises, and to admonish you in all those wanderings from what is right, and what is clever, to which your inexperience would expose you; consider her, I say, as your mother, as the only person to whom, since the loss with which Heaven has been pleased to afflict you, you can now look up; and

that her displeasure or disapprobation, on any occasion, would be an immense misfortune, which, should you be so unhappy as to incur by any unguarded act, think no concession too much to regain her good-will."

The session drew to great length. When pressing domestic measures had been disposed of, Congress turned its attention to foreign affairs; and this led to an important change in the career of Jefferson. "I have been thrown back," he wrote to General Washington, April 16, 1784, "on a stage where I had never more thought to appear. It is but for a time, however, and as a day-laborer, free to withdraw, or be withdrawn, at will." Three weeks after these words were written, Congress found a piece of work for this day-laborer to do.

It was the golden age of "protection." All interests were protected then, except the interests of human nature; and every right was enforced, except the rights of man. British commerce and manufactures, since Charles II., had been so rigorously protected, that when a member of Parliament moved that Americans should be compelled to send their horses to England to be shod, there was room for doubt whether he was in jest or earnest. James Otis *believed* he spoke ironically; only believed! But there was no doubt of the seriousness of the parliamentary orator who avowed the opinion that "not a hobnail should be made in America"; nor of the binding force of the law which made it penal for an American to carry a fleece of wool across a creek in a canoe. John Adams, looking back in his old age upon the studies of his early professional life, declared that, as a young lawyer, he never turned over the leaves of the British statutes regulating American trade "without pronouncing a hearty curse upon them." He felt them "as a humiliation, a degradation, a disgrace" to his country, and to himself as a native of it.

One consequence of this fierce protection was that America was not on

trading terms with the nations of the earth; and Congress felt that one of its most important duties, after securing independence, was to propose to each of them a treaty of commerce. With France, Holland, and Sweden such treaties had already been negotiated; but Congress desired commercial intercourse "on the footing of the most favored nation" with Great Britain, Hamburg, Saxony, Prussia, Denmark, Russia, Austria, Venice, Rome, Naples, Tuscany, Sardinia, Genoa, Spain, Portugal, Turkey, Algiers, Tripoli, Tunis, and Morocco. Congress wielded sovereign power; a nation was coming into existence; and the conclusion of treaties was at once a dignified way of asserting those not sufficiently obvious truths, and a convenient mode of getting them acknowledged by other nations. Congress, as Jefferson confesses, though it would not condescend to *ask* recognition from any of the powers, yet "we were not unwilling to furnish opportunities for receiving their friendly salutations and welcome."

Dr. Franklin and Mr. Adams, who still represented Congress in Europe, were not supposed to be equal to so much labor. May 7, 1784, Congress agreed to add a third plenipotentiary to aid them in negotiating commercial treaties, and their choice for this office fell upon Thomas Jefferson. The appointment was for two years, at the reduced salary of nine thousand dollars a year. He accepted the post; and, expecting to be absent only two years, he determined to spare himself a laborious journey home, and the reopening of a healing wound, by going direct from Annapolis northward "in quest of a passage." This he could do the easier, since, as he records, "I asked an advance of six months' salary, that I might be in cash to meet the first expenses; which was ordered." His two younger children were in safe hands at home, and his eldest daughter he would take with him and place at school in Paris. His nephews he left to the guardianship of James Madison,

to whom, on the day after his election, he wrote in an affecting strain:—

"I have a tender legacy to leave you on my departure. I will not say it is the son of my sister, though her worth would justify it on that ground; but it is the son of my friend, the dearest friend I knew, who, had fate reversed our lots, would have been a father to my children. He is a boy of fine dispositions, and of sound, masculine talents. I was his preceptor myself as long as I stayed at home; and when I came away I placed him with Mr. Maury. There is a younger one, just now in his Latin rudiments. If I did not fear to overcharge you, I would request you to recommend a school for him."

Mr. Madison fulfilled this trust with affectionate care, and kept his friend informed of the progress of his nephews during his long absence.

May 11th, four days after his election, the plenipotentiary left Annapolis for Philadelphia, a four days' journey then; and while his daughter was getting ready for her departure, he improved the opportunity to collect precise and full information respecting the commerce of the port; for was he not going to Europe on commercial business? One of the toasts given in 1784, at the May-day festival of the St. Tammany Society of Philadelphia, which he probably read in the newspapers during his stay, gave him a hint of what was desired, "Free-trade in American bottoms." Pleasing dream! Many a year must yet pass before it comes true. It was a buoyant, expectant time, when Mr. Jefferson made this seaboard journey. The refuse of the war was clearing away, and new projects were in the air. It was while Jefferson was in Philadelphia on this occasion, that some ingenious contriver managed to extract from the deep mud of the bottom of the Delaware those *chevaux de frize* which Dr. Franklin had placed there nine years before to keep out the British fleet, to the sore obstruction of the navigation ever since. It was an "Herculean

task," said the newspapers, requiring "vast apparatus"; but up came the biggest *cheval* of them all at the first yank of the mighty engine.

But this was a small matter compared with the project for an "air-balloon" of silk, sixty feet high, also announced while Jefferson was in Philadelphia, to be paid for by private subscriptions. Philadelphia, too, should behold the new wonder of the world, described at great length in a Paris volume lately received from Dr. Franklin. Gentlemen were invited to send their money, and philosophers their *advice*, to the committee having the scheme in charge. The glowing prospectus issued by the committee may have drawn a guinea and a smile from Jefferson. "Is it not probable," asked these sanguine gentlemen, "that those who sometimes travel through the parched and sandy deserts of Arabia, where there is danger of perishing for want of water, or of being buried under mountains of sand, suddenly raised by whirling eddies of wind, as hath too often been the case, would prefer a voyage by means of an air-balloon to any other known method of conveyance? In places where the plague may suddenly appear, it is capable, when improved, of rescuing those from danger who happen to be travelling through that region without any other means of making their escape. It may perform the same service to such as are suddenly surprised by unexpected sieges, and to whom no other means of safety may be left." "Quick advices may be given of intended invasions"; and, in short, war rendered so little destructive, that no one will think it worth while to resort to that "unchristian mode of arbitrating disputes." Then, "by means of these balloons, the utmost despatch may be given to express-boats," which they will both lift and draw. They were expected also to enable philosophers to push their discoveries into the upper regions of the air, to ascertain "the causes of hail and snow," and "make further improvements in thermometers, barometers, hygrometers, in astronomy and electricity." This

programme of blessings did not tempt the guineas fast enough until the committee added personal solicitation; and when, at last, the balloon ascended, they were obliged to charge two dollars for the best places in the amphitheatre.

It was a simple, credulous world then, full of curiosity respecting the truths which science was beginning to disclose. This balloon prospectus, with its betrayals of ignorance, credulity, and curiosity, was perfectly characteristic of the period. I am not sure that Franklin and Jefferson would have deemed it so *very* absurd, though Franklin might have thought it improbable that a traveller caught by an unexpected siege would have a balloon in his trunk. Franklin had high hopes of the balloon. "Of what use is this discovery which makes so much noise?" some one asked him soon after the first ascension in Paris. "Of what use is a new-born child?" was his reply.

In quest of a passage to France, the plenipotentiary, his daughter, and William Short, whom he was so happy as to have for a secretary, left Philadelphia near the end of May, and went to New York. The monthly Havre packet, *La Sylphe*, had been gone ten days. After a few days' stay in New York, where he continued his commercial studies, the party resumed their "quest," travelling eastward from port to port in the leisurely manner of the time. At New Haven, could he fail to pause a day or two to view a college so distinguished as Yale, and converse with the president and professors, and promise to send them from Europe some account of the new discoveries and the new books? The newspapers, silent as to his stay in Philadelphia and New York, chronicle the arrival of his Excellency at New Haven on the 7th of June, and his departure for Boston on the 9th. At Boston, the travellers met another disappointment, peculiarly aggravating. A good ship was within thirty-six hours of sailing, in which Mrs. Adams was going to join

her husband; and she would have been as agreeable a companion to the father, as a kind protector to the daughter. But, in those days, passengers had to lay in stores of various kinds, and make extensive preparations for a voyage; which could not be done in so short a time, even if the plenipotentiary had regarded his commercial information as complete. Mrs. Adams sailed without them; but while Jefferson was thinking of returning in all haste to New York to catch the next French packet, he heard of a Boston ship loading for London that would, it was thought, put him ashore on the French coast. It proved to be the ship *Ceres*, belonging to Nathaniel Tracy, one of the great merchants of New England, who was going in her himself, and would land the party at Portsmouth, after having passed the whole voyage in communicating commercial knowledge to Mr. Jefferson. Nothing could have been more fortunate.

Boston gave the Virginian a courteous and warm reception on this occasion. A chair in the chamber of the Massachusetts House of Representatives was assigned to "His Excellency, Thomas Jefferson, late governor of Virginia, and now one of the commissioners for negotiating treaties"; and "no small part of my time," as he wrote to Elbridge Gerry, "has been occupied by the hospitality and civilities of this place, which I have experienced in the highest degree." Mr. Gerry, not reaching home in time to see him off, Jefferson left for him a present, not common then, which he was rather fond of giving, a portable writing-desk. To add to his knowledge of business, he made an excursion along the coast to Salem, Newburyport, Portsmouth, towns beginning already to feel the impulse toward the remoter commerce which was to enrich them. Harvard, noted from of old for a certain proclivity toward science, had at this time in Dr. Willard a president who was particularly interested in scientific discovery. Jefferson made his acquaintance now, became his corre-

spondent, and thus kept the college informed of the progress of knowledge.

The Fourth of July was Sunday this year. There was the usual celebration on Monday, but it was on that day that the *Ceres* sailed, bearing away the author of the Declaration of Independence. So far as we know, Jefferson was not yet known to the public as the writer of that document. About the time in the morning of July 5th, when the Declaration was read in Faneuil Hall, the *Ceres* spread her sails, and glided out into the ocean between the emerald isles that form Boston Harbor. They had a splendid passage; nineteen days from shore to shore, three days dead calm and codfishing on the Banks, only six passengers, and everything delightful. Thirty-two days after leaving Boston, the plenipotentiary was at a hotel in Paris, while a house was making ready for him. He was at once a familiar member of the easy, happy circle of able men and amiable women who assembled at Dr. Franklin's pleasant abode in the suburban village of Passy.

The aged philosopher could not but smile at the mountain of new duties which Congress had imposed upon him, *instead* of the permission to return home, for which he had applied. It so chanced that he was writing to Mr. Adams upon the subject on the very day of Jefferson's arrival in Paris, and he discussed it with that sly humor with which he knew how to parry and return every disagreeable stroke: "You will see that a good deal of business is cut out for us, — treaties to be made with, I think, twenty powers in two years, — so that we are not likely to eat the bread of idleness; and that we may not eat too much, our masters have diminished our allowance." (From \$11,111 to \$9,000 per annum.) "I commend their economy, and shall imitate it by *diminishing* my expense. Our too liberal entertainment of our countrymen here has been reported at home by our guests, to our disadvantage, and has given offence. They

must be contented for the future, as I am, with plain beef and pudding. The readers of Connecticut newspapers ought not to be troubled with any more accounts of our extravagance. For my own part, if I could sit down to dinner on a piece of their excellent salt pork and pumpkin, I would not give a farthing for all the luxuries of Paris."

In three weeks Mr. Adams arrived, and the three plenipotentiaries held their first meeting, at Dr. Franklin's house, agreeing to meet there every day until the business was concluded. Besides announcing their mission to various ambassadors, they did nothing during the first month except prepare the draft of a treaty such as they would be willing to sign. What an amiable, harmless, useless document it seems! But it was the first serious attempt ever made to conduct the intercourse of nations on Christian principles; and it was made by three men to whom ignorance has sometimes denied the name of Christians! Many of its twenty-seven articles were nothing but the formal concession of the natural right of a man to go, come, stay, buy, and sell, according to his own interest and pleasure, subject only to the laws of the country in which he may be. One article provided that shipwrecked mariners should not be plundered; and another, that "when the subjects or citizens of the one party shall die within the jurisdiction of the other, their bodies shall be buried in the usual burying-grounds, or other decent and suitable places, and shall be protected from violence and disturbance." What a tale of savage intolerance is told by the mere proposal of such an article!

It was into the latter half of the treaty that the three representatives of the United States put most of their hearts. Their great object was to confine the evils of war, as much as possible, to belligerents. They desired to have war conducted in the manner of a play-ground fight, where a ring is formed, and no one is hit but the com-

batants, and *they* are prevented from striking a foul blow. No privateering. No confiscation of neutral property. No molestation of fishermen, farmers, or other noncombatants. No ravaging an enemy's coasts. No seizure of vessels or other property for the purposes of war. No crowding of prisoners of war into unwholesome places. Article XVII. was wonderful for its advanced magnanimity: "If the citizens or subjects of either party, in danger from tempests, pirates, or other accidents, shall take refuge with their vessels or effects within the harbors or jurisdiction of the other, they shall be received, protected, and treated with humanity and kindness, and shall be permitted to furnish themselves, at reasonable prices, with all refreshments, provisions, and other things necessary for their subsistence, health, and accommodation, and for the repair of their vessels." Such was the treaty drawn by three early Christians in Dr. Franklin's house at Passy in 1784. It marks "a new era in negotiation," wrote General Washington when he read it; and he regarded it always as the most original and liberal treaty ever negotiated.

When they had finished their draft, and when, as I suppose, the Doctor had caused a few copies to be struck off on the little printing-press which he kept in his house for such odd jobs, they sought a conference with that worthy, but extremely unsentimental minister for foreign affairs, the Count de Vergennes, and asked him how they had better proceed in order to conciliate the twenty powers (including Algiers, Tunis, Morocco, and Tripoli) and dispose them to conclude such a treaty with the honorable Congress. I wish we had some account of the interview. We only know, from Jefferson's too brief report, that the astute old diplomatist did not attach much importance to the labors of the commissioners. He evidently thought that Congress, in sending Jefferson to Europe on this errand, had performed a superfluous work, and that the proposal of such a

treaty to the Dey of Algiers, or to the personage styled in the instructions of the commissioners "the high, glorious, mighty, and most noble Prince, King and Emperor of the Kingdom of Fez, Morocco, Taffilete, Sus, and the whole Algasbe, and the territories thereof," would be a diplomatic absurdity. He thought it better, and the commissioners came into the same opinion, "to leave to legislative regulation, on both sides, such modifications of our commercial intercourse as would voluntarily flow from amicable dispositions."

The commissioners did, nevertheless, fulfil their instructions by "sounding" the several ambassadors resident at Paris, most of whom forwarded copies of the draft to their courts. At that moment there was in Europe but one intelligent man upon a throne; "old Frederick of Prussia," as Jefferson styles him, who "met us cordially and without hesitation"; and with him the treaty, with unimportant changes, was concluded. Denmark and Tuscany also entered into negotiations. The other powers appeared so indifferent that the commissioners could not, consistently with self-respect, press the matter. "They seemed, in fact," says Jefferson, "to know little about us, except as rebels who had been successful in throwing off the yoke of the mother country. They were ignorant of our commerce, which had always been monopolized by England, and of the exchange of articles it might offer advantageously to both parties." In short, the commission to negotiate commercial treaties had but one important result, namely, the composition of the draft of the treaty, and its preservation in the Diplomatic Correspondence of the United States, against the time when the nations shall want it. It seems a mockery of noble endeavor that such a draft should have been placed on record on the eve of wars which desolated Europe for twenty years, during which every principle of humanity and right was ruthlessly trampled under foot. Napoleon Bo-

naparte was a youth of sixteen when the commissioners completed it. The treaty, to this day, remains only an admonition and a prophecy.

Nine months passed. On the 2d of May, 1785, the youngest of the commissioners received from Mr. Jay, secretary for the foreign affairs of Congress, a document of much interest to him, signed by the President of Congress, Richard Henry Lee:—

"The United States of America in Congress assembled, to our trusty and well-beloved Thomas Jefferson, Esq., send greeting:—

"We, reposing special trust and confidence in your integrity, prudence, and ability, have nominated, constituted, and appointed, and by these presents do nominate, constitute, and appoint you, the said Thomas Jefferson, our Minister Plenipotentiary to reside at the court of his most Christian Majesty; and do give you full power and authority there to represent, and do and perform all such matters and things as to the said place or office doth appertain, or as may by our instructions be given unto you in charge. This commission to continue in force for the space of three years from this

day (March 10, 1785), unless sooner revoked."

This honorable charge Jefferson gratefully and gladly accepted. "You replace Dr. Franklin," said the Count de Vergennes to him when he went to announce his appointment. "I succeed; no one can replace him," was Jefferson's reply. He witnessed the memorable scene of Dr. Franklin's departure from Passy on the 12th of July. All the neighborhood and a great number of friends from Paris gathered to bid the noble old man farewell. The king could not have been treated with an homage more profound or more sincere. Indeed, it was often remarked at the time, that only the young king was ever greeted by the people of Paris so warmly as Franklin. The queen, mindful of his age and infirmities, had sent her own travelling-litter, a kind of Sedan chair carried between two mules, to convey him to Havre. At four o'clock on that summer afternoon, he was assisted into this strange vehicle, and began his long, slow journey, followed by the heartfelt benedictions of friends and neighbors. "It seemed," wrote Jefferson, "as if the village had lost its patriarch."

James Parton.

THE THREE BELLS.*

BENEATH the low-hung night cloud
That raked her splintering mast
The good ship settled slowly,
The cruel leak gained fast.

Over the awful ocean
Her signal guns pealed out.
Dear God! was that thy answer
From the horror round about?

* Many readers will remember Captain Leighton of the English ship Three Bells, who some years ago rescued the crew of an American vessel sinking in mid-ocean. Unable to take them off in the storm and darkness, he kept by them until morning, running down often during the night, as near to them as he dared, and shouting to them through his trumpet, "Never fear! Hold on! I'll stand by you!"

A voice came down the wild wind,
"Ho! ship ahoy!" its cry:
"Our stout Three Bells of Glasgow
Shall stand till daylight by!"

Hour after hour crept slowly,
Yet on the heaving swells
Tossed up and down the ship-lights,
The lights of the Three Bells!

And ship to ship made signals,
Man answered back to man,
While oft, to cheer and hearten,
The Three Bells nearer ran;

And the captain from her taffrail
Sent down his hopeful cry.
"Take heart! Hold on!" he shouted,
"The Three Bells shall stand by!"

All night across the waters
The tossing lights shone clear;
All night from reeling taffrail
The Three Bells sent her cheer.

And when the dreary watches
Of storm and darkness passed,
Just as the wreck lurched under,
All souls were saved at last.

Sail on, Three Bells, forever,
In grateful memory sail!
Ring on, Three Bells of rescue,
Above the wave and gale!

As thine, in night and tempest,
I hear the Master's cry.
And, tossing through the darkness,
The lights of God draw nigh!

John G. Whittier.

A COMEDY OF TERRORS.

XXI.

LAYING THE GHOST.

CARROL'S knowledge of Maud's address constituted a new temptation, which it was hard to resist. It was very difficult for him to keep away, when he knew that she was so near. In his resistance to the attraction which she exerted over him, he had nothing to strengthen him but his consideration for her, and his conviction that it would be better for her not to see him again. But this very consideration for her arose out of his love for her, which at the same time drew him to her.

For a day or two he succeeded in restraining himself, but at length his desire to see Maud grew uncontrollable, and, after feeble efforts to overcome it, he allowed himself to drift nearer and nearer to the place of which Grimes had told him, until at length he came within sight of the house. It was the day on which Grimes had made his visit; and had he arrived a few moments earlier, he would have seen the manly form of his friend disappearing inside the doorway.

As he came within sight of the house his heart beat fast with feverish excitement, and an intense longing seized him to go in. He hesitated, and a struggle began in his soul, wherein desire on the one hand wrestled with conscientious scruples on the other. Already his scruples were beginning to give way, and his desire was gaining the mastery, when his eyes, which all the time had been fixed upon the door, caught sight of a figure slowly emerging from it.

It was a man of medium size, thin, dressed in a soldier's uniform; but the dress did not excite any attention on the part of Carrol, whose whole gaze was fixed upon the face. The face was deathly pale; the man held a handkerchief to his forehead, which was stained

with his blood, and a stream of blood also trickled down his face. He walked slowly and painfully, and going along the sidewalk he turned around the first corner and disappeared from view.

Carrol had been on the opposite side of the street, but the figure had not turned its eyes toward him at all. It had simply come forth from that door, walked along the opposite sidewalk, and disappeared.

As Carrol looked he felt petrified with utter horror. That face belonged to one and to one alone. It was the face that had never ceased to haunt him ever since that fearful night. Even so had that face appeared to his fancy over and over again as he brought before his mind the events of that night; and even so had the face appeared night after night in abhorrent dreams, ghastly, death-struck, with a blood-stream slowly trickling down from a mortal wound. There was only one thought in Carrol's mind,—his victim! Du Potiron! once more appearing! the dead once more revealed to the living!

For a few moments Carrol stood thus petrified in utter horror, and then in a wild frenzy he hurried away, flying he knew not where, all his brain on fire with the thoughts that came thronging over his mind. All the anguish of that night at Montreal was renewed; and his panic flight was repeated, with all its dread accompaniments. But this time the daylight favored him, and the tumult and roar of the crowded streets assisted him to regain something of his natural composure. But as the immediate terror died out, there remained behind a deep perplexity, a dark misgiving as to the nature and the meaning of this second visitation. To him in his superstition it seemed now as though the dead could really appear to the living; and here was a proof that the murderer must be

haunted by his victim. This opened before him a new horror in life. For if he should be doomed through the remainder of his days to be thus haunted, what was the use of life to him? This time the apparition had come, not in darkness and at midnight, but in the full glare of day and in the midst of a crowded city, walking under the daylight along the paved sidewalk. Where would the next revelation take place? No doubt that warning would be repeated, if he should dare ever again to visit Maud, or to speak to her. Between him and her there now stood this grisly phantom to keep them forever asunder. How could he now hope to assist Maud to escape, or how could he ever venture even to speak to her again?

Starting forth thus from a full belief in the supernatural character of the figure of Du Potiron, and allowing a vivid fancy to play around it in this mad fashion, Carrol soon worked himself into a state of mind that was half despair and half frenzy. The future now afforded no hope whatever. It seemed useless for him to struggle any longer against such a fate as his; and he began to feel that the very best thing for him to do would be to avail himself of the earliest opportunity that offered to escape from Paris, return home, and surrender himself to the authorities. A prolonged consideration of this course of action resulted in a fixed decision in favor of it; and this decision had the effect of restoring to his mind its calmness. That calmness was deep depression and dull despair, but it seemed more tolerable than the madness to which he had just been subject. It was in this frame of mind that he returned to his lodgings. It was now late. Grimes was there, and by his face showed that he had something of importance to communicate.

"Hallo," cried he, "you're back at last. Three cheers! I've arranged it. I've done it. They've consented. I've got the balloons. We're off to-morrow; and what do you think of that, for instance?"

Grimes paused and looked triumphantly at Carrol, expecting some reply commensurate with the grandeur of the news. But Carrol made no reply; and Grimes, looking at him more closely, saw in his face such pain and distress, that his own feelings underwent an instantaneous change.

"Has anything happened?" he asked hurriedly. "What's the matter? You look more like death than life."

"I've been near death to-day," said Carrol in a low voice. "I've seen It."

"Seen it? Seen what? Death?"

"*Him*, you know — the man that — that — you know. Du Potiron."

Grimes gave a long whistle.

"The dead arise!" moaned Carrol, "and they come to haunt the guilty!"

"Haunt your grandmother," cried Grimes. "What do you mean?"

Upon this Carrol told his terrible tale, enlarging particularly upon the fearful aspect of the spectre. Grimes listened patiently, and at its close he struck his fist heavily on the table.

"See here," said he, "I can't stand this any longer. I begin to think I've been doin' wrong all along, but I swear I did it for the best. Look here, now. It's all infernal humbug."

"What do you mean?" asked Carrol, startled by the tone of his friend.

"Why, Du Potiron ain't dead at all. You did n't kill him. He's alive. You saw the man himself."

Carrol shook his head despondently. "I heard him fall —"

"You heard some rubbish fall, I dare say. You were scared, and a lot of old plaster tumbled down. It was n't Du Potiron, and you never shot that man; that's so, as sure as you're born. You only heard plaster and rats."

"You can never make me believe —" began Carrol, solemnly.

"Pooh, nonsense. Look here, now, I tell you that dool was all a sham."

"A sham?"

"Yes, a sham. There was n't any bullets in the pistols. I loaded them myself. You know that."

"A sham? a sham? no bullets?" stammered Carrol, utterly bewildered.

"I tell you it was all a sham. Du Potiron was aboard the steamer with us; and he's now in Paris; and you saw him to-day."

Carrol sat for a time quite bewildered. There was an immense reaction going on in his mind. He could not help believing Grimes; and yet he had so long dwelt upon his own fancy, that it was difficult to give up his belief. In the midst of these thoughts, however, there began to arise in his mind the idea that he had been tricked and duped, and that Grimes had been amusing himself with his sufferings. A dark resentment arose within him at such treatment, and rising from his seat he looked at Grimes with a gloomy frown.

"If you really mean what you say, and if you've been playing on me a joke like this —" he said, bitterly.

"Stop," said Grimes, rising, and facing him. "Not a word more. Don't say it, or you and I'll quarrel. Wait till you hear what I've got to say about it. Sit down and hear me."

Carrol resumed his seat and waited in stern silence, while Grimes went on with his explanation.

"Now see here," said Grimes. "You remember askin' me to be your second. I saw that you could n't fire, and that you'd only get hit; so I arranged that plan of a duel in the dark. Very well. Now do you suppose I was goin' to have your blood or that other fellow's on my conscience? No. I loaded the pistols, but did n't put any bullets in. I thought you'd both fire, and then you'd think of course that both shots had missed; and so it would all turn out right, and no harm done. Was there any practical joke in that? So you see Du Potiron could n't have fallen at your shot; and, in fact, my idea is that he jumped out of the back window while we were fastening the door; for I thought I heard footsteps over the rubbish behind the house. You may be sure that was the way of it. Now, I don't see anythin' in that to apologize for; and I did n't do anythin' that I would n't do again. I thought you'd have your shots, and

that you'd get over your love-affair in time, and that all would turn out right in the end. So I cleared out and did n't think any more about it till you and I met on board the steamer.

"Wal, I confess I was a good deal troubled when I saw how you took things, and was goin' to tell you the whole truth, especially after you saw Du Potiron, but was prevented by one thing."

"What was that?" asked Carrol. "What possible thing could have made you keep up the miserable delusion, and allow me to suffer such horrors? I swear to you no real murderer could have suffered worse than I did."

"Wal," said Grimes, "the whole trouble arose from the fact that the ladies were on board of the steamer. Now I saw that the sight of Miss Heathcote made you raving mad. You did n't hate her, you know; you were madly in love with her; and her bein' on board prevented your gettin' over your feelin's. She had jilted you, and there she was on board the same boat, and you were goin' crazy about her. Now it struck me that the only thing for a jilted lover like you was to have some other thing to take up his thoughts. You had that in your fancy about Du Potiron, and so I thought I'd let it slide. I did n't dream of anything so childish as a practical joke, but simply acted out of a fatherly consideration for your good. My motive was good, whatever my policy may have been. It was to give you a counter-irritation."

"I think you might at least have told me after we arrived in Paris," said Carrol, in a tone which was now quite free from resentment.

"Wal," said Grimes, "my reason was just the same. The ladies were here, and there you were with your abuse of Miss Heathcote, so that if you had n't had this dool to think of, you'd been used up by this time. But you changed your tone a little lately, and I'd made up my mind to tell you the fust chance."

"What was he doing there?" asked

Carrol, "at her house. So if it is really Du Potiron, it seems that, while I have been suffering, she has been enjoying his society, travelling across the ocean with him, receiving his visits here, while I —"

"Come now," roared Grimes, "no more of that infernal jealous nonsense. Here you go again, full tilt, pitchin' into Miss Heathcote in the old style. I don't know anythin' about her real feelin's for the Frenchman, but I don't think they're over tender; for what I saw of him to-day did n't lead me to suppose that he was on very agreeable terms in that house."

"You saw him there? You did?" cried Carrol eagerly; "was he — was he visiting them? Did she — did she — seem glad? But how did his head get cut —?"

"Wal, I believe I had some share in that catastrophe," said Grimes. "I'll tell you all about it."

Carrol heard the whole story, and now learned for the first time the danger that the ladies were in, and the true position of Du Potiron with reference to them. Grimes informed him about Mrs. Lovell's appeal to him for help, his proposal about balloons, and the circumstances which had led to the acquiescence of the ladies in such a dangerous mode of flight. He also gave a very vivid account of Du Potiron's treatment of Mrs. Lovell, and the immediate result of it to Du Potiron himself.

Grimes informed him also of the measures which he had been taking that day to hasten their flight. He had been to M. Nadar and had engaged two balloons. He himself with Mrs. Lovell would embark in one, while Carrol and Miss Heathcote should take the other with an aeronaut to sail the craft. Very many little details had to be arranged, but everything was to be in readiness on the following night. Night was the time that was always chosen now, for during the day balloons were too much exposed to the bullets of the Prussians. The weather was sufficiently favorable for a start, and if it only continued so

nothing would prevent their departure. The ladies were to be ready by the following evening, and Grimes and Carrol were to go to the house for them. They were perfectly willing to go, for they found the terrors of Paris greater than those of the untried voyage in the air; and the confident assurances of Grimes had produced a great effect upon the trustful nature of Mrs. Lovell.

And now the clouds that had for so long a time hung over the soul of Carrol slowly rolled away, and the revelation of Maud's truth, together with that of his own innocence, combined to fill him with the most exultant hope. The little difference that still remained between him and Maud could be terminated by one word. Her resentment could not be maintained, for she had consented to go with him in his care. To the perils of balloon-voyaging he never gave a single thought, his mind being only taken up with the idea of himself seated once more by the side of Maud, with not a cloud to mar their perfect mutual understanding.

But in the midst of his new-found joy there arose within him an intense longing to see Maud, from whom he was no longer repelled either by conscientious scruples or by grisly phantoms. He now remembered his terrors with indifference, and in his delight at the truth he had no resentment whatever against Grimes or anybody else for that matter. Once more he and Grimes resumed the old unclouded air of free and familiar intercourse, and talked over the coming events. Carrol, however, could not help feeling impatient at the time that yet separated him from Maud, and hinted in a vague way at some effort which he might make to call on the ladies earlier in the day.

"Now don't, my good fellow," said Grimes earnestly, "don't. The ladies won't expect you; besides, they'll be as busy as bees all day arranging for their flight. You see it's such uncommon short notice. Waitin' two or three hours longer won't hurt you, and will

be a good deal more convenient for them than if you were to go botherin' around them all the day."

"But don't you think they may be in some danger from Du Potiron? I should think it would be better for one of us to be there."

"O, I don't know! I don't seem to think that one day 'll make any great difference."

"But if the fellow can do anything, he 'll do it at once. He must have been venomous enough before; but now, after your treatment of him, he 'll move heaven and earth to get them into trouble; and, what's more, he 'll do it as quick as he can. It seems to me that if there is any danger at all, there 'll be as much danger to-morrow as there would be a week from this."

"Wal, I don't know, now that you speak of it, but what there may be a good deal in what you say; still I don't see what can be done. People have got to run some risk, and to-morrow is the risk that the ladies have got to run. They can't be actually safe till they get outside of Paris, or above it, which is all the same."

"On the whole," said Carrol, "I think I'd better keep a lookout in that direction."

"What for?"

"O, to satisfy my own mind!"

"There won't be much satisfaction in looking; and if anythin' was to happen, you would n't be able to do anythin'. On the whole, I should n't wonder but that you'd be doin' better by makin' yourself scarce till the appointed hour."

"Well, I 'll see," said Carrol, who, at the same time, was profoundly convinced that he would spend the whole of the next day in the vicinity of Maud's house, and burst in upon her presence long before what Grimes called the appointed time.

XXII.

IN THE TOILS.

THE following day dawned bright and pleasant. The sky was perfectly

cloudless, and the clear atmosphere gave promise of a favorable night.

Grimes had arranged everything on the previous day, and M. Nadar had solemnly engaged to be at the Place St. Pierre with two balloons and an aeronaut. There was therefore nothing in reality for him to do; but Grimes was a man who never felt inclined to trust his business to others, and could not feel satisfied unless he himself were present. It was this feeling rather than any actual necessity that led him forth to pass the time with M. Nadar, so that he might see with his own eyes that everything was preparing. He was also actuated by a very natural desire to learn something more, if anything more could be learned, of the aeronautic art. Before starting he informed Carrol that he would call for the ladies at about dusk; but that if the ladies were frightened about anything and wished to leave before then, they might go to the Place St. Pierre.

Grimes then set out on his way to visit M. Nadar. He strolled along in a leisurely manner, meditating on the prospect before him, and quite oblivious to the scene around him. He traversed street after street, and soon left the busier parts of the city behind him, and still went on, feeding his active fancy with very many pleasing scenes, and images and events, all of which were of a highly cheerful and pleasant character. Had he not been so very much taken up with these pleasing fancies, he would not have failed to notice the fact that he was followed by several men dressed as National Guards, but whose evil faces made them seem like *mouchards* of the fallen Empire, who, finding their occupation gone, had transformed themselves into the defenders of the Republic with no very striking success. These men followed him, at first cautiously, but at length, perceiving that he did not take the slightest notice of them, they went on carelessly, keeping close behind him, and occasionally addressing remarks to one another. At length two of them walked ahead of the others, towards

Grimes. He, on his part, was quite unconscious of this new movement, and stalked on before, losing himself in the pleasing fancies with which his mind was filled. The two men hurried on till they caught up to him, when they divided, one going on each side, and at a signal each placed a hand on Grimes's shoulder.

In a moment Grimes was brought back to real life. He stopped and confronted the men. The others meanwhile walked up and surrounded him. There were over a dozen of them, and all were armed.

"What do you want?" asked Grimes in his usual Yankee French.

"Who are you?" asked one of the men, who had first seized him.

"An American citizen," said Grimes.

"Where are you going?"

"On business," said Grimes.

"What business?"

Grimes was about to give an angry reply, but the affair looked too serious, so he was compelled to mitigate his wrath. He hesitated for a moment, but at length concluded that the truth was the easiest statement to make and so he said, "I am going to see M. Nadar."

"M. Nadar?"

"Yes, about a balloon."

"A balloon?—aha," said the other.

"A balloon? You would fly, would you? You would run away? Aha, you cannot escape so easily."

"There is nothing wrong in engaging a balloon," said Grimes. "M. Gambetta and others have gone in them."

"M. Gambetta is an honest and loyal citizen; but you, monsieur, are a traitor and a spy."

"A traitor, a spy? I am not," cried Grimes. "I am a friend of the French Republic."

"You are a Prussian spy," cried the other in excited and vehement tones.

"I am not," roared Grimes. "I am an American. The American Minister is my friend. I am an American and a Republican."

"Bah! we know you. We have watched you. You have been de-

nounced to us. We know you as one of Bismarck's agents, and we arrest you in the name of the Republic."

"Arrest!" cried Grimes, in fierce indignation,— "arrest me, an American citizen!"

"Monsieur, you are no more an American citizen than I am. You are a German. Your accent betrays you. Come, you are our prisoner. You must come with us. Remonstrance is useless."

At this, Grimes stood suffocated with rage. He glared like a wild beast at his enemies. He thrust his hand into his pocket, and grasped his trusty revolver, and for a moment he meditated a wild rush upon his captors and a headlong flight. He looked up and down the street; but that one look was enough to satisfy him that anything like flight was utterly impossible. He let go his grasp of his revolver.

The sight of the National Guards around a foreigner had already attracted the notice of the passers-by. People stopped and stared. The words "Prussian spy" were heard, and circulated from mouth to mouth. The crowd increased, and at length, in a marvelously short space of time, an immense number of people had gathered there. The rumor of a Prussian spy passed along the street, and people came running from every direction to see the sight.

As Grimes looked around, he saw the crowd, and the faces that were turned toward him were faces full of dark menace and intense hate. Passionate words passed from man to man, and reached his ears. He began to think that he was lost. Once more he subdued his wrath, and endeavored to appeal to the crowd.

"Gentlemen!" said he, elevating his voice, "I am an American citizen. I am a friend of the French Republic. I am a Republican myself. The American Minister is my friend. He will certify that I speak the truth."

The crowd stared, and various murmurs arose. But the man who had seized Grimes turned with a shrug and

called out, "Citizens, this man is a Prussian spy. He is very dangerous. We have been searching for him for weeks. He is the worst spy in the place, and the chief agent of Bismarck."

At these words there arose from the crowd a terrific outcry. Yells, shrieks, and execrations, in the midst of which were a hundred cries for immediate vengeance.

Grimes stood overwhelmed. He was a brave man, but the position in which he was made bravery useless. To defy, or to resist, or to offend that maddened mob was to be torn in pieces. He looked out once more upon them, and saw the faces inflamed with frantic rage and eyes glowing in fury. They were more like wild beasts than human beings. To disarm their wrath was impossible; to explain matters, to prove the truth, was not allowed. The mob outside was so insane and so passionate, that the National Guards who had arrested him seemed almost his friends now, since they stood between him and the savages of the street.

The conclusion which Grimes came to was swift and decided. He saw that it would never do to stand there exposed to the wrath of the mob: anything was better than that. With the National Guards there was at least a hope of something like an examination or a trial; but with a street mob there was nothing but a tiger's blind fury. His mind was made up. At all hazards, this scene must be stopped.

"Gentlemen!" said he, courteously, to the National Guards, speaking so that all could hear him, "there is some mistake. I am convinced that you intend nothing but what is fair and right. I trust myself to your hands. Take me to the authorities, and I will submit to any examination."

This was very magnanimous language from a man who was helpless; but the National Guards did not see the incongruity that there was between his language and his situation. They all drew themselves up in a dignified way and endeavored to assume the airs of so many Rhadamanthuses.

Those of the crowd who heard him were somewhat favorably affected, and began to think that there might be some mistake; but the most of them did not hear, and so they kept on howling.

"It's all right," said Grimes. "Let us go. Lead on. Don't be troubled about me. I won't run. It's all right, gentlemen," said he to the crowd. "It's only a mistake. I'm an American. *Vive la République Française!*"

These last words he shouted out in tones loud enough to be heard by all. The mob heard it, and those words arrested the current of the general fury. They had the right ring. They hesitated.

"It is a mistake," roared Grimes in stentorian tones, so that he could be heard by all. "I am an American. I am a Republican. Hurrah for the French Republic! Hurrah for liberty! Down with the Prussians! Down with Bismarck! I am an American Republican, and I love the French Republic!"

As a matter of fact Grimes began to be somewhat disgusted with the French Republic, or rather with French Republicans, and consequently his words were not strictly true; but he was in a very tight place, and he felt that it was his first duty to disarm the vengeance of that howling maniac mob. By giving them lavish doses of the popular cries, he hoped to succeed in this. His efforts were not unavailing. A large number of the crowd caught up his words and responded. The mob, as a mob, began to lose its homogeneity; its unity disintegrated at the impact of those cries; some kept up the call for vengeance; but others hurrahed for the French Republic, and others again for America.

Grimes now moved off, surrounded by his captors and the mob.

The National Guards led him, and the crowd followed him, through many streets. The crowd still showed that uncertainty of purpose which had been created by the remarks of the prisoner, and followed in a vague way, being now rather curious than inimical. In this way he at length reached a large

building, in front of which there were a few men in the uniform of the National Guard. Grimes entered this place with his captors and was conducted to a room in the third story. On being shown in here the door was locked and the prisoner was left to his meditations.

Meanwhile Carrol had left the house and had started off to seek out some way of wiling away the tedious hours. He had wandered aimlessly through the streets, trying to get rid of the hours of the morning, and finding himself incessantly gravitating in an irresistible manner toward the lodgings of Maud. He resisted this tendency as long as he could, for he did not wish to intrude upon the ladies at unseasonable hours; but at length he found it quite impossible to resist any longer. It was about midday when he found himself in the street in front of the house. He then made up his mind to remain in that street and keep up a watch over the house, with a vague idea that by so watching he might be the means of guarding the inmates from evil. For two or three hours he walked up and down the street, never going out of sight of the house; and at length he became wearied of this fruitless occupation, and began to think of entering.

Mrs. Lovell and Maud were both in the room. Maud started to her feet and stood looking at him with a pale and agitated face. Mrs. Lovell advanced and greeted him. Carrol was scarce conscious of her existence. He made some incoherent reply to her, and then turned toward Maud. She stood looking at him with that same expression of entreaty and wonder and mournfulness which he had so often seen in her face; and as he walked toward her she made one or two steps forward. But Carrol's face showed something very different from anything she had seen there since their misunderstanding; it was full of joy and enthusiastic hope and tenderest affection. He hurried toward her and grasped her hand in both of his.

"O my darling!" he faltered in a low voice; "forgive me! forgive me!"

Mrs. Lovell started, and with some commonplace remark she left the room, and by that act won for herself the fervent gratitude of Carrol.

He was now alone with Maud. He understood at last the whole truth. There was at last no cloud of misunderstanding between them. Carrol was determined that everything should now be cleared up without delay, and so he poured forth the whole story of his sorrows. All was revealed without exception, and Maud was able to understand the whole reason of Carrol's conduct. Even if his explanation had been less ample, she could have forgiven him; but with this she felt that there was nothing to forgive.

Mrs. Lovell's innate delicacy of soul, together with her sisterly regard for Maud and her consideration of her peculiar circumstances, all combined to make her stand aloof and leave the two lovers to come to a full understanding by themselves. At length, however, the time seemed to be sufficient, and she returned, finding Maud's once melancholy face wreathed with smiles, and the face of Carrol in a similar condition.

By this time it was dusk. They began to talk of their approaching journey, and Carrol began to wonder why Grimes did not appear.

Suddenly, in the midst of this conversation, they all became aware of the tramp of feet on the stairway outside and along the hall toward the room. At that sound a feeling of fearful apprehension in one instant started up within the minds of all. The ladies turned pale, and Carrol started up to his feet in dismay.

The door opened without ceremony, and a number of men entered the room. They were dressed as National Guards. One of these advanced toward the group in the room, while the rest stood by the door. Others remained outside.

The man who advanced looked with

sharp scrutiny at Carrol and at the ladies.

"Madame Lovelle," said he, in French, "which is Madame Lovelle?"

"What do you want?" said Mrs. Lovell, in English. "I am Mrs. Lovell."

"Pardon, madame," said the man, who seemed to be an officer, still speaking French; "I am charged with your arrest, in the name of the Republic." And he laid his hand lightly upon her shoulder.

Mrs. Lovell did not understand what he said, but his gesture was sufficiently intelligible. She shrank back in terror. Maud started with a cry, and flung her arms about her. Carrol sprang forward with a menacing gesture.

"Arrest this man," cried the officer, "he is the Prussian spy!"

At this three men came forward and seized Carrol, and at a gesture from the leader dragged him out at once.

"Madame," said the officer, turning to Mrs. Lovell, "you must come. You are my prisoner."

Mrs. Lovell did not understand the words, but she started back with a cry of despair.

"O Georgie! O my darling, darling Georgie!" cried Maud. "O, what can we do? What does it all mean?"

To this Mrs. Lovell made no reply whatever. She simply pressed Maud in her arms, and sobbed aloud in her anguish.

"Pardon, madame," said the officer, "but you must come." And he took her arm and drew her along after him. Maud clung to her, and Mrs. Lovell tried to cling to Maud. Then there followed a pitiable scene,—the sisters clinging to one another, the officer calling to his soldiers and tearing them from one another's arms.

Mrs. Lovell, half fainting, was dragged away by the soldiers; while Maud, quite frantic, tried to cling to her sister, and implored them to take her also. The soldiers kept her back, and, thus repelled, she stood for a few moments staring at them with a white

face of agony, still imploring them to take her too. The men did not understand her words, however, and they coolly went on with their task, which was to arrest in the name of the Republic Madame Lovelle and the Prussian spy. They dragged their prisoners toward the door. Maud stood for a few moments overcome with anguish; she had seen Carrol taken, and she now saw her sister dragged out after him. With a wild cry she rushed after Mrs. Lovell.

But Maud's strength had been severely tried during the last few weeks, and this sudden and overwhelming sorrow was too much for her. Her brain reeled, her limbs failed; and she had scarce taken three steps when she fell senseless on the floor.

XXIII.

FLIGHT.

THE meditations of Grimes during the first few minutes of his imprisonment were by no means pleasant. To have been arrested at any time would have been bad enough, but at such a time as this it was intolerable. What was worse, his captors were citizens of that great and glorious French Republic for which he had been so enthusiastic, and to which he had been seeking to devote his services. This was the unkindest cut of all, and it wounded him to the soul.

Grimes, however, was not the sort of man who could sit still and brood over his sufferings. He had a healthy and hearty animalism, which made him chafe under them, and move restlessly to and fro like a wild beast in his cage. His first impulse was to examine his prison and its surroundings, so as to see what prospects of escape there might be. The room itself was large and lofty, with tiled floor, and two tall windows that opened with hinges. There was no balcony outside, and the street was too far down to be reached by any process of climbing. The house in which he was formed one in a range

that extended all along the street, and, as far as he could judge from a hasty glance, was several additional stories in height.

Although the fact that he was not handcuffed was very gratifying, still he did not see any prospect of immediate escape. If he should be left in that room that night, he might be able to get away; but the night would be or might be too late. Mrs. Lovell would expect him at dusk, and what would she do if he failed her? What his prospects were he could not imagine, for he could not imagine why he had been arrested. Whether he would be summoned at once for examination, or made to wait, was equally uncertain. His experience of French ways made him incline to the belief that he would have to wait for two or three days. The whole thing seemed so abominably stupid to him, and so unmeaning, that it aggravated him all the more; for Grimes had a logical soul, and if there had been any motive whatever in his arrest, he would not have felt so utterly outraged. As it was, even prolonged and heavy swearing gave no relief; and he was compelled at last to take refuge in the silence of disgust.

What the ladies might do in the event of his missing the appointment, he could not conjecture. In the midst of his meditations, which occupied several hours, he was roused by the rattling of keys at the door. Grimes started, and looked up with eager expectation, for now his fate would be decided. His only thought was that he was about to be taken away for examination. Two men came in, one of whom carefully locked the door on the inside, and then turning looked at Grimes with a mocking smile.

It was Du Potiron. In an instant Grimes understood it all. The suggestions of Carrol as to Du Potiron's taking a speedy vengeance were indeed fulfilled; and this was the mode that he had chosen. As Grimes saw his face, there came over him a terrible anxiety about Mrs. Lovell; for now it was shown that Du Potiron's threats

were not idle menaces; and the same force which had been used against him could be used with far greater effect against defenceless women. The only hope he had was that Du Potiron might not yet have denounced them, and that he might yet escape in time to save them.

Du Potiron's face was pale as usual, and below his kepi might be seen a bit of sticking-plaster, which no doubt covered the wound that he had received when Grimes knocked him down stairs. In his face there was a malice and triumphant malignancy that was quite demoniac. Grimes, however, looked at him calmly, and waited to see what he would do.

The other man, whom Du Potiron had no doubt brought with him for purposes of safety, looked very much like Du Potiron, only slightly inferior, suggesting the idea that he might be an admirer or follower of that great man. He had in his hands a pair of handcuffs, which were no doubt brought here to adorn the hands of Grimes. He also had some pieces of rope, which looked as though they were intended to bind him still more securely.

"Eh, bien monsieur," said Du Potiron, at last. "What you zink now? Hah? You laugh at me now, hah? You attack me now, will you? Hah? Ze table is turn. Eet ees your turn now. Tr-r-r-emblez!"

At this, which was spoken very rapidly, very fiercely, and with manifold gesticulation, Grimes made no reply, but sat watching Du Potiron, and occasionally looking at the other man. He was measuring their strength; he was cogitating as to the probability of others being in the hall outside; and listening to hear if there was any shuffling or sound of voices. But there was nothing of the kind, and Grimes began to meditate a desperate deed.

"You not belief," continued Du Potiron, who was evidently a Philistine and had come to crow over the fallen Samson,—"you not belief. Ah hah! You belief now? Hah? Madame Lovelle, she not belief; she belief now. Hah?

Come, you are silent. You are dumb. Ha, ha."

And Du Potiron made a low, mocking bow, spreading out the palms of his hands; after which he raised himself, and once more regarded Grimes, who sat quite still, looking as before.

"Moi, I haf warn ze madame one, deux, tree fois. Mais see you, what ees it now; you are spies. You and ze madame, I haf denounce you bot to ze Central Committee of ze section, in ze nom sacre and august de la liberté. You haf been ze slaves of Bismarck, and conspire against ze security of la gr-r-r-rande République. I haf set ze loyal citoizens to watch, and you are discovaire. Voilà."

Du Potiron paused again to see if his taunts would elicit any reply, but Grimes still held his peace, and sat as before in the same attentive and thoughtful attitude.

"Aha," continued Du Potiron. "You fly in ze balloon? Hah? Monsieur Nadar. Hah? Ma foi. You wish you escape me. Aha? You not escape zees way so easy. I haf set my heart on vengeance, and I haf denounce you as ze enemy of ze sublime République. All ze disloyal must perish. La France will destroy ze tyrant, and ze oppressor, and ze despot. You sall not escape; ze madame sall not escape. I am implacable. Moi, I nevaire forgif, nevaire. You air doom!"

Du Potiron frowned in what he meant to be a terrible manner, shook his clenched fists with melodramatic energy against Grimes, and stood staring at him to watch the effect of his words.

"Aha," he burst out at last. "You say notin; you dumb; you preten to be calm. But are doom, and Madame Lovelle is doom, and you bot sall sof-faire. I sall nevaire forgive. I am implacable, inflexible, inexorable. You are lost; zere is no hope, no possibilité of redemption. Aha, does zat make you tr-r-r-emble?"

At this moment Grimes rose quickly, snatched his revolver from his pocket, advanced two steps, and seized Du

Potiron by the throat so as to almost choke him, and levelled his pistol at the other man. The whole movement was so sudden and so unexpected, that both were taken by complete surprise.

"If you say a word, I'll fire," said Grimes, in a low, stern voice, as he covered the other fellow with his pistol, and held Du Potiron's throat in his iron clutch. The other man did n't seem to require any such warning. His face was livid with terror; his knees shook; and the ropes and manacles fell upon the floor.

"Pick them up," said Grimes, whose Yankee French now came out uncommonly strong.

The man stooped tremblingly, and picked up the ropes and handcuffs.

"Bring them here."

The man obeyed.

"Now put them on this man," said Grimes. "If you don't, I'll blow your brains out."

With these words he pushed Du Potiron around so that the other man could get at his hands, while he himself watched every movement. Du Potiron meanwhile had made a few contortions, but the suddenness of this attack, and its overwhelming character, deprived him of all force. The iron grasp on his throat almost suffocated him, and thus he stood perfectly helpless. The other man tremblingly took the handcuffs and put them on Du Potiron's hands.

"Now," said Grimes, "take off his cravat and tie it over his mouth, tight."

The man obeyed. The cravat was large enough to serve the purpose of a gag; and while the man was tying it on, Grimes tested it from time to time, making him tie it tighter, till at length it seemed to him to be safe enough.

Now Grimes seized a piece of rope, and warning Du Potiron not to move for his life, he made the other man turn round, and then he secured his hands tightly behind his back. After this he took his cravat, and gagged him in the same way that Du Potiron had been served.

But this was not enough. He wanted to put it out of the power of his two prisoners to move; so he made them both lie down, impressing his orders upon them by holding the muzzle of the pistol against the foreheads of each in succession. Resistance was useless. Both lay down, and Grimes, taking some more rope, bound the feet of each. He then made them stand up, fastened them back to back, and passed the end of the line securely around an iron rod that supported a heavy shelf on one side of the room.

All this had been done with a neatness and despatch that showed the practised hand. After the work was finished, Grimes restored his pistol to his pocket.

"Pardon," said he, somewhat grimly, "you will see that I must escape, and, in order to do that, I had to tie you in this way. I may not see you again, and so I will wish you every happiness in the world, and say, adieu."

With these words he turned away, and, picking up the keys which Du Potiron had dropped at the first onset, he went towards the door, and tried each one till he found the right one.

So far all had gone off well, but the question still remained, how was he to get out of the house. He saw that he could not go down stairs, and his idea was to ascend to the roof. His long meditations over balloons had made the upper regions of the air quite a natural subject for his mind to dwell upon, and he thought that if he once got up there he might be safe.

He opened the door cautiously and peeped out. The hall was empty.

He went out and listened. There was no sound at all. It seemed as though the upper stories of the house were not tenanted. The apartments, he thought, might be storerooms of some kind, or perhaps they were deserted on account of the siege.

There was no use in hesitating any longer, so he locked the door behind him, put the keys in his pocket, and walked away with as little noise as possible. Finding that his boots creaked,

he tore them off, and thrusting one in each side-pocket of his coat he hastened along the hall.

He soon reached the stairway. Looking up he found the coast clear, and looking down he saw the story below apparently deserted. He ran up the stairs, and continued ascending till he reached the topmost story. Here he found a step-ladder going up to the roof. Climbing this he raised a small trap-door which closed the opening, and stepped out upon the roof. Then he shut down the trap, and seating himself upon it he drew a long breath of relief, and looked around with a comprehensive stare, and then putting on his boots again he began to meditate over the situation.

The houses were flat roofed or almost flat, and were joined together so closely that he could walk on for a long distance without difficulty and without being seen from the street. The difficulty was how he was to get down again. This was a thing that he did not know exactly how to contrive. After some thought he decided on leaving this place and going over the roofs of the houses; such a journey might reveal some practicable way of descending. He might find a ladder or a staging or something of that sort. He accordingly started off and walked on till he reached a corner house, where any further progress in that direction was impossible. He now turned to the right, where the row of houses still extended along the street, and traversed several of these. At length he saw something which suggested a way of escape in case of an emergency. It was a trap-door, something like the one through which he had passed. Here at least there seemed a way to get down, and it was the only way. All the other traps and skylights had been closed. He knelt down by this and looked down. He saw nothing but the floor of the hall, nor did he hear anything. This encouraged him, and he decided to make his descent here. But to do so by daylight seemed too hazardous, and he thought it would be safer

to wait till dusk. He seated himself here and kept a vigilant watch, ready if there appeared any signs of pursuit to plunge down and close the trap after him. But no signs of pursuit appeared, and Grimes thought pleasantly that his efforts to secure the prisoners had been crowned with complete success. They had been unable to free themselves, and had probably not received any visit from their comrades.

Two or three hours passed, and Grimes waited very patiently, feeling sure now that, if he only effected his escape, he would be able to be at the rendezvous in time. At length it grew sufficiently dark for his purpose, — just dark enough for safety, yet also sufficiently light for him to find his way. Once more he removed his boots and cautiously descended. As he reached the attic floor he listened, but heard nothing. Reassured, he descended farther. He met no one. He went farther and farther down, and now discovered that the house was uninhabited. By certain signs of disorder he thought that it had been visited by thieves, who had left the trap open. Reaching at length the door of the *conciergerie*, he found this locked, but another door had a key in the lock, and opening this he found himself in the court-yard, where he put on his boots again and looked around. Here a gate opened into the street, and was secured by a bar. Grimes removed this, and stepped forth into the street.

A cab was passing. He hailed it, and told the driver to take him to the Place de la Concorde. In due time he reached his destination, and, leaving the cab, he hurried off with a light heart toward Mrs. Lovell's lodgings.

The darkness had now increased, but the moon was shining, and the night was still. All things promised a propitious voyage. On reaching Mrs. Lovell's lodgings, he was surprised to find that there were no lights. However, he knew his way well enough to her apartments, and he went on, full of confidence, till he reached them. All was still. The door was open. He

entered with a strange feeling of apprehension. The moonbeams streamed in through the windows and illumined the interior.

Grimes saw nothing of the general appearance of things, his whole attention being arrested by one sight. It was the figure of a lady prostrate on the floor, lying in the moonlight, face downward. The heart of Grimes gave a wild throb, and he rushed forward and knelt by her side. He raised her up. Her face, but dimly visible in the moonlight, was half concealed by the disordered hair that had fallen across it. Her hands were cold.

Grimes was bewildered. He raised the lifeless form in his arms and kissed the pale forehead, the closed eyes, the cold lips.

What was he to do?

Send for help?

But the house seemed deserted. There was no help to be had. Besides, he dared not wait, for now he felt as though all the National Guards of Paris were on his track, headed by Du Potiron, who would lead them here first of all. Then both would be arrested. There was only one thing, — flight, instant, immediate!

It could only be a faint. She would recover. Ah! he saw it all. She had waited, and he had not come. Carol had come, and in his impatience taken Miss Heathcote. Mrs. Lovell had still waited. She had been overcome with anxiety about him. She had not thought him false, but she had feared for his safety. She must have divined his arrest and his danger. The thought had been too dreadful.

Grimes's whole nature melted down into utter softness beneath the power of such piteous thoughts.

"We must fly," he murmured. "We must get to the balloon. She'll revive when she gets up aloft."

Saying this he rose up, carrying the senseless lady in his arms, and hurried down to the street. There he got a cab, and drove to the Place St. Pierre. The lady still continued senseless. Grimes held her in his arms, and al-

lowed himself to indulge in numberless tendernesses, feeling as though such acts and words as these were better adapted to win his loved one back to life than any quantity of the ordinary restoratives, such as burnt feather, cold water, and rubbings.

At last they reached the Place Bastille. A crowd was there. High in the air floated the dark outlines of two balloons, still held to the earth by their ropes, waiting for their passengers, struggling to be free. M. Nadar had been faithful. He rushed forward to the cab. Grimes emerged, carrying his precious burden.

"Haste! haste!" cried M. Nadar. "I've been waiting an hour."

"Have the others come?" asked Grimes.

"No, not yet. Haste, haste."

Grimes was a little surprised, but his anxiety about his lifeless burden drove away other thoughts.

"This lady's fainted," he said; "I want to restore her."

"She'll revive," said M. Nadar; "if you wait now, you cannot go at all."

Grimes said nothing, but hurried to the balloon. He lifted the lady into the car. Then he got in himself.

"Are you ready?" asked M. Nadar.

"Wait," said Grimes, "my friends have not come."

M. Nadar fumed and fussed.

In a few moments a cab was seen hastening toward the place.

"They have come," said M. Nadar.

"There is the cab. Are you ready?"

Grimes looked out. He saw the cab. He had no other thought than that this was Carol and Miss Heathcote. He had a dread of Du Potiron and his National Guards.

"Yes," he said quickly.

In another moment the earth sank away, and the everlasting ether received him into its embrace.

James DeMille.

REPROOF.

WHEN children, heedless in their eager play,
Seem casting half their innocence away
In some coarse word or deed that makes us start,
Waking a painful wonder in the heart,

We, ripe and righteous, blame the little ones;
Then quick to God, poor, trembling Conscience runs,
For while our sternness brings an instant hush,
The cheek is kindling with a guilty blush.

The older heart remembers its dark room
Wherein it would not have the children come;
Where, when they sleep, the worldly-wise steal in,
Exchanging thoughts that have to do with sin.

And then it scorns this place that dreads surprise,
And would like children live without disguise,
Longing to have the secret soul become
Choice as the eye and ear that guard the home.

Charlotte F. Bates.

N U R E M B E R G .

"Quaint old town of toil and traffic, quaint old town of art and song."

NO picture could be more perfect than that which the poet has so fondly painted of "Nuremberg the ancient." It stands in his verse, all aglow with the mellow light of the olden time, and through its streets walk the stately figures which are the glory of its traditions. Idle were the endeavor of less skilful hands to embody the spirit that haunts the place, but a timid pencil may venture to fill out the delicate outlines of spire or gable or oriel; or may hint at wonder and beauty, half hidden in shadow; so that the poet's matchless canvas may shape for the stranger a distincter vision, and waken for the traveller a tenderer memory, of the old town.

All the long, bright summer day we sped across the country, from Heidelberg and the Neckar, out of the beautiful Odenwald, by ripening wheat-fields and green hop-yards and vine-clad hills; past Wurzburg, —

"That well may boast
Of its blessed wine of the Holy Ghost," —

out of Baden, and through Wurtemberg, to Bavaria, till, with the waning afternoon, we descried afar the many-towered outline of Nuremberg. In the short drive from the railroad station to the King's Gate, we left the modern world behind us. Across the little bridge that spans the moat, through the darkness, under the great round tower, we passed into the sunlight that shone upon the Master-Singers, upon Maximilian, and upon Albrecht Dürer.

We turn a curious page when we read of the rise of the Free Cities. Almost in spite of the feudal barons, the merchants and artisans gained the power they coveted. Often, under the very walls of castles that were but the strongholds of tyranny was fostered a spirit of independence

that one day might dare to defy both Pope and Emperor. Not only on the one side were they grasping at political power, but, on the other, were falling into their hands all the treasures of art and letters which the monks of the West had been six centuries in accumulating. How wisely they wielded the one, and how zealously they guarded and developed the other, are two questions that might serve as a guide through a large part of the history of Europe, from the Crusades to the Reformation. Among them all, none shows a nobler record of effort for liberty or for art than Nuremberg.

That was a grand history which linked itself with Karl the Great, with Henry the Saint, and Cunigunde the Fair; with the Conrads, with Barbarossa, and with Maximilian. For six centuries a Free City, Nuremberg was often no mean auxiliary to the emperors. In the older time, when the cities owed to the Empire much the same fealty as the feudal barons, six thousand sturdy men-at-arms were ready to march at the summons of the chief.

In the train of the merchants who flocked hither came, not only the products and inventions of every nation, but also the culture of every land. The rough grandeur of the Northern Saga, the beauty and grace of the Romance literature, the rising art of Italy, the far-off echoes of Eastern legends, united their influences upon her artists and poets. Nor was this effect limited to a few chosen spirits who might win for themselves lasting fame, but the love of beauty seemed to waken in every soul. Rude, stiff, material, nay, even gross, its expression may sometimes have been, but its presence is ever manifest as an exalting impulse. Wealth was not gained for selfish enjoyment, but each strove so earnestly for the good of all, — whether in the

ornaments of home, in the consecration of the church, or the public adornment of the town, — that they have left not one, two, or three monuments of art, but a whole city of rich, quaint beauty.

By a most singular and happy immunity from rebels within and foes without, their legacy has escaped the destruction which has overwhelmed so many precious relics of the Middle Ages. While Worms, spite of all the heroic memories of Kriemhild and the Niebelungen, has shrunk to a dingy little town ; while Aix-la-Chapelle treasures only one relic of imperial greatness, the lofty dome over the tomb of Charlemagne ; while to Regensburg (Ratisbon), for all the splendor of the Diets, is left but one glowing gem, the Cathedral ; while the Rhine castles are crumbling, and Heidelberg is but a magnificent ruin ; — Nuremberg presents to us a perfect picture of the old castle-crowned, walled, and moated city of the fourteenth century.

The moat, fifty feet deep and one hundred feet wide, still entirely surrounds the old city. Its bottom is now covered with peaceful market-gardens. Peas, beans, beets, and even tobacco grow luxuriantly, and here and there stand tall trees. A double wall rises inside the moat, guarded originally by upwards of four hundred towers. Scarcely a third remain, but their steep, red-tiled roofs form a most picturesque element in the different views of the town. A part of them date from its earliest existence, but the whole system of fortifications was strengthened and improved for the necessities of modern warfare, according to the plans of Albrecht Dürer, which were also adopted by many other towns in Germany.

The four great watch towers which flank the principal gates, and also the chief tower of the castle, are entirely his work. They are perfectly sound, and built of huge blocks of stone, with only one small square window, scarcely more than a loophole, in each story, on the side towards the city. The roof

is almost flat, with broad eaves, and gives an aspect of grim solidity and strength to the whole.

The broad "King's Highway" leads from the "King's Gate," under one of these towers, to the "King's Bridge," over the river. We lodged at the sign of "The Red Cock," a little inn, half-way down the street, so odd and old that the merchants from the Levant might have tarried there. Winding staircases and dark passages led us to a long, narrow room, with low-browed windows, that looked out along the neighboring roofs to the spires of St. Lawrence. It was a busy thoroughfare, and the rattle of wheels over the stony pavements and the chattering voices at the fountain were often wearisome. One day, as I sat writing, a pleasant stillness came on all the street. Looking out I found a sudden shower was falling softly in great drops, that had driven every one in-doors.

This street was once the centre of Nuremberg's greatness. Not far from the gate are the immense warehouses, three stories of ponderous stone, then seven or eight more in the high-pitched roof. Their vast chambers, long since consigned to silence and to dust, were once crowded with the commerce of a world. For her early pre-eminence among the Free Cities, Nuremberg was indebted to the singular natural advantages of her position. In the centre of a broad and fertile plain, midway between the navigable waters of the Rhine and the Danube, she opened her gates upon the great highway of traffic between the North and the South. Perhaps the great fairs at Nijni Novgorod, where East and West meet to exchange their varied wares, is the closest parallel that modern times offer to the commerce of Nuremberg in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Not only were Genoa velvet and Venetian glass exchanged across her counters for Flanders lace, but the trade of the Levant, and, until the discovery of the Cape of Good Hope, that of the far-distant East Indies, thronged her gates. She was foremost, too, in all useful in-

ventions, and in the improvement of manufactures as well as in the patronage of the arts. All nations came to seek her armor, guns, paper, printing-presses, clocks, and watches. The stiff outlines and bright colors upon our playing cards are souvenirs of the original designs by the Nuremberg engravers. One may see the like now in the old stained glass of the fourteenth century. The best translation of the Bible before Luther's day was printed in Nuremberg, and it is still regarded with respect as a fair specimen of the German prose of the day.

As I have already said, the whole city is a monument of art. Nowhere are to be found richer specimens of Gothic domestic architecture. Street after street is adorned with carved balconies, pointed oriels, and picturesque dormer-windows. The roofs are a special wonder. Scarcely two are alike. Of eleven, opposite our window, each had an outline and a character of its own. The oldest and simplest style, which in some sort is repeated on all kinds of buildings, is a steep red-tiled roof, with two, three, or more rows of little windows, of not more than two panes of glass. They look as if a piece of the roof had been pushed up a few inches to let them in. The larger windows have pointed roofs, sometimes octagonal, and supporting a sharp little pinnacle with a little pennon like that of a lance. Other windows, more elaborate, are double or treble, with slender columns on each side, fretted arches over them, and open-work balconies in front. Many houses have octagonal windows, or pointed turrets at the four angles of the roof, with light arcades, sometimes double, running along under the eaves, and slender pillars and arches mounting above each other, along the edges of the gables. One would say that the narrow spaces of a walled town, where many of the streets are but lanes, had driven the people to expand their exuberant fancy in the wider range of the roofs.

Only the pencil or the photograph

can do justice to the elaborate beauty of the grander mansions. One of them, in Venetian style, is worthy a place by the Ca' Doro itself. Others are built with galleries and balconies, rich in all wealth of flamboyant tracery, with windows over panels carved in deep relief, and the gables veiled with fretted arches edged with crockets and finials, and surmounted by statues. Even in humbler dwellings the balconies and window-sills are trailed about with ivy or woodbine, and overhung with flowers, scarlet and purple, — the bright colors in brilliant contrast to the sombre tint of the stone.

The home of Albrecht Dürer is, for his sake, still sacred to art-life as the studio of Nuremberg artists.

It stands near the western wall of the city. It is plain and square, built of stone, cross-barred with timber, and dark with age. The high roof projects far over the walls, and the top of the front gable is cut sharply off. High up, at the corner of the opposite house, on a bracket, stands a statue of a knight in full armor with lance and shield.

No calling was too practical, no place too humble, not to be reached in some way by their love of art. Over the City Scales is a bas-relief, by Adam Krafft, with the motto, —

"To thyself, as to another."

Over the archway leading to the shambles is a boldly sculptured ox in stone, with the fantastic motto, —

"Omnia habent ortus svaque incrementa ; sed ecce Qvem cernis nunquam bos fuit hic vitulus."

"All things have their origin and growth, but behold, this ox which you see was never a calf."

In the goose-market presides a little smiling man, a special favorite of the peasants, with a goose under each arm from whose bills flow streams of pure water.

There are several other fountains adorned with statues, of which the most famous is "The Beautiful Fountain." It has been likened to the Queen Eleanor crosses in England, which are of the same age, but it has the advantage

of the superior lightness of the bronze in which it is cast. Like the castle fronts of Heidelberg, the design is a curious union of pagan and Christian devices. Nine heroes out of all history — Charlemagne, Clovis, Godfrey, Judas Maccabeus, Joshua, David, Cæsar, Alexander, and Hector — are grouped together with the seven electors who represent the lords spiritual and temporal of that day. The secret of its fame is in the perfect harmony into which, with the utmost grace and skill, are blended an almost infinite variety of detail.

One of the most picturesque scenes in the whole city is the view from the King's Bridge. The houses on both sides have carved wooden balconies, brown with age, which overhang the river. Our first walk led us thither, just as the sunset light reflected the quaint outlines in rosy shadows, and the music in the Museum Garden close by heightened the magical effect.

The Pegnitz, like many a famous river, is but a narrow and sluggish stream. Its waters once served to fill the moat in time of siege, but its chief use now is for a feeder to the Ludwig's Canal, which unites the Danube with the Rhine by way of the Main. A thousand years ago, the clear, far-seeing eye that made the genius of Charlemagne an omnipresence in Germany for all time, planned this canal; but it was completed only twenty-five years ago by Ludwig, "The Art-King of Bavaria." Three centuries too late for Nuremberg's prime, it has, nevertheless, been an important help in the revival of trade which is restoring her to somewhat of her old prestige.

The City Hall, literally "the Council House," was rebuilt at a late date, in the Renaissance rather than the Gothic style. One large picture by Albrecht Dürer, "The Triumph of Maximilian," decorates the great hall, all that remains of the earlier structure.

This hall was the scene of a famous banquet, given by the city, for joy at the signing of the Treaty of Westphalia. The splendor of that banquet shines

forth from those gloomy days with a lustre that reaches even to our time. Over tables wreathed with flowers hung silver chandeliers, between pendant garlands and boughs laden with thirty kinds of fruit. The Count Palatine and General Piccolomini, who had negotiated the treaty, with their suites and other gentlemen and officers, sat down to four courses of one hundred and fifty dishes each. The dessert was brought in covered with flowers, and the fruit placed on the tables on trees, so contrived as to imitate the life. Out of doors the people feasted in the streets, and the wine ran like a river. At midnight, when the mirth was loudest, all the company organized themselves into a regiment, with the Count for a colonel, field-marshal for captains, and colonels, majors, and the like for privates, and marched impromptu to the castle, fired a grand *feu de joie*, and returned to the banqueting-hall to lay down their arms and pledge themselves to support peace.

Well might the burghers rejoice at the close of the Thirty Years' War. For the first and only time they had seen an enemy at their gates, when Gustavus Adolphus entrenched his army close beside the city, while Wallenstein encamped hard by, on the heights near Furth. Too strong for either to be sure of victory, they watched each other, face to face, through weary months, while starvation and sickness wasted their troops. The Nurembergers strained every nerve to lend aid to the army of Gustavus, and to ward famine from their doors. The ample provisions for a siege were, at last, exhausted, the fertile country ravished, and sheer hunger compelled Gustavus to attempt storming the enemy's lines. Totally defeated, he fled, though, for the salvation of Nuremberg, leaving his foe too crippled for aught but a speedy retreat to regions of plenty.

The fortunes of Nuremberg, already waning, never recovered from the prostration which all Germany suffered at the close of the Thirty Years' War.

Trade had, before that, begun to seek other channels. With the same intolerance that banished the Jews in the fifteenth century, but with less justification, the burghers had closed their gates against the exiled Huguenots. Jealous of the skill of the silk-weavers of France and the Low Countries, they refused them asylum, and reaped the fruits of their amazing and pitiful shortsightedness in seeing rival cities outstrip them in manufactures.

The name and government of a Free City were, however, retained until 1806, when Nuremberg was handed over to Bavaria by Napoleon.

To the king of Bavaria now belongs the castle, which stands on a slight elevation on the northwest side of the city. Our way thither led us past the most interesting points in the city: past the west front of the church of St. Lawrence, over the King's Bridge, by the church of Our Lady; through the market-place, gay and busy, in the sunshine of a June morning; past the Beautiful Fountain and the choir of St. Sebald's church, the City Hall, and the statue of Dürer. The castle is grim and massive, built, not for beauty, but use, in days when a baron could pull up the drawbridge, and from the top of his towers within his thick walls, defy all besiegers.

The place seemed deserted, and our footsteps re-echoed, as we paced the court-yard, where Queen Cunigunde's linden was strewing its fragrant blossoms. Presently, as we turned again towards the entrance, a voice came from far above our heads. Looking up, we saw a little old man leaning from the uppermost window of the round tower. "Would the Herr and the gracious lady wish to look over the city and away to the mountains? Would the gracious lady climb so high? Then, will the Herr open the little door and find the stairway?" Built of rough-hewn timber, it led up through black darkness to a low chamber under the roof, where the little old man awaited us, shouting down the trap-door once in a while to encourage us.

He flung wide the clumsy shutters on all sides to show us the smiling meadows, dotted with villages, the blue Franconian mountains in the north, and the Moritzberg in the southeast. Right below us lay the city, with all its marvel of odd roofs and quaint towers. On each window-sill was an indicator, showing the direction of each village. The old man was stationed there as watchman, and with his glass could at once make out the precise locality of a fire, so that help might be sent from the city without delay. His whole life was centred in his tower, which he would fain have us think the most wonderful of all the scores of them about the city. It was "*der dickste, und der dünnste, der oberste, und der unterste,*" — a paradoxical description, which requires a double explanation. Literally, "the thickest and the thinnest, the highest and the lowest"; it has, of all the towers, the thickest wall at the base, and the thinnest at the top. Its foundations go deepest, but, as it is built on the higher level of the castle, its top surmounts all the others. Beside it is a smaller tower, so ancient that no legend attaches to it. It is called only the Heathen Tower, — a curious epithet which one often meets in Germany, applied to many different objects. It is a whisper from out a remote and shadowy past, a dim suggestion of a people and a power far anterior to Kaiser or to Roman legions.

The guide-book suggests dungeons and torture-chambers and other dreadful things, but we had had enough of darkness in the winding stairway, and were glad to stand in the sunlight in the old well-house. A wonderful well it is, three hundred feet deep, they say; but we had more vivid proof of its vast depth than any figures could give. The woman who keeps the place took a tumbler of water and let fall a little, slowly, once — twice — thrice — four — five — six; then, as the last bright drops disappeared, a musical splash answered back from the black depths below, once — twice — to the sixth suc-

cessive time. Then she lowered, in a glass case, four lighted candles, down, down, what seemed an endless length, and then bade us look. Far below, the light glittered like a star, and beneath shone the water, all rippled over by the constant bubbling of the living spring that feeds the well. The watchman by this time had come down from his tower, and began to tell how precious was the well to all the city, how deep and winding were the passages that led to it from the City Hall and the Arsenal, and so on, with all the earnestness of the old man garrulous, till the coming noon warned us to depart.

On the south side of the Pegnitz stands the church of St. Lawrence. Less interesting, perhaps, to the student of architecture, than the older church of St. Sebald, it is, nevertheless, without superior among the edifices of its age. It was commenced in 1275, and the building continued through two hundred years, so that it dates from the best era of the pointed style, and is to Germany what the Abbey church of St. Owen is to France. Externally it is lumbered by the heavy roof, for which the Germans always showed such a fancy, but the west front is very beautiful. The porch is crowded with figures in stone, representing scene after scene in the life of Christ. On the pillar dividing the doorway stands the Virgin with the Holy Child. In the small arches is represented the childhood of Christ. Above are the incidents of the passion and the resurrection. The upper part of the great archway is filled by the Last Judgment, with all the train of angels and devils which the Middle Ages conceived to accompany it. In sculptured niches on the mouldings stand the twelve Prophets of the Old Testament and the twelve Apostles of the New. Above a balcony of stone is the rose-window, bordered by a screen of stone so elaborately and daintily carved as to suggest, not only the oft-repeated simile of delicate lace, but, more aptly, the fairy-work of the frost. Higher still

the pediment is ornamented as it were, with a veil of stone, arch and quatrefoil rising each above the other to the slender pinnacle that crowns the whole. The spires are so well proportioned as to give an effect of greater height than they really have, and the barred windows of the belfries symbolize the martyrdom of St. Lawrence.

The height and grandeur of the interior are more like that of a cathedral than of a parish church. Eight lofty columns on either side support the roof of the nave. The choir is of great depth, and even wider than the body of the church. Its three aisles are carried up to the same height, giving an impression of vastness almost without parallel. Many of the windows of the nave seem never to have received the stained glass intended for them, but the solemn gray light which fills it gives a deeper glow to the rich tints of the choir. The stranger marvels to find no restorations or innovations. No ruthless hands of foreign soldiery have ever pillaged its treasures; no iconoclastic zeal has ever desecrated its shrines. So unanimously did the people of Nuremberg embrace the Protestant cause, that no partisan bitterness avenged itself upon the relics of the forsaken faith. Nay, more, they had learned from their great masters that all beauty is born of God, and they were glad to offer in new consecration the wealth and glory of their churches, not in the letter which killeth, but in the spirit that giveth life. The altars remain in the chapels. The pictures of miracle and martyrdom hang over them. Above the high altar, the patient Christ looks down from the lofty cross. By the pillars, beneath carved canopies, bend the Apostles in grandly sweeping robes. The dust lies in the fountains for holy water. The confessional stands with closed wicket and open door, as the last priest and penitent left it, three hundred years ago. All round the walls and even on the pillars hang memorial tablets, some the rich escutcheons of knightly houses, and many the simpler badges of burgher families, grown grand by long de-

scent, generation after generation recording itself here.

On the north side of the choir is the wonderful "House of the Sacrament." Like the screen of stone round the rose-window, it is more like the work of magic than of human fingers. Indeed, at one time it was gravely questioned whether Adam Krafft, instead of carving it, had not moulded it by a secret process from some plastic material. It is, however, only the most remarkable of a style of work of which the German artists were ever fond. Whether they introduced it as an imitation of the elaborate architectural details used by the glass-painters, or only as a proof of their own consummate skill, it remains the marvel and the envy of our day. Cologne Cathedral itself is but a sublime example of the same power.

The central thought of the design is the little chamber for the safe-keeping of the vessels of the Sacrament, a place to the Roman Catholic mind a Holy of Holies. It stands upon a richly carved base, beneath which kneel the effigies of Adam Krafft and his two assistants. The canopied roof raises itself to a height of sixty-four feet against the pillar, bending at the top to conform itself to the turn of the vaulting. Its graceful curve might have been copied from the infolded leaves of the young fern, or the stalk of the lily of the valley. On its sides and in its storied niches are represented the scenes of the passion. Lowest, is the earthly suffering, the last supper, the agony, the scourging, the parting from the mother, the crown of thorns. Above is the supreme sacrifice of the cross; and, higher still, the glory of the resurrection and the peace of heaven. The faces are simple, the draperies severe, but their solemn beauty is the reflection of the artist's earnest soul. The designs are entwined and interlinked with garlands and fretted borders of stone, and in the many nooks about it stand saints and angels to protect it.

As I entered the church for the first time, at the hour of service on Sunday

morning, the contrast to the plainness, nay, even ugliness, of other Protestant churches which I had seen in Germany, made me think that I had found my way, by mistake, into a Roman Catholic one. A moment's observation, however, showed me the absence of all the ornaments with which Catholic priests are wont to bedizen themselves and their churches. The altar was covered only "with the fair white cloth," and the lighted candles, never discarded by the Lutheran Church, stood upon it. The pulpit, of white stone and beautifully carved, was half-way up the south side of the nave, so that the pews were arranged to face one half each way. This made one half of the people sit with their backs to the altar, showing that they do not attach to it any sentiment of special sanctity, such as is common in the Roman and Anglican churches. The choir was empty, though it is, I believe, the custom to fill it with seats at the celebration of the Lord's Supper. The day was cloudy and the "House of the Sacrament" rose in the choir like a slender, pointed, white flame, but now and then a fitting gleam of sunlight shone through the stained windows and streamed over it, impurpling the brow of the dying Saviour and crowning the rapture of the Resurrection with a golden aureole.

The large congregation was assembling with grave quietness. The silent prayer was said by each person *standing* in his own place. At the appointed hour, without any apparent notice, the service commenced by singing a hymn, the number of which was written on little blackboards so hung that all could see. It was very long, and divided into three parts, so that the one hymn answered for the whole service. The organ, away up in the sky as it seemed, led off, and the whole congregation, without rising, joined the choir. The choral might have seemed loud within narrower walls, but the swelling tones rose grandly to the vaulted heights above us, and died away in a soft refrain of tender sweet-

ness. Then the minister in his black robe rose in the pulpit, and all the people *stood* while he prayed. Then he read the gospel, Luke XV., the people still standing. The second part of the hymn was sung; and the sermon followed from the text, "There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth." The minister was a slender, gray man, with calm, thoughtful face, and low, sweet voice, so skilfully modulated as to be heard distinctly by all the large congregation. He spoke with a gentle dignity and earnestness that made true eloquence. At the close, he read requests for prayer from mourners. Such prayers, by a singular and impressive custom, are offered in silence. Then the hymn with its sweet refrain again; and last, the minister intoned, from in front of the altar, portions of a Psalm, the choir and organ responding. The concluding prayer and the benediction were also said from the steps of the altar, the minister standing and facing the congregation.

I have described the service thus minutely as a subject not often dwelt upon by travellers. The splendor of the Catholic ritual very naturally blinds the eye to the power and charm of the simpler service. I have heard celestial music in cathedral naves. The hush of the kneeling crowd at the supreme moment of the elevation of the host, wakens sentiments of almost breathless awe; but I have never seen or felt more solemn devotion than in that once Catholic, but now oldest of Protestant churches, where minister and people worshipped together in a faith at once as intelligent, as reverent, and as simple as that consecrated by childhood's memories in New England sanctuaries.

The church of St. Sebald, on the other side of the Pegnitz, was built at different and far-distant periods. For that reason and for the curious monuments it contains, it is an object of great interest, though it nowhere presents such grand height and perspective as St. Lawrence. The west

end, or St. Peter's chapel, dates from the tenth century. The arches are low and round, the columns short and heavy, with massive though deeply cut capitals. The nave shows the transition style of the next century. The east choir is in the strongest possible contrast to the rest, with its slender clustered pillars. It shows, like St. Lawrence, the fully developed, pointed style of the fourteenth century. The lofty windows (the mullions are full forty feet high) are filled with stained glass designed by the famous Hirschvogel. One of them was the gift of Maximilian I.; another is the Episcopal window of Bamberg; another is a memorial to one of the house of Brandenburg. The altars remain here as in St. Lawrence, decorated with curious carvings in wood or stone. About them are the commemorative escutcheons of the families who founded them, on which are perpetuated the generations of six hundred years. In 1326 the Baron Tucher consecrated to the Virgin a lamp to burn perpetually before the shrine. The worship of the Virgin has ceased for three hundred years; the shrine is empty; but the brazen lamp is faithfully fed, and its steady flame is a constant witness to Nuremberg's devotion to her ancient traditions.

"The tomb of sainted Sebald" stands in the centre of the choir. Three canopies of bronze are upheld by delicate pillars above the coffer which contains the relics. The sides of the coffer are covered with reliefs, representing the charities and the miracles of the saint. The twelve Apostles stand upon brackets against the upper half of the columns, and around the top are twelve smaller figures, representing the Fathers of the Church. The central canopy is surmounted by the infant Christ, holding a globe in his hand which is contrived as the key to the whole, from which it can be all laid apart. In the fretted borders and interlacings of the design are scores of tiny figures drawn from all the realms of earth, sea, air, and fancy. The effi-

gy of Peter Vischer himself may be seen on the east end, with the inscription, "For the praise of God Almighty alone, and for the honor of Saint Sebald, Prince of Heaven." The whole rests upon twelve snails and four dolphins, which supply the fantastic element seldom wanting in German art.

Peter Vischer and his five sons worked at the moulding of the bronze for fifteen years in the golden days of Nuremberg art. Like the Beautiful Fountain and the House of the Sacrament, the shrine is an exquisite symbol of Gothic architecture. Perfect harmony from an infinite variety of detail is everywhere the law.

"On the square, the oriel window" belongs to the parsonage of St. Sebald, of which church the poet Melchior was a canon. It is like the many others in the city which I have already described, only more beautiful, with its mullions and trefoils under fretted arches. The panels below the windows are carved with sacred scenes, the legends of the birth of Christ, if I remember rightly. As we passed it, bright scarlet geraniums hung over the sill, and through the open casement we caught a glimpse of a ceiling of blue pricked out with gold. I could fancy a lovely picture of the beautiful life within, "in the antique shell of an age gone by," as I remembered the studious mien and winning voice of the minister of St. Lawrence. Semler, the great Halle professor, sometimes quoted as "the father of German rationalism," wrote, a hundred years ago, to his wife to be, "Such noble affability and active regard as were shown by the gentlemen of Nuremberg to their men of learning, I have seldom met with elsewhere."

In all the churches are pictures attributed wholly or in part to Albrecht Dürer. No one of them is quite worthy of his fame. Except one or two portraits, his masterpieces must be sought in other cities. His portrait of himself was stolen by the ingenious fraud of a copyist, and is now in the Munich Gallery. It represents him as

a young man with long blond curls. The full lips are gracefully curved, and their expression is gentle and tender; but the brow is firm, as if already strained to steady endeavor; the eyelids droop as if heavy with the burden of unaccomplished dreams. To tell the story of his life is to repeat the oft-told tale of patient, obscure labor, working slowly towards the light, till crowned at last with the proudest laurels. The son of a humble jeweller, the scorn and derision of his jealous companions, he struggled painfully through years of trial, till he won for himself, not only imperial regard, but still prouder honor, as the great master of art in Germany.

The whole city of Nuremberg is a grand monument to his genius. The quaint beauty that crowns her to-day is an enduring witness, not only to his skill as an architect, but to the enthusiastic love of art which he inspired.

As Dürer was the greatest of the Franconian school, so was he the last. Such a master should have left worthier followers, we are fain to think, as we study the few pictures remaining in Nuremberg. But they had fallen on evil times, when art and poetry were alike declining in Germany.

Only the Master-Singers were left of all the tuneful race that had sung the heroic strains of the Niebelungen Lied or the graceful measures of the Minnepoetry. Somewhere in that dark time for letters which succeeded the fall of the house of Hohenstaufen arose these guilds. It was once the fashion to laugh at them, to call them professional rhymers, poets by rule; but wiser critics have recognized them as the preservers of German poetry, till better days should dawn. The student finds them an important element in the history of manners and civilization. In their influence upon taste may be traced the source of much of that love of music and letters, that moral and intellectual culture, which still to-day characterizes the German artisans.

A mythical story connects their origin with Frauenlob at Mainz. Be that

as it may, the associations (for they were not formally guilds) soon spread, through South Germany, and were especially strong in the great Free Cities, like Augsburg, Ulm, and Nuremberg, where the wealth and enterprise of the burghers were constantly increasing. Early in the fifteenth century they were regarded as ancient institutions.

Their poetry is little known, and could never have had great value. Even Hans Sachs, the greatest of them all, excluded every one of his own "Master Songs" from his printed works. But their history is a quaint picture of the simple life of that age. While the highest and lowest classes, were alike ignorant and sensual, the one from wanton luxury, the other from abject poverty, the craftsmen and worthier burghers were devoting themselves to poetry and song as their congenial recreations. In some cities the associations included only one trade, as the weavers at Ulm, but in Nuremberg the Master-Singers were of all classes. Like the painters and other artists of their age, they regarded their art as sacred, and chose chiefly religious subjects. Their meetings were held in the town-halls or, on occasions of great interest, in the churches. Judges and critics were appointed to decide upon the merits of the compositions, which were recited or sung in the presence of the burghers and their families, who sat by in reverential silence. The victor then received a reward or decoration from the Kronmeister. Some of the companies possessed many jewels, often of great value, so that many masters, already decorated, might appear with their ornaments to add brilliancy to their meetings. The chief jewel, at Nuremberg, was a heavy gold chain, to which was suspended an image of King David with his harp.

Success was no easy task, for the judges adopted rules more and more elaborate, and fettered the rhyme and rhythm with unnumbered conditions. We may laugh at the absurd distinctions in their "two hundred and twenty different kinds of tunes or sing-

strophes"; the yellow-violet mode, the red nut-blossom mode, the striped saffron-flower mode, the short ape mode, and the fat badger mode; still an artistic skill was displayed through all these intricacies which helped to mould to greater exactness and finish the yet imperfect language of the nation.

The Master-Singing lasted for centuries. It survived in Nuremberg, which had been its second home after Mainz, till 1770. Twelve old Sing-Masters still lived in Ulm in 1830. In 1839, the four aged men remaining solemnly bequeathed their property and their fame to the Lieder-Kranz of Ulm.

The stranger in Nuremberg dwells first and longest on the associations of the past, but gradually the life of the present moment attracts the eye by its picturesqueness and simplicity. Beautiful suburbs, with handsome houses and shady gardens, have grown up outside the wall on both sides of the city. Pleasant signs of home comforts appear about the old towers. Baby faces peep out of the narrow windows. The cats creep along the ramparts, and the children sit at the open doors. The exuberant life of the market-place ebbs and flows round the Beautiful Fountain and streams over on to the neighboring bridge. The stout, brown-cheeked women, in bonnets like helmets of black satin, chatter over their wares; and the peasants from the villages outside nod their scarlet head-kerchiefs over their broad baskets of fruit and vegetables.

There are signs of renewed energy in the old town. Manufactures and trade are springing again. A countless variety of small articles for use or ornament are sent hence all over the world. It is the great centre for the sale of the thousands of toys made by the peasants in the forests of Thuringia. Millions of lead-pencils are exported every year. The house of Faber alone now carries again "Nuremberg's hand into every land." But the busy stir of modern life must have always an alien air in the

shadows of the Middle Ages. There is a quaint, old-time aspect about the people, whether at work or play, that loses none of its charms in longer acquaintance.

We went one night to a little garden-theatre, much frequented by the working people. The seats were arranged on the smooth gravel, under trees planted so thickly as to be a perfect shield from sun or dew. A supper of bread, cold meats, and Bavarian beer, was provided at a cheap rate. Some of the men were smoking, and comely matrons sat by with their knitting. The play was a burlesque upon *L'Africaine*, and though broad enough to start uproarious laughter, its propriety in dress and demeanor was a striking proof of the good sense and good taste of the audience. Like all burlesques, it was full of local hits, quite lost upon strangers, but one point was too obvious for any one to miss. Just as all the heroes and heroines of the play are about to be shipwrecked, (a catastrophe contrived by raising in front of them a great white sheet!) down upon them, from the overhanging cliffs, rush a horde of wild barbarians to the tune of the Prussian National Hymn ("God save the Queen"), played with might and main by the orchestra, amid the vociferous applause of the audience.

Two years ago the anti-Prussian party was strong in Catholic Bavaria, and popular prejudice does not always depend upon the facts of history; but Nuremberg has good reason to ally the house of Hohenzollern with barbarians. Long, long ago the ancestors of that house were Burgraves of Nuremberg, cruel and rapacious beyond even the measure of those dark ages. The last Burgrave of the name, eager in the dawning ambition of his race to purchase the Mark of Brandenburg, sold his castle and manorial rights to the city. The magistrates summoned the inhabitants, men, women, and children, and speedily demolished the castle, leaving not one stone upon another, in their joy to be freed from the hateful oppression.

Another place of amusement is the

little island park of Rosenau. It is a short distance outside the walls, on the west side of the city. Some of the finest houses of the suburb overlook it. It is the property of the "Museum-gesellschaft," which also owns a large building in the city for resort on winter evenings. A foreigner will be admitted, on any occasion, by presentation of his consul. At Rosenau there is good music from an orchestra on fine evenings, beer of course, and an old woman used to go about with a basket of the most delicate, sweet wafers or crumpets. The children play about, while the fathers and mothers pace leisurely the shaded walks, or sit in that quiet passive enjoyment which sometimes seems the characteristic distinction of the European from the American. Little boats are at hand wherein to enjoy that most delightful of all sweet-do-nothing, floating away, under sunset light to soft dreamy music. The willows that fringe the island overhang the narrow pond, and the gardens slope down to it on the other side. The stately swans come and go under the shadows as we glide by. Reflected in the depths below are the oriels and balconies of the beautiful houses of the suburb. The shining façade of white marble is transformed beneath the gleaming water into the enchanted palace we all of us knew in our childhood. We hear the sweep of the dance and the witching refrain of the music. The fairy princesses look out at the windows, and wave their snowy arms. One more stroke of the swift oar and we shall reach the golden stairway and enter the magic portal; when, lo! it trembles, it fades! till, beneath the ripples, like the gentle memory of the lost illusions of childhood, only a white radiance tells of the glory that has been.

Our last afternoon was spent in the old churchyard of St. John, far out on the northwest side of the city. The modern graves lie upon the south side of an open grass-plot, shaded by large lindens of great age. It is the frequent custom in Germany to cele-

brate the funeral rites, which consist of prayers and hymns, and often even a sermon, either in the church or chapel at the cemetery or beside the open grave. Three groups of mourners were in the churchyard as we entered. We could hear the solemn voice of the minister at one grave in the cadences of the hymn they were singing beside another. Not far from the cloisters, on the west side, was a new-made grave, round which were standing, under the charge of a very old man, a party of school-children with their little hymn-books in their hands. As we passed, the church-bell began to toll and the funeral procession approached. In front walked several young ladies dressed in black, and carrying large bouquets of flowers veiled in black lace. The children began a plaintive hymn, as the bearers laid down the coffin, shrouded in a white pall, and strewn with flowers. A long train of mourners gathered round it, as we turned towards the ancient part of the churchyard.

For six centuries a burial-place, it is rich in quaint sculptures and curious epitaphs in German and Latin. The gravestones lie very close together, and for the most part belong to a forgotten race. Here and there fresh flowers betoken the remembrance of kindred. One wreath lay upon a stone, the date of which was fifteen hundred and something. A few bits of ivy or a rambling wild rose here and there creep over the dull gray stone. Some of them have carved upon them the signs of a trade,—the weaver's, the smith's, or the mason's. On one in high relief was a knight in full armor, Alexis Munser, and Katharina his wife. The dates were 1537 and 1562.

It required no little search to find the grave of Albrecht Dürer, for it is almost as simple as the rest. I could find but one date later than 1575, and that, oddly enough, was of the death of the wife and child of an American naval officer. The stone over Dürer's grave is a flat slab upon a moulded plinth. In the panels on the two sides are cut the words PICTVRA and SCVLPTVRA. At the head, ARCHITEC. At the foot RENO. A.D. 1681. On the stone lay a heavy wreath of withered oak-leaves. A raised tablet at the head, facing the east, bears above the well-known monogram the famous inscription:—

ME. AL. DV.
QVICQVID ALBERTI DVRERI MORTALE
FVIT SVB HOC CONDITVR TYMVLO
EMIGRAVIT, VIII, XVDS APRILIS.
M, D. XXVIII.



Whatever of Albrecht Dürer was mortal is buried in this grave. He "departed" the 6th of April, 1528.

It was near sunset as we sat down to sketch, and earth and sky lent all gentle influence to the charm of that last hour in Nuremberg. Behind us glowed the towers and spires of the city. The summer light was soft on the rich meadows that roll away westward. A group of peasant-women drew near, and stood with their bright-scarlet kerchiefs relieved against the clear blue sky, as they listened to the children's hymn which now rose again upon the evening wind,—

"Now of a lasting home possess,
He goes to seek a deeper rest.
Good night! the day was sultry here
In toil and fear.
Good night! the night is cool and clear."

Clara Barnes Martin.

AN OLD FRIEND WITH A NEW FACE.

THIS is the day of rehabilitation ; the day when the Muse of History is proved to have been no better for all these years than a doited auld wife telling foolish tales for the bewilderment of youthful brains, and the misleading of honest folks' judgment. Nero is no longer a monster of cruelty, but a courtly and virtuous young Roman afflicted in after years with moral mania ; Henry VIII. is a model husband and a rare sweet prince, terribly plagued by a sad set of hussies who forced him into short and easy methods of divorce repugnant to his better nature, but rendered imperative by the necessities of the case ; Mary, Queen of the Bloody Memory, was a saintly lady, eminently pitiful and charitable ; Lucrezia Borgia was a model for her kind to study ; there was no siege of Troy, no frail fair Helen and too bewitching Paris ; the tales of early Rome were mere moonshine, and the Wolf was as mythic as the doves of Venus, or Minerva's owl. In fact the Muse has played us all false, and has imposed upon us without mercy, and the main business of the critic nowadays is to cancel her past verdicts and overrule her admitted conclusions.

Now here is Falstaff, Shakespeare's Plump Jack, whose character has always stood as that of a coward, boastful, arrogant, contemptible, yet withal possessing a certain something, whether we call it goodness of heart or transparency of nature, which we cannot help loving, — well, even Falstaff's courage once found a vindicator in one Mr. Maurice Morgann, whose ingenious essay, though published nearly a century ago, is so little known that we are introducing what is substantially a new book to our readers by this notice and analysis. And if the conclusions arrived at are questionable and the hypotheses maintained but shaky, the

cleverness with which a doubtful cause is advocated is very remarkable ; and — who knows ? — Mr. Maurice Morgann may have had a keener perception of the truth than has the world in general, and his view of Falstaff's character may be the correct one, while ours is only the incrustation of prejudice on early false impression.

Maurice Morgann ought to have a little attraction for Americans, for he was secretary to the embassy for ratifying the peace in 1783, and the intended legislator for Canada ; thus having had some lines of relation with the new country, if but slender and temporary ones ; and we find a slight reminiscence thereof in one of his anecdotes of how "in the last war, some Indians of America, perceiving a line of Highlanders to keep their station under every disadvantage, and under a fire which they could not effectually return, were so miserably mistaken in our points of honor as to conjecture, from observation on the habit and stability of those troops, that they were indeed the women of England who wanted courage to run away."

Cowardice, says our author, is not the impression which Shakespeare meant to be conveyed by the whole of the character of Falstaff. Certainly some of his actions look like cowardice, as when he counterfeits death at the battle of Shrewsbury on being attacked by Douglas, and when he runs away from the Prince and Poins at Gadshill. But to take the battle first, though it comes second in the play, what was Falstaff, with "more flesh than another man," to do in single combat with one so much stronger than himself, one so fiery and desperate as Douglas ? "I' blood, 't was time to counterfeit, on that hot termagant Scot had paid me scot and lot too," he says in his soliloquy, as he lifts up his head after the Prince has bidden him fare-

well forever, as he thought, in those well-known words, —

"What! old acquaintance! could not all this flesh
Keep in a little life? Poor Jack, farewell,
I could have better spared a better man."

Is not the better part of valor discretion? as he says; and what would honor have done for him? "Can honor set to a leg? No. Or an arm? No. Or take away the grief of a wound? No. Honor hath no skill in surgery, then? No. What is honor? A word. What is in that word honor? Air. A trim reckoning! Who hath it? He that died o' Wednesday. Doth he feel it? No. Doth he hear it? No. Is it insensible then? Yes, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? No. Why? Detraction will not suffer it: therefore, I'll none of it; honor is a mere scutcheon, and so ends my chatechism." And if he fell as if dead while still living, he fell, not as a coward, but as a buffoon, and fortified his stratagem by a jest. "Counterfeit? I lie. I am no counterfeit; for he is but the counterfeit of a man who hath not the life of a man; but to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed." So that saving his life by seeming to lose it, was no proof of cowardice as we mean by cowardice, but an act of smartness, of humor, of discretion, which ought, according to Morgann, to raise the old knight in our estimation. It was a choice, as he puts it, of "a point of honor or a point of drollery. It would not be a question. Falstaff falls, Douglas is cheated, and the world laughs." As he valued himself so did he plainly expect to be valued by others, and by the virtue of his wit to save himself from censure.

If affecting death to avoid being slain was no proof of cowardice, neither was running away from the Prince and Poins at Gadshill, after the robbery, if Morgann's views are to be accepted. We will give the full extract as it stands in this quaint and clever book, partly for the old-time flavor clinging to the manner of the speech

employed, and partly because it is so subtly reasoned.

"Though the robbery of Gadshill and the supposed cowardice of Falstaff on that occasion are yet to be considered, yet I must previously declare that I think the discussion of this question to be *now* unessential to the re-establishment of Falstaff's reputation as a man of courage. For, supposing we should grant, in form, that Falstaff was surprised with fear, in this single instance, that he was off his guard, and even acted like a coward, what will follow, but that Falstaff, like greater heroes, had his weak moment and was not exempted from pains and surprises? If a single exception can destroy a general character, Hector was a *coward* and Anthony a *polltroon*. But for these seeming contradictions of character we shall seldom be at a loss to account, if we carefully refer to circumstance and situation. In the present instance Falstaff had done an illegal act; the exertion was over, and he had unbent his mind in security. The spirit of enterprise and the animating spirit of hope were withdrawn; in this situation he is unexpectedly attacked; he had no time to recall his thoughts or bend his mind to action. He is now acting in the profession and in the habits of a soldier; he is associated with known cowards; his assailants are vigorous, sudden, and bold; he is conscious of guilt; he has dangers to dread of every form, present and future; prisons and gibbets, as well as sword and fire; he is surrounded with darkness; and the sheriff, the hangman, and the whole *posse comitatus* may be at his heels; without a moment for reflection, is it wonderful that '*he should run and roar?*'"

Not at all wonderful under any aspect, but surely a little telling against the theory of bravery and the denial of cowardice which Morgann has labored so hard to prove. But there is no easier riding than a favorite hobby, and the best hunter ever foaled does not take his fences in more gallant style than that in which a hobby clears

discrepancies and tops all difficulties. The very speech in which Poins reassures the Prince, when the double robbery is mooted between them, and which has always been taken to bear on Falstaff's cowardice, is here read as proof of his courage. "But I doubt they will be too hard upon us," says the Prince, with a deliberate and wholesome caution. Poins answers, "Well, for two of them I know them to be as true-bred cowards as ever turned back, and for the third, if he fight longer than he sees reason, I'll forswear arms. The virtue of this jest will be the incomprehensible lies that this same fat rogue will tell us when we meet at supper; how thirty, at least, he fought with; what words, what blows, what extremities he endured; and in the reproof of this lies the jest."

There were four against the Prince and Poins; of these Bardolph and Peto are the cowards, Gadshill is dropped out of notice, so that it is Falstaff who will not fight longer than he sees reason. In which case, how does not fighting longer than there is reason for good blows show Falstaff as a coward?

"On the contrary, what stronger evidence can we require, that the courage of Falstaff had, to this hour, through serious trials, stood wholly unimpeached, than that Poins, the ill-disposed Poins, who ventures, for his own purposes, to steal, as it were, *one* of the *four* from the notice and memory of the Prince, and who shows himself, from worse motives, as skilful in *diminishing* as Falstaff appears afterwards in *increasing* of numbers, than that this very Poins would not venture to put down Falstaff in the list of cowards; though the occasion so strongly required that he should be degraded. What Poins dares do, however, in this sort, he *does*. 'As to the third,' for so he describes Falstaff (as if the name of this veteran would have excited too strongly the ideas of courage and resistance) 'if he fights longer than he sees reason, I will forswear arms.' This is the old trick of cautious and artful

malice; the turn of expression, or the tone of voice, does all; for, as to the words themselves, simply considered, they might be now truly spoken of almost any man who ever lived, except the iron-headed hero of Sweden."

Morgann gets over the whole scene in like manner. When they are all walking on the "road by Gadshill," and this man of the same name, Gadshill, their scout, or "setter," comes in to tell them of the money of the King's, coming down the hill and going to the the king's exchequer, guarded by the "eight or ten men," who were only four after all; and Falstaff exclaims, "Zounds! will they not rob us?" his apologist finds nothing more in this than in what the prince had said not long before: "I doubt they will be too hard for us." And when the Prince cries, "in his usual style of mirth," "What! a coward, Sir John Paunch?" "To this," says Morgann, "one would naturally expect from Falstaff some light answer; but we are surprised with a very serious one. 'I am not indeed John of Gaunt your grandfather, but yet no coward, Hal!'" "Well, we leave that to the proof," said the Prince. And the proof was not long in coming. For though the thieves bound the true men without much trouble or ado, the Prince and Poins had even less in robbing the thieves. As Hal says, "got with much ease," when he and his comrade gather up the booty, and prepare merrily to take horse and away to London to await the fat knight at the Boar's Head in Eastcheap. But Morgann insists on it that Falstaff's flight is nothing to the purpose; for that he did not run at all, until deserted by his companions, nor until he had exchanged blows with his assailants; and that at the worst "it is not singularly ridiculous that an old, inactive man, of no boast, as far as appears, or extraordinary pretensions to valor, should endeavor to save himself by flight from the assault of two bold and vigorous assailants." Just so he saved himself, later, from Douglas by the counterfeit of death.

As for the famous bragging scene after, when of the original four poor travellers he makes a hundred, with some two or three and fifty for his own share, and multiplies the Prince and Poin, "two rogues in buckram suits," as they were, "into four, seven, nine, eleven, with three misbegotten knaves in Kendal-green at the end of all, who came at his back and let drive at him before he knew where he was,—why, all this was only mirth and pleasantry and the habit of humorous lying; but in nowise the boasting of a coward who thinks only how he can best enwrap his cowardice in the seeming of courage. But even skilful Maurice Morgann has trouble farther on, and this is the way in which he gets out of it. But first of all we must give the speeches as set down in the play.

"*P. Hen.* Well, breathe awhile, and then to it again; and when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this.

"*Poin.* Mark, Jack.

"*P. Hen.* We two saw you four set on four; you bound them, and were masters of their wealth. Mark, now, how plain a tale shall put you down. Then did we two set on you four; and with word outfaced you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can show it you here in the house; and, Falstaff, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy, and still ran and roared, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in fight! What truth, what device, what darting-hole canst thou now find out to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

"*Poin.* Come, let's hear, Jack: what trick hast thou now?

"*Fal.* By the Lord, I knew ye as well as he that made me. Why, hear me, my masters; was it for me to kill the heir apparent? Should I turn upon the true Prince? Why, thou knowest, I am as valiant as Hercules; but beware instinct; the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter; I was a coward upon instinct.

I shall think the better of myself and thee during my life; I, for a valiant lion, and thou, for a true prince. But, by the Lord, lads, I am glad you have the money. Hostess, clap to the doors; watch to-night, pray to-morrow. Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowship come to you! What, shall we be merry? Shall we have a play extempore?

"*P. Hen.* Content; and the argument shall be, thy running away.

"*Fal.* Sh! no more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me."

All this seems self-evident enough as to what Shakespeare meant, but Morgann gets out of the net with wonderful dexterity; he throws the whole burden on the fat knight's lies, not his courage; on his boasted power of "swearing truth out of England," not on his running away, roaring, after the feint of a blow or two; and then he adds this remarkable bit of reasoning, surely as odd an instance of *non sequiter* as one could meet with!

"The real truth seems to be, that had Falstaff, loose and unprincipled as he was, been born a coward and bred a soldier, he must, naturally, have been a great braggadocio, a true *Miles Gloriosus*; but in such a case he should have been exhibited active and young; for it is plain that age and corpulency are an excuse for cowardice which ought not to be afforded him. Herein, appears the admirable address of Shakespeare, who can show us Falstaff in the various lights, not only of what he is, but of what he would have been under one single variation of character,—the want of natural courage; whilst, with an art not enough understood, he most effectually preserves the real character of Falstaff, even in the moment he seems to depart from it, by making his lies too extravagant for practised imposition; by grounding them more upon humor than deceit; and turning them into a fair and honest proof of general courage, by approximating them to the concealment only of a single exception; and hence it is that we see him draw so deeply and so con-

fidently upon his former credit for courage and achievement. 'I never dealt better in my life, — thou know'st my old ward, Hal,' are expressions which clearly refer to some known feats and defences of his former life."

There are many expressions scattered about both parts of this play which would help Morgann's theory, and prove Sir John's repute by no means that of a coward, but rather the reverse. When Hostess Quickly has him arrested, or, rather, when she orders Snare to the task, that officer's frightened reply is, "It may chance cost some of us our lives, for he will stab." To which the Hostess bears sorrowful testimony of how "in good faith a' cares not what mischief he doth if his weapon be out; he will spare neither man, woman, nor child." Doll Tear-sheet asks him: "When wilt thou leave fighting o' days and begin to patch up thine old body for heaven?" Shallow remembers him as "Jack Falstaff, — now Sir John, — a boy and page to Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk," adding, "I saw him break Skogan's head at the court-gate, when he was a crack not thus high." The Lord Chief Justice speaks of his "day's service at Shrewsbury," as having "gilded his night's exploit at Gadshill." And there are other less important phrases, all of which tend to show that the old, fat, boastful knight — "Jack Falstaff with my familiars, John with my brothers and sisters, and Sir John with all Europe," as he says of himself — was not reputed an absolute coward, whatever might be his sins and follies to which no denial could be given. Perhaps the quiet self-surrender of Sir John Colleville, on hearing who was his assailant, is the most expressive of all the illustrations that can be given. "I think you are Sir John Falstaff," says Colleville of the Dale, "and in that thought yield me."

Prince John of Lancaster, however, seems to think somewhat differently from this present theory of Falstaff's courage, and his speech as the old knight comes up is not very flattering: —

"Now, Falstaff, where have you been all this while? When everything is ended, then you come: These tardy tricks of yours will, on my life, One time or other break some gallows' back."

Falstaff's reply is in his old vein: —

"I would be sorry, my lord, but it should be thus. I never knew yet but rebuke and check was the reward of valor. Do you think me a swallow, an arrow, a bullet? have I, in my poor old motions, the expedition of thought? I have speeded hither with the very extremest inch of possibility; I have foundered nine score and odd posts; and here, travel-tainted as I am, have, in my pure and immaculate valor taken Sir John Colleville-of-the-Dale, a most furious knight and valiant enemy. But what of that? he saw me, and yielded; that I may justly say, with the hook-nosed fellow of Rome, — I came, saw, and overcame."

"*P. John.* It was more of his courtesy that your deserving."

Afterwards Falstaff himself confesses how little valor had had to do with his conquest. Prince John says, "A famous rebel art thou, Colleville."

"*Fal.* And a famous true subject took him."

"*Cole.* I am, my lord, but as my betters are
That led me hither: had they been rul'd by me,
You should have won them dearer than you have."

"*Fal.* I know not how they sold themselves, but thou, like a kind fellow, gavest thyself away, and I thank thee for it."

Lancaster's rebukes, however, Morgann disposes of very summarily. He is a cold-blooded boy, as Falstaff calls him, "a politician, as it should seem by nature; bred up, moreover, in the school of Bolingbroke, his father, and tutored to betray; with sufficient courage and ability, perhaps, but with too much of the knave in his composition, and too little of enthusiasm, ever to be a great and superior character. That such a youth as this should, even from the propensities of character alone, take any plausible occasion to injure a frank, unguarded man of wit and pleasure will not appear unnatural."

With more in the same strain, all tending to the whitewashing of Sir

John, and to the blackening of the young prince. That, too, was a five-barred gate which the worthy Welshman's hobby took quite cleverly, though the leap was a stiff one. Morgann sums up the old knight's character thus: "A man at once young and old, enterprising and fat, a dupe and a wit, harmless and wicked, weak in principle, and resolute by constitution, cowardly in appearance and brave in reality; a knave without malice, a liar without deceit; and a knight, a gentleman, and a soldier without either dignity, decency, or honor; this is a character, which, though it may be decompounded, could not, I believe, have been formed, nor the ingredients of it duly mingled, upon any receipt whatever; it required the hand of Shakespeare himself to give to every particular part a relish of the whole, and of the whole, to every particular part."

Another odd little volume, mentioned by Charles Lamb, but not to be had on every bookshelf, is a set of what the writer calls "Original Letters, etc., of Sir John Falstaff and his friends; now first, made public by a gentleman, a descendant of Dame Quickly, from genuine manuscripts which have been in the possession of the Quickly family near four hundred years." This little volume was printed in 1796, and is dedicated to "Master Samuel Irelaunde, right curteis and erudite Syre." The frontispiece is a grotesque portrait of Falstaff dancing to Master Brook's fiddling, with the motto, from the letters, "I must dance, caper in the Sin like a Sun of Molass; only my ascension will be heavier in regard; I must rise without a crane, Master Brook." The whole letters are very funny, if undeniably coarser than Shakespeare himself.

These letters are by Lamb's friend, James White, and on the fly-leaf of the copy at the British Museum (London) is the following note, written in pencil by the hand of Mr. Watts, the erudite keeper of the Printed Books, or chief librarian. "These letters are by James

White, the friend of Charles Lamb. See Talfourd's collection of Lamb's Letters, Vol. I., page 12, of which I extract the following: 'All that now remains of Jem (James White) is the celebration of the supper which he gave to the young chimney-sweeper in the *Elia* of his friend, and a thin duodecimo volume, which he published in 1796, under the title of Letters of Sir John Falstaff, etc.'

Considering the affection between White and Lamb, and remembering Lamb's famous essay of the roast pig, it does not strike us as strange that the editor explains how it is that some of the letters of the series "found by Mrs. Quickly, landlady of the Boar Tavern in Eastcheap in a private drawer, at the left hand corner of a walnut-tree escritoire, the property of Sir John Falstaff after the good knight's death," had been destroyed by the Dame's elderly maiden sister "who unfortunately for all the world and to my individual eternal sorrow and regret, of all the dishes in the culinary system, was fond of roast pig." She, it seems, "absolutely made use of several no doubt invaluable letters to shade the jutting protuberances of that animal from disproportionate excoriation in its circuitous approaches to the fire."

There is nothing quite fitting for quotation in these letters. They are smart, clever, and have caught the tone and manner of the times in which they are assumed to have been written, with great cleverness; but they are coarse and broad, and as at the best they are only imitations they may pass. The last of the series is one from Captain Fluellen to Mrs. Quickly, speaking of Falstaff's death, and ends thus:—

"O' my credit, there is three pounds, Sir John did get advance of me py way of possets, which is no petter than dross. Put that, look 'e, is a matter of affapility between us, that I 'ould not discuss to an own prother. He is dead, and I am three crowns in his debt, and there's the finish. Got bless you, Mistress Quickly!"

Mrs. Lynn Linton.

AUNT ROSY'S CHEST.

THIS world has produced but one Aunt Rosy ; none such were ever known before her, neither after her have any arisen like unto her. She was the idol of the nursery ; and though there might be minor deities among dolls or dogs or books, we all united to worship at her shrine.

She was nurse at the old place for more than thirty years, and two generations of babies had been cradled on her wide lap, tossed in her strong arms, and hushed to sleep under the eaves of her turban. So far as children were concerned, she had certainly found the lucky-stone. Cross babies became serene under her conciliatory cooing ; staringly wakeful little eyes were seduced into sleep by her slumberous hushaby ; stubborn stomach-aches were charmed away with her soft patting and peppermint-tea combined ; cruel, hidden pins that pierced tender flesh her knowing fingers would find and draw out as with a magnet ; and first and last, and black and white, seventeen babies have cut their teeth on the soft, tough forefinger of Aunt Rosy's left hand.

As for the woes of older children, it paid well to be thwarted, for the exquisite comfort of throwing yourself on her broad, pacific bosom, and feeling her arms about you as she swayed to and fro and crooned to you ; while her long ear-ring dangled against your cheek all the time, and her big boxing-glove of a hand went pat, pat, pat, on the middle of your back, till you felt as if heaven, and love, and all things dear, had found their home within the folds of Aunt Rosy's blue jean gown and red and yellow bandanna.

It is strange to see what varied traits distinguish the families on an estate ; they might almost belong to different races, in their marked diversity. Phil's family, for instance, were sooty-black, patient, hard-working souls ; while

Sancho's people were little, wiry, grayish, apish-looking creatures, quick and cunning as monkeys, and with no more apparent conscience ; and Aunt Rosy's relations were gigantic men and women, — children of the Anakim, — with huge frames well padded with flesh, and religious through every ounce of their substance. Her parents, Aunt Patience and Unk Steve, were the models of piety for all on the old plantation, and for years their little cabin had been the scene of the weekly prayer-meeting. They had been young, and now they were old, and in youth and age they were still the same patient, God-fearing, childlike souls, bringing up children and grandchildren to follow in their steps ; a huge, brawny, faithful race, ponderous and pious, exponents of muscular Christianity in the fullest sense, and a terror to evil-doers as much for their strength as their goodness. More than once it happened that when some one of the men in the kitchen had infringed Aunt Rosy's rights, or used his tongue too freely in her presence, she had quietly but remorselessly shouldered him like a bag of meal, and, marching out of the kitchen door, tossed him into the middle of the duck-pond. "Let 'em mind their manners," she would say loftily, "or Aunt Rosy 'll give 'em another chance to larn." Aunt Rosy always walked with her head high in the air, her elbows well squared, — that is, if it is possible to square such a circle as her arms were, — and with a sort of rolling gait that could afford to appear unsteady, because it was really so firm. Her great cushioned feet came down with elephantine weight and softness, silent as a cat's, but shaking the earth ; and as she stepped she seemed always to sink an inch or two before she came to the solid, as if she had scrubbing-brushes strapped to her soles and the bristles bent under her weight. Hun-

dreds of times, when we were all little and Aunt Rosy had washed and dressed us for dinner, she would take Lucy and me in her arms, and Fred and George on her back, singing after a fashion of her own, "Aunt Rosy's pinky-posies, two in her arms and two on her shoeseys"; and then she used to settle down so as she walked, it felt as if she were going through the floor; but she never did, and, so environed and surmounted with children, she carried us down the stairs, across the broad hall to the dining room, and deposited us safely in our seats.

Happy were the children that grew up under the broad shadow of Aunt Rosy! It was impossible to be persistently naughty under her *régime*; she did not believe in badness, she ignored it. When any one was passionate, they were only "makin' b'lieve"; when they sulked, they were just "a gittin ready to be good"; and overt acts of anger or mischief that could not be winked at were "great mistakes, that warnt a gwine to happen agin on no 'count."

Her resources in the way of amusement were unfailing; tea-parties were improvised in an instant at all hours of the day; the irksome routine of the toilet was transformed into an exciting little drama, where each played a fascinating role; and whenever we went to walk, Aunt Rosy trundling slowly along as a centripetal force, and the children racing on before or behind and coming perpetually back to her, there was always some mighty mission to be performed, a despatch to carry, or a prize to secure. If Aunt Dolly was sick, Aunt Rosy could take her place in the kitchen, for working was one of her gifts, and then the children followed, and played at bread and cake making; or if the laundry work was behind, Aunt Rosy walked into the washroom and finished up the fine things with magical skill, teaching her adherents in the mean time to flute doll-clothes. Her needle-work was exquisite, too; and, in fact, there was hardly anything about a house that she could not do

admirably; so good and so skilful was she, that every one looked up to her and loved her, from the head of the house down, — excepting Aunt Dolly, whose approbation was the least bit dimmed by a tinge of jealousy; and Sancho, who never looked up to mortal being. But there are spots upon the sun, — I have tried in vain to see them, but science assures us they are there, — and so there were tiny macule, equally invisible to me, upon Aunt Rosy's great, warm, loving heart, — spots, she has told me, of pride and self-esteem. She was proud of her strength, proud of her pious parents, proud of her position in the family, proud of the confidence reposed in her, and of the children under her charge, and especially proud of the superior language she occasionally used; it was a thorn in the flesh of the other servants, and she added to its poignancy by the elaborate humility with which she used to explain that persons who had "lived right amidst and amongst quality for better 'n thirty years could n't be spected to talk like poor ignorant darkies." Aunt Dolly used to say that, "Dat ar Rose was a pleggy sight more high 'n mighty dan de mistis"; and as for Sancho, she never came near him, without his seizing hold of the first solid thing he could find, and beseeching her to "haze along quick, 'fore dem airs blowed him away, 'cause he 'd done clar forgot to put dem weights in his shoes dat mornin'!"

Aunt Rosy had been married once, long ago, in a time so far back that she declared she did n't remember much about it. She could recollect all that had happened when she was a child, and everything that had taken place since the nuptial knot had been severed, but of that intermediate time she was quite oblivious. Out of this matrimonial voyage, with its calms and storms and final impenetrable fog, Aunt Rosy appeared to have saved only two things, — one was a very small and gloomy opinion of the lordly sex; the other an exceedingly large and bright blue chest, iron-bound at the corners, and with such a padlock as one only sees nowa-

days in Punch. With all her worldly goods she this endowed, and might have got into it herself very comfortably besides. Here she kept her clothes, her keepsakes, her trinkets, and her spelling-book; her needles, scissors, threads, and thimbles,—stout, round, steel thimbles like little tubs with the bottoms out,—and pieces of soap, ends of candle, knots of yarn, and papers of “goodies.” Here reposed in sacred seclusion her early husband's best “swaller-tail, Sabba-day, go-to-meetin' coat,” kept possibly, not so much from love for the departed, as from fear that it might be claimed by some grasping relation-in-law. Here, too, lay scattered in one corner or another her precious turbans,—brilliant plaid gingham for week-days, blazing bandannas for Sunday and small occasions, and snowy crisp cambric for grand gala days. Her comb and brush dwelt there in darkness from one Saturday afternoon to another, when they came forth, did heavy duty, and went back again. Aunt Rosy was always thinking about making a quilt of the evening-star pattern, and everybody had been giving her patches for twenty years, but she had never got ready yet, and the pieces lay dispersed promiscuously through the chest. Then there were some choice bits of logwood for dyeing things black, a precious powder for taking black spots out of white, various bunches of dried herbs for making catnip, peppermint, or horehound tea, and an unfailing remedy in a green glass bottle for curing a “pain across you.”

These were a portion of Aunt Rosy's possessions, but not by any means all. She had untold wealth of odds and ends in that huge chest, and whenever there came a demand in the family for something particularly uncommon and out of the way, Aunt Rosy's chest would be almost certain to supply the demand. She was like the mother in the Swiss Family Robinson, whose mysterious bag seemed able to furnish whatever was needed in an emergency, or like the householder of Scripture who brought forth out of his treasures things

new and old. But Aunt Rosy could not be hurried in her researches, for that chest had characteristics of its own; one was, that whatever you wanted was always at the bottom, while all you did not want was conveniently on top; another was, that owing to the soap, the candles, the herbs, the woollens, and the air-tight lid, its atmosphere, like that of the great St. Peter's, was the same all the year through. It was better than a puppet-show to us children to be allowed to look into it, under Aunt Rosy's supervision. We never touched it in her absence; for though she had not positively forbid it, we knew the chest was the very apple of her eye, and moreover, the great, grim padlock had a *noli me tangere* expression that repressed meddling.

The sun never rose in the east without bringing to Aunt Rosy the virtuous resolution of putting the chest in perfect order before night, if she found leisure; and the sun never sank in the west without leaving her imbued with a mild regret that no such leisure had been found.

“Most ‘mazin’ thing!” Aunt Rosy would say in her placid, imperturbable way,—“most ‘mazin’ thing, what a mux that chist gits into! If there was chillen runnin’ to it, now, to mux it, I shouldn’t be so took aback, but only me a handlin’ on it, and *me* so pretikler, I can’t give no ‘count of it! Wal, if the Lord spares me, and I live, and git a little time to-morrer, I’ll put it to rights, sartain. I reckon that ‘ere Sank must come a meddlin’ to it, he’s up to everything.” But for an unprejudiced mind, there was no need to fall back on Sancho's mischief to account for the chaos in Aunt Rosy's chest. Probably she had no motto for action, but her practice had been, “No place for anything, and everything in something else's place.” And the padlock, which in point of size might have belonged to Og, King of Bashan, had its little ways, for all that. It “took kinks,” and came to a dead-lock somewhere in its vasty dim interior. Then, if Aunt Rosy wanted to secure her possessions, she

took the simple method of lifting the great chest in her strong arms and turning it just upside down, upon the cover; safe in the knowledge that it would take two men to put it back again, before meddling hands could get a chance to "mux" her treasures.

Sancho, whose character Aunt Rosy had slightly aspersed, was like and yet unlike the chevalier Bayard; being unfailingly *sans peur*, but unfortunately never *sans reproche*. He had been in the kitchen a year or two, to run of errands, pick up chips, black the boots, and roll round under foot generally, and had recently been promoted to the office of waiter, in place of Dick, retired, superannuated. But Dick had only retired as far as the pantry, where he watched over the best china, and rubbed the silver, and whence he darted forth twenty times a day, like a big black spider from his lair, to pounce upon the unwary Sancho, and drag him to justice for his pranks; and Sancho, in return, tormented Dick almost to the disrapture of soul and body. It was soon found out by the higher powers, that it was of no manner of use to punish Sancho for his tricks. While you were tutoring him for one, he was cutting up three more under your very nose. Just when you thought one piece of mischief fairly dead and buried, up sprang a host of others from that prolific soil; as if, like Cadmus and his dragon's teeth, every one that was sowed produced an army.

But Dick, on the other hand, was the very genius of deportment. He had a high sense of duty, immense personal dignity which never relaxed, and a stiffness of manner beyond the primness of pokers, beyond the rigidity of ramrods, beyond everything but his own ideal of "de fust manners of de fust waiter in a fust fambly." Sank was one long agony to him. No one but a pompous master of ceremonies, yoked in abhorred and perpetual fellowship with the court fool, could possibly appreciate Dick's sufferings.

The much-esteemed chest stood in a little room opening out of the

nursery, where Aunt Rosy slept, and where she might be said to hold her court; for large and sunny as the nursery was, whenever there were narrations going on, or Scripture renderings after Aunt Rosy's own fashion, we all liked to crowd into her little room and sit along on the edge of the chest, like a row of chickens at roost. She was considered a great speaker and exhorter, in the meetings held at Unk Steve's little cabin. In fact, she stood next in renown to Unk Steve himself, who was esteemed second to none but those who were called "pinted ministers." He could not read one blessed word, but he had faith as a little child; and then, too, there were open visions vouchsafed him, which counterbalanced all small external deficiencies.

We used to want Aunt Rosy to take us to these meetings sometimes, but she never approved the plan.

"Go to yer own church, chillen," she would say. "Them that goes a gaddin' from meetin' to meetin', is jest like butterflies; they sniff at a powerful sight of things, but they don't gather no honey. Go to yer own meetin', and 'tend to yer own minister. It takes larnin' to edify quality. White preachin' for white folks, and culled preachin' for culled folks."

"Then why is n't there a white Bible and a colored Bible?" I asked one day.

"Wal now, ducky," she answered, "don't you know the word of God is clar like crystal; but when you put that crystal in the sun you see all the colors of the rainbow in it; every one finds his own color there if he's a mind to look for it. And jes so with God's word, all colors and all kinds have got a share into it."

"But how will it be when we come to go to heaven, Auntie?"

"Wal, chile, you can't understand 'bout that now very easy. You see we're all like so many snails now, each into his own shell, some white on the outside, some black, some striped-like, and some pretty much mixed;

but when the day comes to break through these 'ere shells, and stand with our souls bare in the sight of God, he's gwine to take all those souls that love him and wash 'em white in the blood of Christ; and those that don't love him, — those that don't, — wal, ducky, we've got nothin' to do with those that don't."

Aunt Rosy was very fond of telling us Bible stories; and as she could not read, notwithstanding the spelling-book enshrined in the chest, the chapters that some of us read to her one week would come forth from her lips the next in so new a dress and so fresh a light, that they both astonished and fascinated her young hearers. She had her own ways of illuminating dark meanings, but she was as scrupulous as St. Paul, when he said, "Now the rest speak I, not the Lord; yet I give my judgment." "Chillen," she would honestly explain, "this is my 'pinion 'bout it, recollect; I don't say its Scriptor, but I do say it's my 'pinion." She quite agreed with St. Paul too on the subject of marriage, except that she applied it to one sex only. "When yer Aunt Rosy's dead and gone to glory, chillen," she used to say, "and yer all grown up massas and mistises, then you must 'member what she tells yer. Massa Freddy and Massa Georgy, they must git married jes as soon as they find a *good* wife, for a *good* wife is from the Lord. And my little young ladies, they must stick to their father and mother; for don't you see, the angels don't marry nor give in marriage, and some of these 'ere fine pious little ladies, as knowin' as grown-up babies, they're too much like the angels to be mixin' theirselves up in such a despit bad mux of troubles as mankind have made it. 'Twas meant to be the best thing for all, married life was, I should n't wonder; but Lord, chillen! men have spiled it, till it's lost all the color and shape it had when the good Lord fust set it agoin'."

The parable of the Prodigal Son, — who was always spoken of, however,

with an unscriptural vagueness as the Probable Son, — and the parable of the Ten Virgins, were two of Aunt Rosy's favorite topics. It is possible that circumstances had somewhat prejudiced her mind, for she always insisted that the five wise virgins were five righteous females well prepared to meet their Lord; while the five foolish ones were five reckless men, who counted upon getting into Heaven on the merits of their sisters and cousins.

"Them five scatter-brains," she would say, "they spent their time a eatin', and drinkin', and smokin', and like nuff pitchin' pennies or playin' picky-puey, and the time was come for to start, and sure nuff, their lights was all out and they wanted to borry! That's jes like some folks. — borry, borry all their lives and on their dyin'-beds! If they should any way git to Heaven, they'd be bound to snap a string in a jiffy, and want to borry somebody else's harp! Wal, you see, those five wild young fellers, they wanted to borry, and those five pious young women, they could n't lend noways. Now I'll tell you why. 'T warnt 'cause they were stingy, 't warnt 'cause they did n't have plenty; 't was 'cause that lamp that lighted them right through the darkness into heaven was jes nothin' but the bright shining love of the Lord Jesus in their hearts, and that's a thing you can't borry, be you ever so put to it; nor you can't lend, even when yer ready to die, you want to give it so! Each one for hisself, when that great day comes! But 'bout those five scatter-brains, chillen, that's not Scriptor, recollect, but it's my 'pinion."

Aunt Rosy had been telling us about old times one day, and of a terrible storm that had raged once when she was a child, — a storm that had cast a ship ashore, thrown down the east chimney, and uprooted a great oak that stood nearly in front of the house on the lawn.

"You look in the old, old massa's picter, chillen," she concluded, "that hangs to the end of the hall, and way

behind him you'll see that tree all painted out green. Then you can tell jes' whar it used to stand."

We scampered down stairs in a string, to look at great-grandfather's picture, and see how the oak stood, and meeting Fred on the stairs, took him with us.

"O dear," said Lucy, gazing up at the stern old portrait, "I'm so glad our papa don't look in that cross way! I'd be afraid to sit on his lap, or pull his curls, or anything."

"O but Lucy," said Fred, "men had to look stern in those days when he lived: they were patriots and soldiers, and they fought for their country."

"I like him," said Georgie, "because he's got such a pretty picture of a little chicken tied to him."

"It's not a chicken, it's a bird," said Lucy.

"It's the king of all the birds, it's an eagle," said I.

"It is the Order of the Society of the Cincinnati," said Fred proudly, getting on a chair, to see it better. "It belonged to my great-grandfather, first, and then to my grandfather; it goes from eldest son to eldest son, always; now it's father's, and then it will be mine; and it will go to my eldest son after me, and to his eldest son after him."

Fred looked so funny, standing up with his thirteen-year-old curly head high in the air, talking in that large way about his grandchildren, that we laughed, and he flushed up, displeased for a minute.

"It's nothing to laugh at," he said, "if you only knew what it meant! The society was named after Lucius Quintus Cincinnatus, a Roman citizen, who left his plough and his peaceful home to go and fight for his country; and when the war was over, and the people wanted to make him something great, — dictator, or something else, you'll find out when you get into Robbins's Outlines, bother take it! — he would n't be made anything of, but just went quietly home again. And that's the way our men did in the Revolution.

But you had to be not only a soldier, but an officer and a gentleman, before you could belong to that society, and that's why I'm proud of it."

"If you're going to have that pretty bird, where is he now?" asked Lucy.

"I'll show it to you!" cried Fred eagerly, jumping down from his chair; "I know just where father keeps it, in the little drawer of the desk in the secretary," And darting away he returned again in a minute with the badge swinging from his fingers, and held it up before our admiring eyes.

It was a lovely thing enough to childish fancies; a golden eagle, brilliant with green enamel and fiery red eyes, suspended on a thick blue ribbon with a white edge. There was a chorus of approving voices, and Fred exclaimed, "I knew you'd like it, when you saw it"; and then, full of enthusiasm, he entered upon an animated account of the forming of the society, the meaning of the emblems, the beautiful badge sent by the queen of France to General Washington, and all the stately ceremony of the early meetings, when suddenly, in the very midst of his spirited little oration, we heard the wheels of the carriage that was bringing home our parents from a two days' visit at Aunt Singleton's, and, while Fred hurried away to put the badge in its place, we sped to the piazza to shout our noisy welcome, forgetting Cincinnatus, war, glory, and grandfathers in the joy of seeing the dear faces again, and the fun of pulling open the papers of bonbons that Aunt Singleton had sent.

Fred's vacations always flew by like the flight of a swallow; and almost before we knew it he had gone back to school, and everything was going on again in the old pleasant, quiet way. The year rolled by, and brought no apparent change to any one but poor Aunt Rosy. Her health seemed to fail day by day, till she was only a dark phantom of her former self. She hardly appeared to know what was the matter with herself, and to all inquiries came the inevitable response, "It's a pain across me!"

There never yet was a creature on all the place who did not make exactly that answer about his illnesses. No matter whether he had measles, or fever, or rheumatism, or indigestion, or headache, or chills, that was the invariable statement, "It's a pain across me," and nothing but the closest cross-questioning would elicit anything more definite. Whether there is a sensitive slice across the middle of the corporeal substance of the race; whether their nerves are all gathered into a belt about them, instead of being generally diffused as in paler nations; or whether the expression has a large vagueness about it that covers many symptoms and has a sound of dignity to their ears, — it is impossible to tell: the simple fact remains, that this is their one only and inalienable complaint; and Aunt Rosy's "pain across her" grew worse and worse, till strength and flesh were gone, and her huge frame showed its joints and angles in a way hitherto unknown in her family. With her failing health, her spirits seemed to change too. She was always kind and docile, and patient as an angel, with the mischief and waywardness that spring spontaneously in every nursery; but her serene, child-like faith and cheerful religious views seemed to have vanished. She would sit on her chest, or on the side of her bed, and clasp her big hands and sway to and fro, and sigh as if her heart would break. Sometimes she would speak of herself so despondently, and with such dark forebodings that it made us cry and cling to her.

One day, soon after Fred had come home again, he chanced to be in the nursery and heard Aunt Rosy talking to Lucy, in her little room. "Wal, chile," she said, "I'm been thinkin' 'bout that sermon Mr. Scott preached two Sundays ago. If there's people 'lected to be lost, I'm feared I'm one on them."

"What does 'lected to be lost' mean?" asked Lucy.

"Why, chile, pinter by God, chose out by him afore you was born, to go down to torment, whether or no."

Lucy's eyes opened wide with horror, and Fred exclaimed in his cheery way, "Pshaw! I don't believe it! I don't believe Scott preached it."

"Yes, he did, chile, he said it."

"Well, if he did, that don't make it so. It's a horrid thing to say about God, and I don't believe it!"

"Don't you, chile? Whyfor, now?"

"Because it is n't sensible, it is n't right. God is good and just, and that is about the meanest thing a bad spirit could do. Come, cheer up, Aunt Rosy! If you don't, I'll pull your turban off, or rummage in your chest, or do something bad to excite you! There's going to be company to-day, and we've all got to be jolly, so cheer up!"

Cousin Mary Singleton happened to be staying with us then, and, by way of a mild festivity, mother gave a little dinner for her. Toward its close, unfortunately for Fred, the conversation chanced to turn upon the old Cincinnati Society, and Cousin Mary having never seen the order, father went to get it for her. He returned without it, however, smiling at his own invariable inability to find things, and promising that mother should show it to her by and by. The conversation changed to something else, and we thought no more of it till the guests were gone, when we children were called into mother's room. Father sat there looking very grave. "Children," he said, "the badge of the Cincinnati Society is gone; at least, your mother and I have made a thorough search for it, and cannot find it. Have any of you seen it, or taken it? Do you know anything about it?"

"I guess papa means that pretty chicken Fred showed us," said Georgie.

"Yes," said Fred, "that's it. I had the badge out, last vacation, father, a year ago; I was telling the girls and George about the society."

"But you only had it out a few minutes, Fred," said I, "and you put it right back again."

"I know it," he answered, blushing, "that is, I meant to; but I'm not sure I did."

"What then?" asked father.

"I had it in the dining-room, — Sank was there, — I remember holding it up for him to see; then I heard the carriage stop, and I laid it down on the table under the glass. I meant to run and just see if it was really you who were coming, and then to hurry back and put it away; but I'm afraid," he stammered, "I do believe — I've never thought of it from that day to this."

"O Fred!" said mother, "how could you be so careless of a thing your father values so much!"

"I don't know, mother, I'm sure. I'm awfully sorry. I meant to put it back directly."

"That is the last we know of it then," said father; "on the table under the mirror, a year ago! It seems rather hopeless, for a person who would keep it all this time would scarcely give it up now."

The next thing was to question the servants, but all professed their entire ignorance of the matter. Aunt Rosy and Dick, Aunt Dolly and Black Ann, had all lived in the house for years. The only people at all new were Sancho, and Clarissa, who helped Aunt Dolly in the kitchen; and so the suspicion seemed to rest between those two; but Clarissa's work never called her into our part of the house, whereas Sank was the last person seen near the lost badge, so the range of possibility narrowed more and more, till everybody was persuaded that Sank was the culprit, except Aunt Rosy. Mother had sent her to talk with him about it, thinking she might win his confidence by her placid, coaxing ways; but when the conference was over, Aunt Rosy declared her belief in his innocence, and always held to it. Still that did not greatly change the general opinion, for every one knew that she liked always to believe what was good, and was invariably sceptical about evil; so each individual conviction remained the same, and continued to lay the guilt on Sank's shoulders. "Poor ignorant boy," said mother, "what else could one expect of him! I think I had

better talk with him myself, and perhaps I can persuade him to confess the truth."

So mother and Sank held a secret conclave. Mother began with a short eulogy, in her gentle way, on the beauty of goodness and truth, to which Sank responded, "Yas, 'm," regularly at every tenth word; then she made various encouraging remarks about her feeling sure that Sank wanted to be good and truthful, which he struck off into decimals as before, with a drawling, "Be sure, mistis"; and finally she begged him to tell her the truth about the badge.

"Did you see it, Sank?" she asked.

"Yas, 'm," said Sank, "seen it all to pieces! looked him right in de eye!"

"Then what happened?"

"Mars' Freddy laid it on de table."

"Well?"

"And run away to see ef you was a comin'."

"Yes."

"Yas, 'm."

"Did you take it up?"

"Yas, 'm. Turned him over to see what de oder side was like, and turned him back agin, like a chicken a brilin'."

"And what then?"

"Den, noffink."

"Did you touch it again?"

"No I never, mistis!"

"Are you *sure*, Sank?"

"Lord, mistis, I ain't got *that* complaint! It's light-headed I be, not light-fingered! I'm so feerd o' gittin' cotched, I durs n't hook noffink!"

"Sank, can't you stop joking for one minute, and be serious?"

"True as I live and breave and draw de breafe o' life, mistis, I don't believe I can! Ef I was swingin' from a galluses or wrigglin' on a eel-spear, I might, p'raps! Gwine to try me?"

"No, no; but, Sank, I do hope you have told me the truth. I shall believe you at all events. I can't think you would look me in the face and tell me what was n't true."

"O, bress my heart, mistis, that's easy nuff! I've done it lots of times. O, bress my gizzard! I've told Aunt

Dolly more 'n leventy thousand lies sence I lived to de house ! Bress all my insides, ef I ain't told Dick a couple o' dozen to-day !”

“Why, Sank, what a dreadful thing to say !”

“But ef I said I had n't, mistis, dat would made anoder one.”

“Sank, why should you want to tell them ? You are kindly treated in every way, are n't you ? Why do you want to deceive any one ?”

“Lord a massy, mistis ! foolin' folks and smokin' 'em was all de fun I used to git ! Now I got dat 'ere old Dick to 'muse me, I ain't so put to it.”

“But there 's something beyond all this, Sank ; God commands us to speak the truth ; he loves it, and for his sake we must hold to it in word and action. Don't you want to do what is right, and keep God's commands, Sank ?”

“I would n't mind, as long as dey was right easy,” said Sank, coolly. “Mistis, want to see me walk on my hands ? Bin a tryin' on it over half de night in Dick's room, and, Hi ! how it made dat old darky snore !”

“O Sank !” said mother, “you may go—on your feet. I 'm glad there 's a greater heart and wiser head than mine to care for us all !”

So Sank went ; but after he had left the room, he thrust his little apish head in the door and said, “Yer gwine to b'lieve Sank, ain't yer, mistis ? I know yer be, 'cause, you said so, and dat 's why I 'm gwine to tell you suffink else. Ef I have told a million billions lies to Aunt Dolly and Dick, I never told one to my Mistis Calvert, and I ain't never a gwine to.” The door shut before any answer could be given.

So that whole matter rested for a while. There seemed no use in saying anything more about it ; and finally Fred went back to school, humbled and mortified that his carelessness had caused so much trouble in the family, but hoping, as all the others did, that accident, not theft, had caused the disappearance of the badge, and that time would bring everything right again.

All this was a subject of great worry to poor Aunt Rosy ; she was so identified with the family, that whatever troubled them troubled her, and, in her wretched state of health, the vexation had seemed to augment her disease very seriously. She pined and sickened from day to day, till she could scarcely drag one weary foot after the other. The “pain across her,” she admitted now, came entirely from her chest, which was a shade less vague than before ; but still she seemed able to say nothing definite of it, and refused to see the doctor, even when he was in the house. She could not sleep at night, and used to walk her room with heavy, hopeless steps, hour after hour. “It's them roosters,” she said to mother ; “they crow and they crow all night, and they keep me a thinkin' how Peter denied his Master, because he was afeerd of the sarvin'-gals. They most put me out of my head, and I can't sleep a wink.”

The traditional cock “crows in the morn” ; not so the gallinaceous birds of the Maryland West Shore ; they begin with the last ghostly stroke of midnight, and keep on till the first wide-awake clang of the rising bell. They crow one at a time, two at a time, by threes and fours, and in grand choruses. The venerable fathers of the roost crow with the wisdom and repressed enthusiasm of the ancients ; the full-grown cocks, in what the French call the *chaud éclat* of maturity, with a clarion call that might rouse the dead ; the ambitious young chanticleers, who have not yet grown their cheek-feathers, with a burst of sound that begins more gushingly vehement than any, but ends prematurely, with a mortifying break in their voice. If poor Aunt Rosy kept her vigils through all their crowings, no wonder she was weak and hollow-eyed. Unk Steve came to see her one day, and we overheard a part of their conversation. “Rosy,” he said, “'pears to me dere 's no 'countin' for dis 'ere complaint o' yourn widout dat old serpent called Satan. 'Pears to me like he 's

'stressin' yer body and worryin' at yer soul afore de Lord, like he did to poor old Massa Job, in de Scriptor."

"'Pears the same to me, by spells," said Rosy, wearily; "sometimes I think he's got me tight in his grip. In all yer visions, daddy, did he ever come to ye and wrestle with ye?"

"O Lord a massy! many a time. I've fit wid him, and fit wid him, but he's one o' dem dat don't know when he's beat!"

"Daddy, did he ever 'pear to you like a bird?"

"He did so, darter; 'peared to me jes like a bird once, bigger dan a turkey-buzzard, and he fit and I fit, and he wrestled and I wrestled, all through de night, and I never shook him off till de break o' day."

After Unk Steve was gone, we heard Aunt Rosy moan as if in pain, and we ran to ask her what was the matter.

She gathered us into her arms with a deep sob, and cried, "O Lord, O Lord Almighty! bless these darlin' chillen, and pesarve 'em from ever backslidin', for it's right down bitter work to be haulin' up agin! And O Lord, save 'em from that awful heart of pride that drags down like a mill-stone! that pride that hopples the soul, so it can't nayther run nor feed in the right way! O my babies, O my duckies, go pray to the Lord for your poor Aunt Rosy."

Her sorrow awed and grieved us, it was so unlike her own old cheery, hopeful faith, that threw sunshine over everything, and we felt that mind and body both would be impaired beyond remedy unless some immediate relief could be secured. Mother determined to send for a doctor, in spite of Rosy's reluctance. Our own physician had gone away for a while, and so a very respectable little man was called in, who practised homœopathically. He was a stranger in the county, having only recently settled there; but his letters of introduction had been such as to establish his position at once as a trustworthy and able practitioner.

He began with the usual mode of questioning.

"It's a pain across me," said Aunt Rosy.

"Across which part of you?"

"My chist; it's all in my chist."

"Does your back hurt you?"

"No, sir."

"Any pain in either side?"

"No, sir."

"Can you draw a long breath?"

"Yes, sir."

"Let me see you. Slowly now."

Aunt Rosy turned her head a little on the pillow, looked at him a moment, and then respired like a champion ox.

"Amazing strength of lungs!" said the doctor. "There can't be any trouble with them."

Aunt Rosy had been getting more and more vexed with what she considered this fooling. "I tell you, sir," she said, "it's all in my chist! It's all right here, under these 'ere two little bones." She put her thumbs above the belt of her dress. "If ye've got what'll ease my chist, well and good; if ye have n't, it's no use talking."

Now, in the first place, Aunt Rosy had not any little bones, according to the human criterion, in the whole of her great body. Secondly, in the precise spot where she put her thumbs there were no bones at all, but only the cartilaginous continuation of her lower ribs. Thirdly, there was situated behind them nothing more worthy of notice than heart, lungs, liver, part of the stomach, and a large portion of the spinal structure, any disease of any fraction of any one of which could have given her a mortal malady. However, the little doctor replied, gravely, that he thought he could help her. If he had ordered her a pint of salts or a quart of senna, she would probably have accepted the situation, and the storm would have blown over.

But Aunt Rosy had a low opinion of even the mightiest of the opposite sex, and for small men she felt a contempt passing words; so when this little doctor pulled out his little case, and displayed the tiny pellets of medicine which were appointed to heal her great diseases, she suddenly awoke out of

the lethargy which had possessed her for months. Wrath and indignation burned in her veins. Like Samson in the temple of his scoffing enemies, she seemed to cry in her heart, "Lord, strengthen me this once, that I may be avenged of this Philistine for these three grievances, his sex, his size, and his presumption." She arose off the bed and towered over him, and before the amazed little man could collect his thoughts, she swooped down upon him, coat, cane, case, and all, and lifting him up in her arms ran down stairs with him and set him outside the front door.

Not without creating a sensation though; for Sank caught sight of her, and screamed with pretended horror, but secret delight, and father and mother came running just in time to see the door shut with a bang behind the ejected physician. Father hurried out to apologize for the action as the vagary of a sick person, and insisted on the doctor's staying for dinner; while mother, for the first time in her life, actually scolded Rosy.

"Mistis!" said Rosy, all in a tremble, "I could n't help it. Such a regular old-times darky as I be can't be cured with sugar-teats! I ain't got no complaint that answers to 'em! He ought to 'a' knowed better! To see that little Jack-doll of a man a taking out of his little pinhead sugar-plums, and thinkin' he could cure me with 'em, me! *me!* with the biggest pain that ever a poor critter had; *me*, that's got to dwinnle away, and pine, and die, and go to judgment, and likely to torment; cure *ME!!* Mistis, it's lucky I did n't heave him into the duck-pond!"

"Go up stairs, this moment," said mother; "I am very much ashamed of you!" And Aunt Rosy went wearily up stairs, with her head on her breast, and a pitiful moan oozing out through her closed lips. But in a few moments mother's little frost of severity was all thawed away, and she followed Aunt Rosy to comfort her. She was lying in her little room out of the nursery, without sound or motion. She lay like one dead, with that horrible ashy look

about the lips and eyes that comes into their poor brown faces in times of dire anguish. Her face was toward the wall, and her arms stretched lifelessly at her side. Mother sat down by her, on the edge of the bed, and the woman's whole expression of intense agony went to her heart.

"O Rosy, child!" she said, "I wish I could do something for you."

No answer.

"Are you so much worse to-day?"

A faint negative motion of the hand.

"I 'm *so* unhappy about you!"

A long, low groan was the only response.

"I'm sure, Rosy," she continued, "that you can tell me more definitely what is the matter with you. I *must* find out. People don't generally have any new diseases you know; and whatever you have is probably what hundreds of people have had before and have been cured of, bad as you may be; and if you only will try, Rosy, I'm sure you can tell me more about it."

"O mistis, mistis," she answered, faintly, "I've told you more 'n a hundred times, but you can't take no hint; it's in my chist, in my chist! all in my chist, and I'm dyin', dyin', dyin' with it! Open it," she gasped, — "open it!"

Mother leaned quickly over her in alarm, and tried to unfasten the calico gown that lay in folds about her wasted form, but Rosy pushed her gently away.

"No, no," she gasped again, "not here, not here! Open it, open it!" And she made a backward motion of her hand toward the great blue chest behind mother. "Open it, mistis, for de good Lord's sake, open it before I die!"

With the conviction flashing through her mind that Rosy's brain must be crazed, and yet with the mechanical obedience that one unconsciously yields to such piteous entreaty, mother lifted the heavy cover and leaned it back against the wall. The well-known odor filled the room, the mint and soap, the candies and the dyes, smothered in the stuffy smell of woollens and yarn; the old confusion still reigned triumphant, but surmounting the other contents, and

resting conspicuously on a white handkerchief, lay the badge of the Order of the Cincinnati.

Mother took it up, softly shut the great lid again, and sat down upon the side of the bed once more. Not a word was spoken by mistress or servant, and nothing broke the solemn silence except now and then a long-drawn, stifled, quivering moan. One was silent through an anguish of bitter shame, too deep for words; the other, through excess of pity, as she thought of the sudden, sharp temptation that must have snared that honest, childlike soul, and of the pride, the remorse, the mental struggle, the thousand mysterious pains and woes, the burning tears at dead of night, and the dread of judgment to come, that had racked body and soul with untold anguish.

At last she spoke sadly. "I could never have believed it, Rosy, except from yourself." The woman groaned and writhed and threw her hands up over her face. "I have always trusted, you so entirely."

"O, my good Lord in heaven knows! *He* knows, mistis, that 's the very thing that 's been a eatin' on me up inside all this while. You allays trusted me. Sodid Marsa Lennie! And them blessed chillen, they think their old Aunt Rosy 's good, and there 's no sinner like her on the face of the airth! When I was very young, mistis, I thought it was a cussed thing to have a black skin; but after the Lord opened my eyes to see the truth, I knowed the skin made no difference, if only the heart was white and clean, for that 's what the Lord looks at; but, O mistis, it 's an awful thing to know yer soul is blacker than yer body! To know the right and do the wrong, to call the Lord 'Massa,' and serve the Devil, to hold yer head high above the other darkies, when you know all the time you ought to be under their feet, to give evil for good, and to vex and cheat them that loves ye, — that 's jes' what I've been and gone and done, and there ain't a word to be said! there ain't no 'scuse to be made! There ain't no soff side to it!"

"Rosy, how *did* you come to take it? What tempted you?"

"The very old Satan hisself, mistis! Sure I be, he went into that gold bird with his red eyes and his green breast! 'T was lyin' on the table betwixt the windows, and first I thought it was some little trinket-like, that warnt o' much use. When I heard Sank comin' I slipped it into my pocket, and meant to ask mistis about it; but it looked so handsome when I got up stairs, that I thought I'd jes lay it in my chist whar I could see it for a while. I meant to give it to mistis the next day; for, thinks I, there ain't no hurry 'bout it, when nobody 'pears to miss it. And the next day I 'peared to think the next week would do; and so I went on, allays meanin' to give it back and never doin' it, till I'd put it off so long that I was dead ashamed to give it to mistis, and knew I ought to every minute, too. And so it went on wusser and wusser, till that day when there was dinner company and marsa missed it; then I found out how much store he sot by it, and I *darsent* bring it out! I wanted to and I could n't. I kep' tryin' and somethin' held me back! I could n't stan' it to let Dolly and Sank and them know I'd had it all that time. P'r'aps if somebody had jes axed me out and out, I could have said yes. But nobody did. I 'most wished they would many a time, for ever since that day he 's been pickin' at my heart with his beak, and tearin' my life out with his claws, and burnin' me through with his fiery eyes, and hauntin' of me night and day, asleep or awake, and draggin' me down, down, down! O mistis, if there 's one hell lower than another, it 's that place of torment I been into for this last year and a half! I 'spect no marcy from God nor man. I've got no spunk left to ask for it, but I praise the Lord that debble 's cast out o' my chist, if I be tore and overthrew!"

"Poor Rosy! what a strange thing to happen to you!"

"'T was pride, mistis, all pride! I knowed I was pious, and I was proud

of it. 'Shamed of my black skin, and proud of my white heart! I felt stiff-necked over them other darkies, and the Lord has showed me I better grobble in the dust! What'll be done to me, mistis? Will I be put in the county jail!"

"No, Rosy."

"Will I be sent to field, mistis, to work along with the hands!"

"No."

"Will I be held up for a warnin' to Dolly and Sank and them?"

"No."

"Wal, what then, mistis? I'd ruther know to once. What *are* you gwine to do with me?"

"I'm going to forgive you, Rosy, and love you and trust you just the same. You are to stay just where you are, and nobody shall know a word of all this trouble as long as you live."

Then Aunt Rosy's poor, aching heart melted within her. She turned on her bed, and laid her big wasted face on mother's little hand, and cried and sobbed with passionate intensity, pouring out broken words of love and gratitude and penitence and prayer.

"O mistis!" she managed to articulate at last, "you've saved my heart from breakin' and my soul from torment; for sure if *you* forgive me, the good Lord won't be behind his chillen in marcy, and he'll forgive me too! He knows what I've been and suffered! *He* knows it all! None other could think it! And O, dear mistis, my darlin' chile, let 'em heave them things right onto the floor and h'ist that mis'able old chist into the west garret! It's chuck full of them little ghosts of birds, sperits and spooks, everywhar I look into it, and I'll put 'em all to rights to-morrow in the bureau, if I live!"

A few weeks after, the discovery of the lost badge was announced, it having been found in a medley of things where such a little matter might be easily mislaid. Father probably knew

the truth, but no one else so long as Aunt Rosy lived.

As for Aunt Rosy herself, she recovered with astonishing rapidity; she gained twenty pounds in thirty days, and how much more the record saith not, but she never lost another penny-weight. For the first time in her life she had her possessions arranged in a bureau "like quality," and the monster chest was carried to the garret by Dick and Sank. There, after Sank had stood on his head on it, thrown Dick into it, locked him up and let him out again, threatened to use the padlock as a cookstove, and the key for a waffle-iron, Aunt Rosy's chest was left to long repose.

Wandering up there in the cobwebby gloom of the west garret to-day, among the relics of the past, that speak with a thousand voices of the days that are gone, I came upon it. I lifted the lid, and the dear, dreadful old smell of the soap and mint and woollens and all the rest came breathing out of it and filling all the air. It was quite empty and yet full, — full to me, as once to Aunt Rosy, of "sperits and spooks," and ghosts of bygone years. All Sank's old mischief rose up from it, all of Dick's stiff, faithful, formal service; in my fancy I saw again the treasures that had filled it, scattered now, never to be gathered in again. Aunt Rosy herself "went to glory" years ago. She lived to hold the first baby of another generation in her arms. The pride that had been a spot upon her piety never stained it more. Gentle, and childlike, even to Aunt Dolly and Sank, her pleasant old days passed away in reverence toward God, and charity toward man.

As I look at the huge old chest, with its iron-bound corners, and lift its cumbersome padlock in my hand, my heart fills to overflowing with sweet and loving memories of her who once possessed it; and I bless the dear mother whose tenderness healed the great, sorely wounded heart, that one accusing word might have broken forever.

Olive A. Wadsworth.

THE FAVORITE OF THE HAREM.

THE morning on which his Majesty set out on his annual visit to Pitchaburee was one of those which occur in the climate of Siam at almost any season of the year, but are seen in their perfection only in October. The earth, air, and sky seemed to bask in a glory of sunlight and beauty, everything that had life gave signs of perfect and tranquil enjoyment. Not a sound broke the stillness, and there seemed nothing to do but to sit and watch the long shadows sleeping on the distant hills, and on the warm golden fields of waving corn.

Reluctantly quitting my window, I turned my steps toward the palace, leaving all this beauty behind me in a kind of despair; not that my temple school-room was not in itself a delicious retreat, but that it always impressed me with a feeling I could never analyze; when there, it seemed as if I were removed to some awful distance from the world I had known, and were yet more remotely excluded from any participation in its real life.

Taking out my book, I sat down to wait the coming of such of my pupils as might not have accompanied the king on his visit.

In the course of an hour, only one presented herself; she was a young woman called Choy, a fair and very handsome girl of about twenty summers, or perhaps not so many, with regular features, — a very rare thing in a Siamese woman; but the great beauty of her face was in her large lustrous eyes, which were very eloquent, even in their seeming indifference. Her hair, which was so long that when unbound it covered her whole person, even to her feet, was tied in a large knot behind and ornamented with the jessamine and Indian myrtle. She had a careless, and I might almost say even, a wicked expression in her face, which was slightly marked with the small-pox.

Choy was the youngest sister of the head wife (or concubine) Thièng, and had been my pupil for about six months. This morning she brought me a flower; it was a common wild flower, that grew up everywhere in great profusion, making a lovely carpet, blossoming as it did in every nook and crevice of the stone pavements within the palace. It was just like her, to snatch up the first thing that attracted her, and then to give it away the very next moment. But I received it with pleasure, and made a place for her at my side. She seemed to be out of humor, and jerking herself impatiently into the seat, said abruptly, "Why don't you despise me, as all the rest of them do?" Then, without waiting for an answer, she went on to say: "I can't be what you wish me to be, I'm not coming to school any more! Here's my book! I don't want it, I hate English!"

"Why, Choy, what is the matter?" I inquired.

"I am tired of trying to do so much; I am not going to learn English any more," she replied.

"Don't say so, Choy," I said kindly; "you can't do everything at once; you must learn by degrees, and little by little you know. No one grows good or clever at once."

"But I won't learn any more, even to grow good and clever. There's no use, no one will ever care for me or love me again. I wish they had let me die that time," she continued. "Bah! I could kill that stupid old consul who saved my life. It were better to be quartered, and cast to the crows and vultures, than to live here. Every one orders me about, as if I were a slave, and treats me like a dog. I wish I could drown myself and die."

"But, Choy, you are here now, and you must try to bear it more bravely than you do," I said, not fully under-

standing the passionate nature of the woman.

"Madam," she said, suddenly laying her hand upon my arm, "what would you do if you were in my place and like me?"

"Like you, Choy? I don't quite understand you; you must explain yourself before I can answer you."

"Listen then," she said passionately, "and I will tell you."

"When I was hardly ten years old,—O, it seems such a long, long time ago!—my mother presented me, her favorite child, as a dancing-girl to his Majesty. I was immediately handed over to that vicious old woman, Khoon-Som-Sak, who was at that time the chief teacher of the dramatic art in the palace. She is very clever, and knows all the ancient epic poems by heart, especially the *Rāmāyānā*, which his Majesty delighted to see dramatized.

"Under her tuition we were subjected to the most rigorous training, mentally and physically; we were compelled to leap and jump, to twist and contort our bodies, and bend our arms, fingers, and ankles in every direction, till we became so supple, that we were almost like young canes of rattan, and could assume any posture the old hag pleased. Then we had to learn long passages from all sorts of poets by heart, with perfect correctness, for if we ever forgot even a single word, or did not put it in its right place, we were severely beaten. What with recitations, singing, dancing, playing, and beating time with our feet, we had a hard life of it; and it was no play for our instructress either, for there were seventy of us girls to be initiated into all the mysteries of the Siamese drama.

"At length, with some half a dozen of my companions, I was pronounced perfect in the art, and was permitted to enter my name among the envied few who played and danced and acted before the king.

"I would not have you think that the tasks imposed upon me were always irksome or that I have always felt so depressed and unworthy as I do

now. The study of the poets, and above all of the *Rāmāyānā*, opened to me a new world as it were; and it was a great gain to have even this, with the half-smothered yearning for life in the outer world that it inspired. It helped me to live in a world of my own creation, a world of love, music, and song. Rama was my hero, and I imagined myself the fair and beautiful Sita, his wife. I particularly delighted to act that part of the poem describing Rama's expedition to Lanka* to rescue Sita from the tyrant Rāwānā, and their delicious meeting in the garden, where Rama greets her with those beautiful lines,—

'O, what joy! abundant treasures
I have won again to-day,

O, what joy! Of Sita Yanee †

Now the hard-won prize is mine.

O, what joy! again thou livest, within this breast.

So mighty, armed with love, and with the wealth
of heaven beyond ‡

Soon shall Sita, Indara's fairest daughter,
Stand by my side, as stands her matchless mother,
Aspārā, in heaven refulgent by the great Indara.'

"My face is slightly pock-marked I know; but when painted and dressed in the court jewels, I looked remarkably well as Sita, with my hair floating away over my shoulders and down to my feet, bound only by an exquisite crown of gold, such as Sita is supposed to have worn. On the very first occasion of my performing before the king I had to take part in this drama. As soon as we had got through the first scene, the king inquired my name and age. This set my heart beating in great wild throbs all through the rest of the play. But after this weeks passed by, and I heard nothing more from his Majesty. He had forgotten me.

"I grew tired of reciting, and keeping time, and singing my sweetest songs for no one's amusement, but that of the old hag who made me work like a slave for the benefit of the rest of her pupils.

"I began to wish there would be some great *fête* outside of the palace, where all the court, nobles and princes and the king, would assemble, and where

* The Sanskrit name of Ceylon.

† Blessed.

‡ Highest heaven.

I could act Sita and sing like Narawêke,* and dance like Thawadee.†

"Then father and mother might see me too, and O, how pleased they would be! I thought. You do not know how dull it is to be acting before women, and with women only, dressed in robes of kings and princesses. If it were only a real king, or a prince, or even a noble, it would not be quite so bad; but all that mockery of love, bah! it is too stupid. I was sick of my life. I wished mother had kept me at home, instead of Chand. I could then have done just what I had a mind to, and have been just as gay and idle as she was.

"Well! the day came at last. I was all but sixteen when that great and eventful day arrived. The *fête* was in honor of the king's grandson's hair-cutting.

"Though I had performed several times at the court, his Majesty had taken no further notice of me, and I was sorely discontented with myself, piqued at the indifference of the king, and enraged against the old ladies, who seized every opportunity to snub me, and take down my pride, declaring that a pock-marked face was not a fit offering for the king.

"The longed-for day arrived at length. How elated I was! I had to represent the character of the wondrously beautiful Queen Thèwâdee in one of those ancient dramas of Maha Nagkhon Watt, whose beauty is said to have entranced even the wild beasts of the forest, so that they forgot to seize upon their prey as her shadow passed near them. My dress was of magnificent silk and gold, covered with precious gems; my crown was an antique and lovely coronet, one that had graced the brows of the queens of Cambodia. It was richly studded with rubies and diamonds. The first day of my rehearsal in this costume, all my companions declared that I looked enchantingly beautiful, that my fortune was made, and that, if I would only look and act thus, I could not fail to captivate the

king. The bare idea of being elevated above my hateful old teacher, and above some of the proud women who domineered over me, half intoxicated me. In this mood I began to realize my future as already at hand, and growing impatient with my doubts and fears, I sought at nightfall a crafty old female astrologer named Khoon Hate Nah. She took me into a dark and dismal cell under ground, and putting her ear to my side, numbered the pulsation of my heart for a whole hour; she then bound my eyes, and bade me select one of the dark books that lay around me. This done, she expounded to me my whole future, out of her mysterious book of fate, in which all my romantic visions of greatness were as clearly predicted as if the old fiend himself had revealed to her my secret and innermost thoughts. I was troubled only at one part of the old woman's revelations, which said, that, though I was destined to rise to the greatest honors in the realm, a certain malignant star which would greatly influence my destiny would be in ascendancy during the month of Duenjee,* and that if I neglected to pass the whole of that period in deep fasting, prayer, and meditation, I should sink at once from the highest pinnacle of my grandeur into the lowest and most terrible abyss.

"I resolved that I would fast and pray for that entire month every year of my life. How I wish now that I had never consulted the old hag, because my confidence in her predictions made me proud and defiant to the old duennas, who are now my bitterest enemies!

"Alas! dear father and mother. It were better to have cast your daughter Choy into the Mènam than to have given her to amuse a king.

"On the day of the *fête*, I awoke at five o'clock in the morning, and began anointing my person with the perfumes and unguents provided for us at the king's expense. I then spent the rest of the forenoon in making my hair glossy and lustrous, which I did

* Narawêke, a famous singer.

† Thawadee, the goddess of motion.

* December.

by rubbing it with the oil of the dok-sarathé.* How I gloried and exulted to see it floating away in long shining masses, waving over my shoulders and covering my feet! The afternoon came, and with it the old hags bearing my dress and the costly jewels I was to appear in. They opened the box and laid them before me. I had never seen anything so beautiful. The boxes absolutely sparkled like the stars of heaven in one blaze of light and beauty.

"When I saw these jewels I was seized with a fit of temporary madness. I could not help skipping and dancing in a sort of frenzy about my chamber, saying all sorts of absurd things and foretelling my future triumphs. My slave-women looked on amazed at the wildness of my spirits; and as for the old women who had the care of robing me for the evening, they were wrathful and silent.

"We were all ready at last. A small gilt chariot of a tower-like form, made of ivory and decorated with garlands and crowns of flowers, drawn by a pair of milk-white ponies, and attended by amazons dressed superbly in green and gold, conveyed me, as the Queen Thewádee, to the grand hall where we were to perform. My companions, similarly attended, followed me on foot. His Majesty, the princes, and princesses, surrounded by all the courtiers, were already there. The king and royal family were seated on a raised dais under a tapering golden canopy.

"The moment the king saw me approach, my ponies led gently forward by amazons, he rose and, before the whole court of lords and nobles and princes assembled, inquired my name of one of the duennas. This recalled me once more to his memory, for he said aloud, 'Ah! we remember, she is the one who dances so beautifully.' O, what a moment of triumph that was for me! I felt as if my heart in its wild, ecstatic throbs would burst through its gorgeous fetters of silk and gold. I rose up in my chariot and

bowed low before him three times. 'But, how now,' he exclaimed angrily, looking around; 'where are the nobles who are to lead the ponies? Let those amazons fall back to the right and left.' In an instant there emerged from the crowd two most distinguished looking noblemen, dressed in flowing white robes, threaded with gold and sparkling with gems; they took their places beside the ponies on either side of my chariot. One was P'haya* Râtani, the other was a stranger to me.

"They did homage to me, as if I were a real queen, and stationed themselves at my ponies' heads.

"At this moment I was saluted with a burst of music and the curtain fell. P'haya Râtani bent his head close to mine and whispered, 'How beautiful thou art!' I turned a frowning look upon him for his presumption and replied, 'Have a care, my lord, a word from me may be too much for thee'; but he immediately assumed so humble and penitent an expression that I forgave him. I was both flattered and piqued, however, at the other nobleman's conduct; for though he looked admiringly at me, he said not a word. I would have given my eyes if it had been he who said I was beautiful; for there was a majesty of youth, strength, and manly beauty about him that made a blinding radiance around my chariot, and excited an oblivious rapture in my heart. I panted, I was athirst, for one word of recognition from him. At length I became so vexed at his silence, that I asked him what he was looking at. He replied more cautiously than his companion, 'Lady, I thought that I beheld an angel of light, but thy voice recalls me to the earth again.'

"I was so enraptured at this speech, that I could hardly contain myself. A flood of delight swept over me, my breast heaved, my eyes glowed, my lips parted, my color came and went through the maize-colored cream that covered my face and concealed my only deformity.

"When the curtain rose, I, with this

* Flower of excellence.

* Duke.

new life rushing through my veins, looked triumphantly at the troop of my companions who did me homage. This new existence made me so joyous, that I must have been beautiful. Thus inspired I acted my part so wondrously well, that a deep murmur of applause ran throughout the hall. His Majesty's eyes were riveted upon me in startled astonishment and evident admiration. I acted my part with a keen sense of its reality, and gave utterance to the burning passion of my heart. As if I were really a queen, I commanded my courtiers to drive away the suitors who wooed me, declaring that anything beneath royalty would stain my queenly dignity and beauty.

"But when the banished prince, my lover, appeared, I rose hastily from my gilded and ivory chariot, and with my hair floating round my form like a deep lustrous veil, through which the gems on my robe shone out like glorious stars of a dark night, I laid myself, like the lotus-stem uprooted, prostrate at his feet. I pronounced his name in the most tender accents. I improvised verses even more passionate than those contained in the drama:—

'Instantly I knew my lord, as the heat betrays the
fire,
When through the obscuring earth unclouded
Shining out thou didst appear
Worthy of all joy; my soul is wrung with rapture,
And it quivers in thy presence, as the lotus petals
before a mighty wind.'

"The courtiers raised me up from the floor and led me back to the chariot. The prince, who was no other than 'Murakote,' took his, or more properly her, place beside me, and the curtain fell. The play was over. With nothing but the memory of a look, I returned to my now still more dismal rooms. I disrobed myself of all my glittering ornaments with a sigh, bound up my long, shining hair, and sat down to enjoy the only happiness left me,—my proud, swelling thoughts. I was just losing myself in soft, delicious reveries, which illuminated as with a celestial light the whole world within me, when I observed a couple of old duennas,

who came fawning upon me, caressing and praising me, while telling me that his Majesty had ordered that I should be in attendance in his supper-chamber that evening.

"I listened in mute pain. The power of the new passion that now filled my heart seemed to defy all authority, and the very thing for which I had so long worked and longed had become valueless and as nothing to me. But I dared not excuse myself, so I silently followed my conductresses, and for the first time in my life ascended to his Majesty's private supper-chamber.

"How changed I was! that which had been my sole ambition ever since I was ten years old came down upon me with a gush of woe that I could hardly have believed myself capable of feeling.

"I sat down to await the coming of the king; but I could have plucked out the heart that had rushed so madly on, casting its young life away at the feet of a man whose name even I did not know, whose face I had not seen till that day, but the tones of whose voice were still sounding through and through my quivering pulses.

"Well, my forehead, if not my heart, I laid at his Majesty's feet. 'I am your slave, my lord,' said my voice, the sound of which startled my own ears, so hollow and deceptive did it seem.

"'Do you know how fascinating you were this evening?' said the king. 'Older by forty years than my father,' thought I, as, dissembling still, I replied, 'Your slave does not know.' 'But you were, and I am sure you deserve to be a queen,' he added, trying to play the gallant. 'My lord is too gracious to his slave,' I murmured.

"'Why, *Thiêng!*' he said, speaking to my eldest sister; 'why have you hidden this beauty away from me so long? Let her not be called Choy* any longer, but Chorm.† I would weary you if I tried to tell you how he praised and flattered me, and how be-

* Surfeit.

† Delight.

fore a week was over I was the proudest woman in the palace.

"I became a stranger to my dismal rooms in the street, to my slave-women as well as to my companions. I lived entirely in his Majesty's apartments, and it was only when he was asleep or in the council hall, that I rushed down to plunge into the lotus-lake or to ramble in the rose-garden. But I never stopped to think. I would not give my heart a moment to reflect, not a moment to the past, not a moment to the future. I was intoxicated with the present. Every day gifts rare and costly were brought to me from the king; I affected to despise them, but he never relaxed his endeavors to suit my taste, to match my hair and my complexion. The late proud, insolent favorite, who used to order us girls about as if we were dogs, knelt before me, as half from *ennui* and half from coquetry I feigned illness and inability to rise from my master's couch. I cannot tell you how well I acted my part; I was more daring than any favorite had yet been.

"In the tumult and excess of the passion I felt for a stranger, I was able to make the king believe that he was himself its object; and he was so flattered at my seeming admiration and devotion, that he called me by the tender name, "Look,"—child,—and indulged me in all my whims and fancies.

"But, at length, I grew tired of so much acting, and the intensity of my manner began to flag. I complained of illness, in order to escape to my own rooms, where I flung myself down upon my leather pillow and drove my teeth through and through it, in the agony that my falseness brought upon me. I was worn with woe, more than wasted by want of food. My sister observed my paleness and said, half in earnest and half in jest, "Don't take it so much to heart, child; we have all had our day; it is yours now, but it can't last forever. Remember, there are other dancing-girls growing

up, and some of them are handsomer than you are."

"What do you mean?" I retorted, fiercely; "do you suppose I am sorrowing because of my grandfather? Bah! take him if you want him." "Hush, child," she replied, "and don't forget that you are in a lion's den."

"Lion or tiger," I said laughing bitterly, "I mean to play with his fangs, even if they tear my heart, until I am rich as you at least." "Do you, indeed," she rejoined. "Be quick, then, and give him a p'hra ong.*" With that she left me to my own wild, bitter, maddening, condemning self.

"Months of triumph, rage, agony, and despair wore away, and my day was not over. I was acknowledged by all to be the wilful favorite 'Chorm.' In the mean time I had one ray of comfort: I found out the name of the man I loved, from a new slave-woman who had just entered into my service. It was P'haya-P'hi-Chitt. That very day I took a needleful of golden thread and worked the name into a scrap of silk which I made into an amulet and wore round my neck. This greatly solaced me for a little while, after which I began to crave something more.

"The new slave-woman who had entered my service, just because I was the favorite, seemed so kind and attentive, and was such a comfort to me, whenever I rushed to my rooms for a respite, that I determined to employ her in obtaining information of the outside world for me. 'Just to beguile me of my weary hours,' I said. She seconded the idea with great alacrity. 'To whose house shall I go first?' she inquired. 'O, anywhere!' I replied carelessly; then as if suddenly remembering myself, I said, 'O Boon, go to P'haya-P'hi-Chitt, and find out how the groom of the Queen Thewâdee lives in his harem.'

"When she returned, which was close upon nightfall, I was impatient to hear all she had to tell me; but after she had told me all, I became more impatient and restless still. Her face

* Sacred infant.

lighted up as she expatiated on the manly beauty of P'haya-P'hi-Chitt, and her voice trembled slightly—she did it on purpose, I thought—as she went on to say that ever since the day he had met the lovely Thewádee he had become so changed, and had grown so melancholy, that all his dearest friends and relatives began to fear some secret dis-temper, or that some evil spirit had entered into him. This was ample food for me for months. It comforted me to think that he shared my misery.

“Then I drooped and languished once more, and began to long for some more tangible token of his love for me. I grew bolder and bolder, and the tender-hearted slave-woman sympathized with my passion for him. At last I sent her out with a message to him. It contained but two words, Kit-thung,* and he returned but two more, Rak-mak.†

“All this while I still visited the king, and was often alone with him; he continued to indulge me, giving me costly rings, betel-boxes, and diamond pins for my hair. Every petition I made to him was granted. Every woman in the palace stood in awe of me, not knowing how I might use my power, and I was proud and wilful. My father was created a duke of the second rank in the kingdom, my brothers were appointed governors over lucrative districts. I had nothing left to wish for but a child. If I had had a child, I might have been saved. A child only could have subdued my growing passion, and given to my life a fairer blossom and a richer fruit than it now bears. At last, I don't know what put it into my head, but I began to solace myself by writing to P'haya-P'hi-Chitt every day, and destroying the letters as soon as they were written.

“My next step was to send one of these letters to him by Boon. He was very bold, and it makes my heart ache even now to think how brave and fearless he was. He wrote to me at once,

and implored me in a depth of anguish and in words as if on fire to disguise myself in Boon's clothes, to quit the palace, and go out to meet him. I burnt the letter as soon as I had learnt it by heart. My heart was set on fire; and I pondered over and over the proposition of my lover, until it became too fascinating for me to resist much longer.

“So I took Boon into greater confidence than ever, put a bag heavy with silver into her hands, and, moreover, promised her her freedom if she would assist me to escape. ‘Keep the silver till I ask you for it, lady,’ she replied, ‘but trust me to help you. I will do it with all my heart.’

“Her devotion and attachment surprised me. It could not have been greater, had she been my own sister. Poot-tho!* could I have seen the end I would have stopped there. I saw nothing but the face that had kindled a blinding fire in my heart.

“The faithful Boon served me but too well. It was all arranged that I should go out at the Patoo-den,† the next evening at sunset, with my hair cut off, and disguised as Boon. P'haya-P'hi-Chitt was to be there with a boat ready to convey us to Ayudia, and Boon was to remain behind until the whole thing should have blown over. This last was her own proposition. I tried in vain to urge her to accompany us in our flight. She said it would be safer for us both to have a friend in the palace, who could give us information of whatever took place.

“In the agitation in which I wrote these last instructions to my lover, I made so many blunders that I had to write the letter all over again. Boon implored me to put no name to it, for we still feared some discovery. I gave it sealed with my ring to Boon, who carried it off in great delight; and I laid myself down upon my couch to brood on my overflowing happiness. In the blessedness of the great love that absorbed every feeling of my heart, I loved even the king, whom I had

* I remember.

† I love much.

* Pitiful Buddha.

† Gate of earth.

most injured and deceived, with the loving devotion of a child.

"In the midst of my ecstatic dreams I fell asleep, and dreamed a dream, O, so different! As plainly as one sees in broad daylight, I saw myself bound in chains, and P'haya-P'hi-Chitt flung down a dreadful precipice.

"My chamber door was thrown rudely open, I was seized by cold hands, harsh voices bade me rise, and I opened my eyes upon that woman who is called by us Mai Taie.* There was Boon tied hand and foot lying before my door. It was all over with us. 'If I could only save him,' was my only thought.

"They were putting chains on my hands, and jostling me about; for so benumbed and prostrated was I at the sight of Boon, that I could not rise. I did not dare to ask her a single question for fear of implicating ourselves all the more, when my sister Thieng rushed into my room screaming, flung herself upon my bed, and clasped me around the neck.

"'Hush! sister,' I said. 'Make these women wait a little, and tell me how they came to find it out?'

"'O Choy! Choy!' she kept repeating, wringing her hands and moaning piteously.

"'Sister Thieng, do you hear me? I don't care what they do to me. I only want to know how much you know, how much *he* knows?'

"'A copy of a letter you wrote to some nobleman was picked up about an hour ago, and taken to the chief judge. She has laid it before the king.'

"'Then if that is all, he does not know the name,' I said with a sigh of deep relief.

"'Ah! but he'll find it out, sister,' said Thieng. 'Throw yourself upon his mercy and confess all, for he still loves you, Choy. He would hardly believe you had written the letter.'

"'Has Boon said anything?' I next inquired.

"'No, not a word, she is as silent as death,' said my sister. 'But where

did you get her? Who is she? She was taken on her return, because you had mentioned your slave Boon in your letter. Now I must leave you and go back to the king,' said my sister. Then, weeping and abusing poor Boon, she went away.

"Boon and I were chained and dragged to the same cell you visited the other day.

"As soon as we were left alone, I asked Boon if she had confessed anything. 'No, my lady,' she replied with great energy, 'nothing in this world will make me confess aught against P'haya-P'hi-Chitt.' At the instant it flashed upon me that this woman, whoever she was, also loved him, and I looked at her in a new light. She was young still, and well formed, with small hands and feet, that told of gentle nurture.

"'Boon Châ,*' said I, in great distress, 'who are you? Pray tell me, it is of no use to conceal anything from me now. Why are you so happy to suffer with me? Any one else would have left me to die alone.'

"'O my lady!' she began, folding her hands together as well as she could with the chains on them, and dragging herself close to me, 'forgive me, O, forgive me, I am P'haya-P'hi-Chitt's wife.'

"I was silent in amazement. At length I said, 'Go on and tell me the rest, Boon.'

"'O, forgive me,' she replied, humbly. 'I cried bitterly the night he returned from the grand *fête* because he told me how beautiful you were, how passionately he loved you, and that he should never be happy again until he obtained you for his wife. He refused to eat, to drink, or to sleep, and I vowed to him by my love that you should be his. But I found you were the favorite, and that it would be a more difficult task than I had at first thought; so rather than break my promise to my husband, nay, lady, rather than meet his cold, estranged look, I sold myself to you as your slave. Ev-

* Mother of death, or female executioner.

* Dear.

ery ray or gleam of sunshine, every beautiful thought that fell from your lips, I treasured up in my heart and bore them daily to him, that I might but console my noble husband. You know the rest. If I deceived you, it was to serve both you and him, while my heart wept to think that I was no longer beloved. Gifted with unnumbered virtues is my husband, lady; and my heart, like his shadow, still follows him everywhere, and will follow him forever.'

"I was so sorry for Boon, I had not the heart to reproach her. I crept closer to her, and, laying my head on her bosom, we mingled our tears and prayers together. And I marvelled at the greatness of the woman before me.

"Next morning,—for morning comes even to such wretches as my companion and me,—we were dragged to the hall of justice. The king did not preside as we had expected. But cruel judges, male and female, headed by his Lordship P'haya Promè P'hatt and her Ladyship Khoon Thou App. Not knowing what charge to make, they read the copy of my letter over and over again, hoping to guess the name of the gentleman to whom it was sent. Failing to do this, they subjected Boon to a series of cross-questionings, but succeeded only in eliciting the one uniform reply, 'What can a poor slave know, my lords?'

"Her feet were then bastinadoed till the soles were raw and bleeding. She still said, 'My lords, be pitiful. What can a poor slave know?'

"After a little while, Khoon Thou App begged Boon to confess all and save herself from further suffering. Boon remained persistently silent, and the lash was applied to her bare back till it was ribbed in long gashes, but she confessed not a word. At last the torture was applied to her thumbs until the cold sweat stood in great drops on her contorted and agonized brow; but no word, no cry for mercy, no sound of confession, escaped her lips. It was terrible to witness the power of endurance that sustained this

woman. The judges and executioners, both male and female, exhausted their ingenuity in the vain attempt to make her betray the name of the man to whom she had carried the letter; and, finally, when the lengthening shadows proclaimed the close of day, they departed, leaving me with poor Boon bleeding and almost senseless, to be carried back by the attending amazons to our cell.

"I tried to comfort poor Boon. She hardly needed comfort; her joy that she had not betrayed her husband was even greater than her sufferings.

"Another day dawned upon us. Boon was borne in a litter, and I crept trembling by her side, to the same hall of justice. Boon was subjected once more to the lash, the bastinado, and the thumb-screws, till she fell all but lifeless on the ground. It was all in vain; that woman possessed the heart of a lion; if they had torn her to pieces, she would not by the faintest sound have betrayed the only man she had loved in her sad life.

"The physicians were sent for to restore her to life again. She was not permitted the luxury of death. Then, when this was over, they bound up her wounds with old rags, gave her something to revive her, and laid her on a cool matting. My turn came, and her eyes fixed themselves upon me with an intensity that fairly made me shiver. They seemed to cry aloud to my inmost soul, saying as plainly as lips could speak, 'What is suffering, pain, or death compared to truth? Be true to yourself. Be true to your love. If you love another, you love not yourself. Flinch not. Bear bravely all they can inflict.' I shuddered as the judges began to question me, but I shuddered more whenever I met Boon's eyes, so fixed, so steadfast, so earnest, so appealing. I prevaricated. I told the judges lies. 'That letter was written as a joke to frighten my youngest sister. I was only playing. I know no man in the world but my father and brothers and my gracious master the king.'

My sister was summoned. If I could have spoken with her, she might have helped me in my strait; but the women who were sent to bring her questioned her before she knew what they were about, and she plainly exposed my lies to the judges.

"A messenger was despatched to the king. The judges feared to proceed to extreme measures with me, who had so lately been the plaything of their sovereign. After half an hour's delay, the instructions were received, and I was ordered to bare my back. A feeling of shame prevented me. I would not obey. I resisted with what strength I had. 'You may lash me with a million thongs' I said to them, 'but you shall not expose my person.' My silk vest torn off, my scarf was flung aside, my slippers were taken from my feet. My arms were stretched and tied to a post, and thus I was lashed. Every stroke that descended on my back maddened me into an obdurate silence. Boon's eyes searched into my soul. I understood their meaning. My flesh was laid open in fine thin stripes, but I do not remember flinching. My feet were then bastinadoed, and I still preserved, I know not how, my secret. Then there was a respite, and they gave me something to drink.

"In fifteen minutes I was once more exhorted to confess. The judges, finding me still unsubdued, ordered the thumb-screws to be administered. Not all the agonies, not all the horrors, I have ever heard of, can compare with the pain of that torture. It was beyond human endurance. 'O Boon, forgive me, forgive me,' I cried; 'it is impossible to bear it.' With Boon's eyes burning into my soul, I gasped out the beloved name. Boon threw up her arms, gave a wild shriek of terror, and became insensible.

"I was released from further punishment. Two of the pha-koons* were despatched for P'haya-P'hi-Chitt. He was betrayed to the king's officers for a heavy reward, and before noon was undergoing the same process of the law.

* Sheriffs.

When Boon was once more brought to life, she saw her husband in the hands of the executioners. She started upright, and supporting herself on her rigid arms and hands, cried out to the judges and to Khoon Thou App: 'O my lords! O my lady! listen to me. O believe me! It was all my doing. I am P'haya-P'hi-Chitt's wife. It was I who deceived the Lady Choy. It was I who put it into his head. Did I not? You can bear testimony to my guilt!' An ineffable smile beamed on her pale lips and in her dim eyes as they turned towards her husband.

"There was profound silence among the judges. P'haya-P'hi-Chitt, I, and even the rabble crowd of slaves listened to her with astonished countenances. There was an incontestable grandeur about the woman. Khoon Thou App, that stern and inflexible woman, had tears in her eyes, and her voice trembled as she asked, 'What was thy motive, O Boon?' There was no reply from Boon. There was no need to torture P'haya-P'hi-Chitt. He was chained and conveyed to the criminals' prison, and we were carried back to our cell.

"The report of our trial, and the confessions elicited, were sent to the king. That very night, at midnight, the sentence of death was pronounced by the Secret Council upon us three; but the most dreadful part of all was the nature of the sentence. Boon and I were to be quartered; P'haya-P'hi-Chitt hewn to pieces; and our bodies not burned, but cast to the dogs and vultures at Watt-Sah-Kate.*

"My sister Thiêng implored the king in vain to spare my life. My poor mother and father were prostrated with grief. As for Boon, she never uttered a single word, except in answer to my in-

* The rite of burning the body after death is held in great veneration by the Buddhists, as they believe that by this process its material parts are restored to the higher elements. Whereas burial, or the abandonment of the body to dogs and vultures, inspires a peculiar horror; since, according to their belief, the body must then return to the earth and pass through countless forms of the lower orders of creation, before it can again be fitted for the occupation of a human soul.

quiries, if she were suffering much, she said very gently, 'Chan bha lah pi thort,' — Let me say farewell, dear. Her pallor had become extreme, but her cheeks still burned, all the beauty of her spirit trembled on her closed eyelids. She appeared as one almost divine.

"On Sunday morning at four o'clock the faithful and matchless Boon was taken from our cell to undergo the sentence pronounced upon her and her husband. The day appointed for my execution, which was to be private, arrived; and I had no wish to live, now that P'haya-P'hi-Chitt and Boon were gone; but the women who attended me said that no preparations were as yet made for it. I wondered why I was permitted to live so long.

"After two weeks of cruel waiting to join my beloved Boon, I was removed to another cell, where my sister visited me, with the good Princess Somawati, her daughter, at whose earnest request, as I was told, the British Consul* had pleaded so effectually with the king that my life had been granted to his petition.

"Alas! it was Boon who deserved to live, and not I. I am not grateful

for a life that is little better than a curse to me. God sees that I speak the truth. Woe still hovers over me. It is the doom of guilt committed in some former lifetime. I am an outcast here, and in this world I have no part, while every day only lengthens out my life of sorrow."

Here the poor girl broke off, laid her head on the table and wept, as I never saw a human being weep, great tears of agony and remorse.

As soon as Choy left me, I hurried home and wrote down her narrative word for word, as nearly as I could; but I encountered then, as always, the almost insuperable difficulty of finding a fit clothing for the fervid Eastern imagery, in our colder and more precise English.

We became better friends. I maintained a constant oversight of her and persuaded her gradually out of her griefs. She learned in time to take a pleasure in her English studies, and found comfort in the love of Our Father in heaven. Without repining at her lot, hard as it was, or boasting of her knowledge, but with a loving, humble heart she read and blessed the language that brought her nearer to a compassionate Saviour.

Mrs. Leonowens.

A WESTERN VIEW OF INTER-STATE TRANSPORTATION.

OF the entire railway mileage of all countries, equivalent to four parallel tracks or lines around the globe, one fourth is in the United States; but the rapid extension of our railway system has scarcely kept pace with the development of our country, whose productions and interests are as varied as the elements of our population and the influences of our climate. The great natural highways of commerce must also be made available; and by improving our navigable rivers, and connecting them, by canals, with the seaports, we may immensely augment

the commercial resources and productive wealth of the nation. Our domestic commerce not only demands larger, but cheaper transportation facilities than the railways can supply.

The recent Washington Treaty, which, besides enlarging the scope of our fisheries, also perpetually dedicates the St. Lawrence to commercial freedom, will open a new chapter in the history of American commerce; for, while the products of the West can and will reach the ocean fleets by the cool and deep-water navigation of the Lakes and St. Lawrence, cheaper and

* Choy's life was spared at the intercession of Sir Robert J. H. Schombergk, her Britannic Majesty's Consul at Bangkok.

safer than by the heated and shallow water of the Mississippi, or by canal and rail, the merchandise of European countries can, in unbroken cargoes of five hundred tons, penetrate the heart of the American continent, and be delivered at the most distant points on the Western Lakes, as far as Chicago at the head of Lake Michigan, and Superior City and Duluth at the head of Lake Superior, at less cost than the same goods can be conveyed from Boston, New York, Philadelphia, or Baltimore, to the nearest of the Lake ports; and at far less than the price exacted by railway monopolies, between our principal manufacturing centres at the East and the various markets of the West.

Appropriations on a profligate scale are spasmodically made by Congress and the State Legislatures to promote schemes of varied merit, redounding immediately to the benefit of the corporations that obtain these subsidies, grants, and aids, and indirectly to the people whose property may be contiguous to, or whose business is increased by the creation of new facilities for commercial intercourse; but there is no well-devised and carefully adjusted system, on the part of the people and their government, in fostering and developing our domestic commerce, which, in magnitude and importance, already surpasses the foreign commerce of any five nations on the globe.

In the mean time the New England artisan finds that he can exchange a yard of calico for three loaves of bread in the Valley of the Mississippi; but only one of them reaches the hungry mouths of his family, for the two other loaves have been given away to the freight monopolists, a large proportion of whom are capitalists and residents of other countries. The Western farmer who raised the wheat cannot get the full value of his labor, because he has to raise ten bushels of wheat per acre for the carriers, before he can get the European prices of food for the remainder of his crop.

Descending to dry facts for a correct

exhibit of our commercial evils, we find that when millions of people, in the manufacturing districts of Europe and America, could not get food enough for their dependent families, corn was burned, as the cheapest available fuel, by farmers on our Western prairies, whose clothing was scant because they could not exchange food for raiment, on account of the cost of transportation. As recently as the last autumn, many millions of bushels of coal remained in flat-boats near the confluence of the Monongahela and Alleghany Rivers, during a prolonged drouth, while the manufacturing establishments and people of the States bordering on the Ohio River were facing a long and severe winter with a short supply of coal for business and household purposes.

The disparity in the valuations of natural products and manufactured articles between the various commercial centres of the Union, and the violent fluctuations in the market prices of all commodities of trade, unsettle the best devised plans, and render it difficult for any citizen, even with a fixed income or salary, to make accurate estimate of the results of the year before him, so long as the natural process of adjusting the valuations of those several commodities of commerce, on the basis of demand and supply, is thwarted by an arbitrary, expensive, and capricious system of exchanges, and by limited facilities of transportation, under the control of American and European monopolists, whose avarice is the measure of their consideration for the producers and consumers. The earnings of these are absorbed in supporting powerful corporations, now receiving the benefits that would accrue to the toiling millions of both continents if our internal lines of water communication were so developed as to supply cheaper, larger, and in every respect superior facilities for interchanging produce and merchandise between the points of production and consumption.

The Western States and Territories have attracted and continue to

draw valuable brain and muscle from the older communities of the Eastern States and Northern Europe. There is no more impressive scene in the world's great drama than that presented by the incoming multitudes from every nation and clime in Christendom, as they march, in formidable columns, into the newer, undeveloped, and more inviting fields of enterprise in the interior of the American Continent, and betake themselves to the work of organizing a society, which, in respect to its moral and material elements, as yet possesses more vigor than refinement, but which is rapidly consolidating into strength and symmetry. The West can raise its own food, and will soon manufacture its own cloth. The Western farmer is not so much alarmed at the few extra shillings he has to pay on a sack or barrel of salt, as he is at the more crushing fact that he is really farming on shares; and that after paying for the soil, and doing all the work, he must divide his crops, and give the transportationists and middle-men the greater portion of the products of his farm. There is a better appreciation of the needs and wants of the West among its settlers, as the area of cultivation enlarges, and the growth of Western commerce demands larger avenues for its movements; and the East should be true to its interests, and diligently co-operate in opening up every available line of internal water communication, in order to maintain a commercial intimacy with the industrious and productive millions in the Valley of the Mississippi.

Is it any wonder, that under the practical operation of such a system of effecting exchanges of products and merchandise, the necessity of encouraging manufactures in the West is becoming more apparent? Are the manufacturers of New England, New York, and Pennsylvania, with expensive land transportation, justified in leaning upon a moderate tariff on imports, that is contingent upon the rapidity with which Congress may decide to extinguish the national debt, when that

support is counteracted by the superior facilities possessed by European manufacturers for reaching the heart of the continent, by continuous deep-water navigation? The South, too, is engaged in a more diversified agriculture than prevailed under its former system of slave labor, and will soon manufacture its great staple into fabrics, instead of submitting to double freights across the Atlantic or half a continent.

Can New England, which produces only eleven quarts of wheat to each inhabitant, and requires, annually, \$50,000,000 worth of food from the West, afford to submit any longer to the expensive freight system on which our domestic commerce has been dependent? Can New York and Pennsylvania consent to buy food in the West for the seven millions of people in those two States, and pay land freights, when they can save \$25,000,000 annually by having available water lines of communication to and from the Mississippi Valley; and also have additional advantage over foreign manufacturers, by direct and cheap water freights, between the Empire and Key Stone States of the Union and the vast agricultural regions of the West, whose rapidly increasing population needs cheaper access to the coal fields, iron mines, and manufactories of the old Central and Eastern States?

The centre of the grain-growing region, which has, within a few years, been transferred from Ohio to Indiana, and again to Illinois, is now west of the Mississippi. The centre of demand for merchandise in the West is also constantly moving westward and more remote from former sources of supply. Western commerce must be supplied with cheaper and more abundant means of transportation than the rail affords; or the industry of the West must be so diversified as to enable its population to effect exchanges of produce and merchandise without continuing the exhaustive and intolerable system of relying upon foreign trade, which involves expense of transit equivalent to half the circumference of the globe.

Winter railroad freights to the seaboard, when relieved of competition by navigation, cost over seventy per cent of the price of wheat, when sold at \$ 1.00 per bushel in the West. During the autumn of 1869, when wheat ranged in price from forty to fifty cents per bushel in Minnesota and Iowa, and could not be sold for forty cents at some points within a hundred miles west of the Mississippi, wheat was selling in New York for \$ 1.37 per bushel. Sudden and large advances in prices of breadstuffs in European and Eastern markets have often been appropriated to the exclusive benefit of the carrying monopolists, and could not redound to the advantage of the Western farmers; as the freights were so adjusted, with reference to bountiful or short supplies, and prices of transportation, that the monopolists were masters of the situation. It is a very easy matter for railway companies to delay the transportation of the Western crops until after the close of navigation, so as to secure a steady business for the winter months; for the short time between harvest and frost calls into requisition larger facilities than are available for transit by rail.

The annual tonnage of our inland commerce amounts to over 25,000,000 tons; of which about one fifth passes through the Erie Canal, and another fifth passes over competing trunk lines of railway between the St. Lawrence and Potomac Rivers. The annual products of this country are estimated at over \$ 8,000,000,000, or about \$ 200 for each inhabitant. It is safe to put one fourth of this vast sum under the head of grass; which includes, not only the products of the dairy, amounting to over \$ 500,000,000, but also cattle, sheep and horses; for it is almost literally true that "all flesh is grass."

Our total imports amount, annually, to about \$ 500,000,000; the greater portion of which should be produced in this country, from raw materials that might be enhanced in value by the application of American labor and skill. Our total exports are claimed to be of

equal extent; but we have to export a million of dollars in gold and silver every week to adjust the balance of trade against us; while our exports of breadstuffs only equal our coin exports. We export in provisions and tallow about \$ 30,000,000; in tobacco, \$ 25,000,000; in oils and oil cake, \$ 40,000,000; in wood, iron, steel, and manufactures thereof, including machinery, \$ 27,000,000; in naval stores, \$ 4,000,000; animals, \$ 1,000,000; cotton manufactures, \$ 6,000,000; and round up the exports by sending out of the country, to be manufactured in foreign countries, \$ 175,000,000 of raw cotton, every pound of which should be increased fivefold in value through the process of manufacture by American mechanics, instead of sending it to Europe, to be manufactured and exported in valuable fabrics to this and other countries.

Authentic statistics, derived from traffic reports, show the relative average prices at which freight can be taken, per ton each mile, by rail, canal, river, lake, and ocean: at three cents by rail, at one cent by canal, including tolls; at three mills by river; at a quarter of a cent by lake; and at one and a quarter mills by sea, or \$ 3.75 per ton for 3,000 miles, which is less than the price paid for one hundred miles of ordinary railway transportation.

On the 25,000,000 tons of American productions, or domestic commerce, the total cost of transportation,

By rail would be per mile	\$ 750,000
The same by canal per mile	250,000
" by river per mile	75,000
" by lake per mile	62,500
" by ocean per mile	31,250

If the average distance these American commodities are transported is estimated at one half of the distance between the Mississippi and the Atlantic seaboard, the total amount saved by canal over rail would be \$ 250,000,000. One appropriation of this amount judiciously expended during five years in perfecting our system of internal water communications would double the commercial capacity and productive wealth of the nation.

The Mississippi, Ohio, and Missouri Rivers, by an expenditure of less than \$10,000,000, can be made available, during two thirds of the year, for safe navigation, between New Orleans, St. Paul, and Pittsburg, with steamers of two thousand tons' capacity, and with steamers of one thousand tons' capacity between the Mississippi and Fort Benton. The Tennessee River might also be made available for boats of a thousand tons' capacity under this appropriation. By an expenditure of \$40,000,000, — or about the cost of the Erie Canal, which has received tribute, chiefly on Western commerce, in tolls amounting to over \$75,000,000, — we might have the completion of the great continuous Central Line of water communication. of an annual freighting capacity of 7,000,000 tons, between the Ohio River and Chesapeake Bay or Hampton Roads *via* the Kanawha and James Rivers and canal, according to the programme of its projectors and early friends. Among these were General Washington, then ex-President; Mr. Madison, afterwards President; Mr. Tyler, father of President John Tyler; Benjamin Harrison, father of President William H. Harrison; Edmund Randolph, formerly a member of President Washington's Cabinet; and other distinguished citizens of Virginia.

The Virginia water-line of communication, on which about \$10,000,000 have already been expended, has the hearty approval of such trustworthy civil and hydraulic engineers as Captain McNeil, of the United States Topographical Engineers, Messrs. Edward Lorraine, Benjamin H. Latrobe, Benjamin Wright, Edward H. Gill, Charles B. Fisk, and Judge Wright, all of whom concur in the feasibility of the line as projected, for the transit of boats of 280 tons' capacity. This line extends from the capes of Virginia to the Ohio River, a distance of 636 miles, and consists of the James River from its mouth to the head of navigation, at the city of Richmond, a distance of 151 miles; and by the James River and Kanawha improvement of 485 miles,

of which about 277 miles will be canal and 208 miles river navigation. This should be a government work; for its benefits would be of national dimensions. It is a line of water communication that would be available for nearly the entire year.

It would emancipate the commerce of one half of the States of the Union from burdens that render the industry of twenty millions of people measurably unproductive. It would regulate the railway freight tariffs between the Atlantic and the Mississippi. It would increase the value of the lands of the Western States five times its cost. It would enhance the value of Western products annually to an extent nearly or quite equal to the entire cost of the improvement. It would diffuse the commercial facilities of the nation among millions of people who have long been deprived of needed means of communication, and would also attract immigration to regions of country that have been neglected because they were inaccessible to markets.

In addition to the Southern water-line by the Mississippi, and the Central water-line by the Ohio, Kanawha, and James Rivers and canal, there is like necessity for the perfection of the Northern water-line between the Upper Mississippi and lakes *via* the Wisconsin and Fox Rivers, which run in opposite directions a mile apart from the centre of Wisconsin, with a lock canal between them, and only seven feet difference in elevation, — the Wisconsin emptying into the Mississippi, and the Fox into Green Bay and Lake Michigan, and both being navigable, by improvements costing less than \$5,000,000, to steamers of five hundred tons' capacity. The governors of Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri, and Nebraska have urged this measure upon the attention of Congress; and General Warren, after careful examination, has reported favorably on the project. Over one million of dollars of private capital have been expended in the Fox River navigation improvements. Steamers of considerable capacity

(over two hundred tons) have passed through these waters, between Lake Michigan or Green Bay and the Mississippi. To complete the great Northern water-line, the Erie Canal should be assumed as a government work, and so enlarged as to double its freighting capacity from five to ten millions of tons annually. These improvements have received the hearty recommendation of our national commercial conventions.

The Illinois River should also be improved; and thus at either and both ends of Lake Michigan there would be communication with the Valley of the Mississippi at points which would enable freight from Minnesota and Iowa to reach lake navigation through two navigable channels across Wisconsin and Illinois, and add largely to the value of property in those States; while with the St. Lawrence as a competitor, at the north, there would be no more imposition upon Western commerce of illiberal canal tolls by the State of New York.

There should be a National Board of Commerce, composed of and auxiliary to, or controlled by, the Congressional Committees on Commerce, free from metropolitan or State control, and assisted by the most skilful of engineers in the service of the general government, to attend to the development of our domestic commerce by a system of improvements in our inland navigation. If New York can neutralize the acts of Congress by denying charters for canals that may not be tributary to her system of navigation, which has too long been operated in an illiberal spirit; and if New Jersey can exact a head-tax of one dollar for every person who passes through that State to or from other States; and if bridge obstructions are to be multiplied, to an unlimited extent, on our navigable rivers, — there can be no security to the larger interests of the nation; for one State can legislate to the detriment of a dozen States. There should be, agreeably with the power vested in Congress, a national policy

for all matters affecting the commercial interests of the entire country, as these several proposed water-lines of communication should be regarded as parts and parcels of one grand national system of navigation.

The Mississippi Valley, which comprises an area of about 2,600,000 square miles, is greater than that of all Europe, exclusive of Russia, Norway, and Sweden; and has an inland navigation of 9,000 miles, of which over 2,000 miles are on the Mississippi River, between the Falls of St. Anthony and New Orleans. The Missouri, with 2,644 miles of navigation up to Fort Benton, and the Ohio, with 975 miles of navigation between Cairo and Pittsburgh, are tributaries capable of bearing a commerce of enormous proportions. Other important tributaries of these streams should also be included in the great national system of internal navigation and improvements; such as the Minnesota, with 300 miles of navigation; the Wisconsin and Illinois, each with 150 miles of navigable water; the Tennessee, with 600 miles of navigation; the Cumberland and tributaries, with slack-water improvements, having a navigation of 900 miles; the Arkansas, with 600 miles; the Red, with 330 miles in low water, and 820 miles in flood; the White, with 175 miles; the Yazoo, with 240 miles; and several rivers of smaller navigable capacity, that are available for commercial purposes. Nor should we neglect the 800 miles of navigation on the Columbia River; which reduces the land transportation, between the Northern Atlantic and the Northern Pacific coasts to about 1,400 miles, from the navigable waters of that river to Lake Superior, this being, obviously, the highway of the nations. Some skilful engineer will yet demonstrate the feasibility, as commerce will assert the necessity, of a canal of large capacity on that route. With the great lakes at the North, auxiliary to the available river and canal navigation, this continent would be supplied by avenues of commerce, for the distribu-

tion of American products, in endless variety and unlimited quantity, to and from all portions of our common country. To bring these elements of national strength and wealth into harmonious and reciprocal relations, there should be inaugurated a system of internal improvements that will embrace the whole country for its field of operation.

It was with this object in view that the National Commercial Convention, which assembled in Baltimore last September, unanimously adopted the following resolution, which was proposed by Charles Seymour of Wisconsin, seconded by Charles S. Carrington of Virginia, and reported by the Committee on Internal Water-Line Communications, of which John H. Kennard, of Louisiana, was chairman:—

“Resolved, That the first of the series of National Commercial Annual Conventions, now assembled at Baltimore, having for its chief object the consid-

eration, recommendation, and encouragement of such measures of public importance and utility as tend to develop the resources, to augment the wealth, and to facilitate the commerce of the whole country, deems it proper to declare, at the outset of their career of usefulness and beneficence, that the great industrial, agricultural, and commercial interests of the nation demand, at the hands of the government of the United States, a wise, liberal, and vigorous policy, in promoting, improving, and developing the natural and artificial channels of water communication between the interior of the continent and the seaboard; for the purpose of cheapening the cost of transportation of produce and merchandise between the various sections of our common country, as the most available and effectual means of promoting the general welfare, of achieving the greatest amount of public good, and of attaining commercial supremacy among the nations.”

Charles Seymour.

ASPECTS OF THE PINES.

TALL, sombre, grim, against the morning sky
They rise, scarce touched by melancholy airs
That thrill the fadeless foliage dreamfully,
As if from realms of mystical despairs.

Tall, sombre, grim, they stand with dusky gleams
Trembling to gold within the woodland's core,
Beneath the gracious noontide's tranquil beams:
But the weird winds of morning sigh no more.

A stillness strange, divine, ineffable
Broods round and o'er them in the wind's surcease,
While on each tinted copse and shimmering dell
Rests the mute rapture of deep-hearted peace.

Last, sunset comes; the solemn joy and might
Borne from the west, when cloudless day declines;
Low, flute-like breezes sweep the waves of light,
And lifting dark-green tresses of the pines,

Till every lock is luminous, gently float,
Fraught with hale odors up the heavens afar,
To faint where Twilight on her virginal throat
Wears for a gem the tremulous vesper star.

Paul H. Hayne.

THE POET AT THE BREAKFAST-TABLE.

IX.

THERE was no sooner a vacancy on our side of the table, than the Master proposed a change of seats which would bring the Young Astronomer into our immediate neighborhood. The Scarabee was to move into the place of our late unlamented associate, the Man of Letters, so called. I was to take his place, the Master to take mine, and the young man that which had been occupied by the Master. The advantages of this change were obvious. The Old Master likes an audience, plainly enough; and with myself on one side of him, and the young student of science, whose speculative turn is sufficiently shown in the passages from his poem, on the other side, he may feel quite sure of being listened to. There is only one trouble in the arrangement, and that is that it brings this young man not only close to us, but also next to our Scheherazade.

I am obliged to confess that he has shown occasional marks of inattention even while the Master was discoursing in a way that I found agreeable enough. I am quite sure it is no intentional disrespect to the Old Master. It seems to me rather that he has become interested in the astronomical lessons he has been giving the Young Girl. He has studied so much alone, that it is naturally a pleasure to him to impart some of his knowledge. As for his young pupil, she has often thought of being a teacher herself, so that she is of course very glad to acquire any accomplishment that may be useful to her in that capacity. I do not see any reason why some of the boarders should have made such remarks as they have done. One cannot teach astronomy to advantage, without going out of doors, though I confess that when two young people go out *by daylight* to study the stars, as these young folks have done once or twice, I do not so much wonder at a remark or

suggestion from those who have nothing better to do than study their neighbors.

I ought to have told the reader before this that I found, as I suspected, that our innocent-looking Scheherazade was at the bottom of the popgun business. I watched her very closely, and one day, when the little monkey made us all laugh by stopping the Member of the Haouse in the middle of a speech he was repeating to us, — it was his great effort of the season on a bill for the protection of horn-pout in Little Muddy River, — I caught her making the signs that set him going. At a slight tap of her knife against her plate, he got all ready and presently I saw her cross her knife and fork upon her plate, and as she did so, pop! went the small piece of artillery. The Member of the Haouse was just saying that this bill hit his constitooents in their most vital — when a pellet hit him in the feature of his countenance most exposed to aggressions and least tolerant of liberties. The Member resented this unparliamentary treatment by jumping up from his chair and giving the small aggressor a good shaking, at the same time seizing the implement which had caused his wrath and breaking it into splinters. The Boy blubbered, the Young Girl changed color, and looked as if she would cry, and that was the last of these interruptions.

I must own that I have sometimes wished we had the popgun back, for it answered all the purpose of “the previous question” in a deliberative assembly. No doubt the Young Girl was capricious in setting the little engine at work, but she cut short a good many disquisitions that threatened to be tedious. I find myself often wishing for her and her small fellow-conspirator’s intervention, in company where I am supposed to be enjoying myself. When

my friend the politician gets too far into the personal details of the *quorum pars magna fui*, I find myself all at once exclaiming in mental articulation, Popgun ! When my friend the storyteller begins that protracted narrative which has often emptied me of all my voluntary laughter for the evening, he has got but a very little way when I say to myself, What would n't I give for a pellet from that popgun ! In short, so useful has that trivial implement proved as a jaw-stopper and a *boricide*, that I never go to a club or a dinner-party, without wishing the company included our Scheherazade and That Boy with his popgun.

How clearly I see now into the mechanism of the Young Girl's audacious contrivance for regulating our table-talk ! Her brain is tired half the time, and she is too nervous to listen patiently to what a quieter person would like well enough, or at least would not be annoyed by. It amused her to invent a scheme for managing the headstrong talkers, and also let off a certain spirit of mischief which in some of these nervous girls shows itself in much more questionable forms. How cunning these half-hysteric young persons are, to be sure ! I had to watch a long time before I detected the telegraphic communication between the two conspirators. I have no doubt she had sedulously schooled the little monkey to his business, and found great delight in the task of instruction.

But now that our Scheherazade has become a scholar instead of a teacher, she seems to be undergoing a remarkable transformation. Astronomy is indeed a noble science. It may well kindle the enthusiasm of a youthful nature. I fancy at times that I see something of that starry light which I noticed in the young man's eyes gradually kindling in hers. But can it be astronomy alone that does it ? Her color comes and goes more readily than when the Old Master sat next her on the left. It is having this young man at her side, I suppose. Of course it is. I watch her with great, I may say tender interest.

VOL. XXX. — NO. 179.

23

If he would only fall in love with her, seize upon her wandering affections and fancies as the Romans seized the Sabine virgins, lift her out of herself and her listless and weary drudgeries, stop the outflow of this young life which is draining itself away in forced literary labor — dear me, dear me — if, if, if —

"If I were God

An' ye were Martin Elginbrod !"

I am afraid all this may never be. I fear that he is too much given to lonely study, to self-companionship, to all sorts of questionings, to looking at life as at a solemn show where he is only a spectator. I dare not build up a romance on what I have yet seen. My reader may, but I will answer for nothing. I shall wait and see.

The Old Master and I have at last made that visit to the Scarabee which we had so long promised ourselves.

When we knocked at his door he came and opened it, instead of saying, Come in. He was surprised, I have no doubt, at the sound of our footsteps ; for he rarely has a visitor, except the little monkey of a boy, and he may have thought a troop of marauders were coming to rob him of his treasures. Collectors feel so rich in the possession of their rarer specimens, that they forget how cheap their precious things seem to common eyes, and are as afraid of being robbed as if they were dealers in diamonds. They have the name of stealing from each other now and then, it is true, but many of their priceless possessions would hardly tempt a beggar. Values are artificial : you will not be able to get ten cents of the year 1799 for a dime.

The Scarabee was reassured as soon as he saw our faces, and he welcomed us not ungraciously into his small apartment. It was hard to find a place to sit down, for all the chairs were already occupied by cases and boxes full of his favorites. I began, therefore, looking round the room. Bugs of every size and aspect met my eyes wherever they turned. I felt for the moment as I suppose a man may feel in a fit of de-

lirium tremens. Presently my attention was drawn towards a very odd-looking insect on the mantel-piece. This animal was incessantly raising its arms as if towards heaven and clasping them together, as though it were wrestling in prayer.

Do look at this creature, — I said to the Master, — he seems to be very hard at work at his devotions.

Mantis religiosa, — said the Master, — I know the praying rogue. Mighty devout and mighty cruel; crushes everything he can master, or impales it on his spiny shanks and feeds upon it, like a gluttonous wretch as he is. I have seen the *Mantis religiosa* on a larger scale than this, now and then. A sacred insect, sir, — sacred to many tribes of men; to the Hottentots, to the Turks, yes, sir, and to the Frenchmen, who call the rascal *prie dieu*, and believe him to have special charge of children that have lost their way. Does n't it seem as if there was a vein of satire as well as of fun that ran through the solemn manifestations of creative wisdom? And of deception too — do you see how nearly those dried leaves resemble an insect?

They do, indeed, — I answered, — but not so closely as to deceive me. They remind me of an insect, but I could not mistake them for one.

— O, you could n't mistake those dried leaves for an insect, hey? Well, how can you mistake that insect for dried leaves? That is the question; for insect it is, — *phyllum siccifolium*, the "walking leaf," as some have called it. — The Master had a hearty laugh at my expense.

The Scarabee did not seem to be amused at the Master's remarks or at my blunder. Science is always perfectly serious to him; and he would no more laugh over anything connected with his study, than a clergyman would laugh at a funeral.

They send me all sorts of trumpery, — he said, — Orthoptera and Lepidoptera; as if a coleopterist — a scarabeeist — cared for such things. This business is no boy's play to me. The

insect population of the world is not even catalogued yet, and a lifetime given to the scarabees is a small contribution enough to their study. I like your men of general intelligence well enough, — your Linnæuses and your Buffons and your Cuviers; but Cuvier had to go to Latreille for his insects, and if Latreille had been able to consult me, — yes, me, gentlemen! — he would n't have made the blunders he did about some of the coleoptera.

The Old Master, as I think you must have found out by this time, — you, Beloved, I mean, who read every word, — has a reasonably good opinion, as perhaps he has a right to have, of his own intelligence and acquirements. The Scarabee's exultation and glow as he spoke of the errors of the great entomologist which he himself could have corrected, had the effect on the Old Master which a lusty crow has upon the feathered champion of the neighboring barn-yard. He too knew something about insects. Had he not discovered a new *tabanus*? Had he not made preparations of the very coleoptera the Scarabee studied so exclusively, — preparations which the illustrious Swammerdam would not have been ashamed of, and dissected a *melolontha* as exquisitely as Strauss Durckheim himself ever did it? So the Master, recalling these studies of his and certain difficult and disputed points at which he had labored in one of his entomological paroxysms, put a question which there can be little doubt was intended to puzzle the Scarabee, and perhaps, — for the best of us is human (I am beginning to love the Old Master, but he has his little weaknesses, thank Heaven, like the rest of us), — I say *perhaps*, was meant to show that some folks knew as much about some things as some other folks.

The little dried-up specialist did not dilate into fighting dimensions as — *perhaps*, again — the Master may have thought he would. He looked a mild surprise, but remained as quiet as one of his own beetles when you touch him and he makes believe he is dead. The

blank silence became oppressive. Was the Scarabee crushed, as so many of his namesakes are crushed, under the heel of this trampling omniscient?

At last the Scarabee creaked out very slowly, "Did I understand you to ask the following question, to wit?" and so forth; for I was quite out of my depth, and only know that he repeated the Master's somewhat complex inquiry, word for word.

— That was exactly my question, — said the Master, — and I hope it is not uncivil to ask one which seems to me to be a puzzler.

Not uncivil in the least, — said the Scarabee, with something as much like a look of triumph as his dry face permitted, — not uncivil at all, but a rather extraordinary question to ask at this date of entomological history. I settled that question some years ago, by a series of dissections, six-and-thirty in number, reported in an essay I can show you and would give you a copy of, but that I am a little restricted in my revenue, and our Society has to be economical, so I have but this one. You see, sir, — and he went on with elytra and antennæ and tarsi and metatarsi and tracheæ and stomata and wing-muscles and leg-muscles and ganglions, — all plain enough, I do not doubt, to those accustomed to handling dor-bugs and squash-bugs and such undesirable objects of affection to all but naturalists.

He paused when he got through, not for an answer, for there evidently was none, but to see how the Master would take it. The Scarabee had had it all his own way.

The Master was loyal to his own generous nature. He felt as a peaceful citizen might feel who had squared off at a stranger for some supposed wrong, and suddenly discovered that he was undertaking to chastise Mr. Dick Curtis "the pet of the Fancy," or Mr. Joshua Hudson, "the John Bull fighter."

He felt the absurdity of his discomfiture, for he turned to me good-naturedly, and said, —

"Poor Johnny Raw! What madness could impel
So rum a flat to face so prime a swell?"

To tell the truth, I rather think the Master enjoyed his own defeat. The Scarabee had a right to his victory; a man does not give his life to the study of a single limited subject for nothing, and the moment we come across a first-class expert we begin to take a pride in his superiority. It cannot offend us, who have no right at all to be his match on his own ground. Besides, there is a very curious sense of satisfaction in getting a fair chance to sneer at ourselves and scoff at our own pretensions. The first person of our dual consciousness has been smirking and rubbing his hands and felicitating himself on his innumerable superiorities, until we have grown a little tired of him. Then, when the other fellow, the critic, the cynic, the Shimei, who has been quiet, letting self-love and self-glorification have their perfect work, opens fire upon the first half of our personality and overwhelms it with that wonderful vocabulary of abuse of which he is the unrivalled master, there is no denying that he enjoys it immensely; and as he is himself for the moment, or at least the chief portion of himself (the other half-self retiring into a dim corner of semiconsciousness and cowering under the storm of sneers and contumely, — you follow me perfectly, Beloved, — the way is as plain as the path of the babe to the maternal fount), as, I say, the abusive fellow is the chief part of us for the time, and *he* likes to exercise his slanderous vocabulary, *we* on the whole enjoy a brief season of self-depreciation and self-scolding very heartily.

It is quite certain that both of us, the Master and myself, conceived on the instant a respect for the Scarabee which we had not before felt. He had grappled with one difficulty at any rate and mastered it. He had settled one thing, at least, so it appeared, in such a way that it was not to be brought up again. And now he was determined, if it cost him the effort of all his remaining days, to close another

discussion and put forever to rest the anxious doubts about the larva of meloë.

— Your thirty-six dissections must have cost you a deal of time and labor, — the Master said.

— What have I to do with time, but to fill it up with labor? — answered the Scarabee. — It is my meat and drink to work over my beetles. My holidays are when I get a rare specimen. My rest is to watch the habits of insects, — those that I do not pretend to study. * Here is my *muscarium*, my home for house-flies; very interesting creatures; here they breed and buzz and feed and enjoy themselves, and die in a good old age of a few months. My favorite insect lives in this other case; she is at home, but in her private chamber; you shall see her.

He tapped on the glass lightly, and a large, gray, hairy spider came forth from the hollow of a funnel-like web.

— And this is all the friend you have to love? — said the Master, with a tenderness in his voice which made the question very significant.

— Nothing else loves me better than she does, that I know of, — he answered.

— To think of it! Not even a dog to lick his hand, or a cat to purr and rub her fur against him! O, these boarding-houses, these boarding-houses! What forlorn people one sees stranded on their desolate shores! Decayed gentlewomen with the poor wrecks of what once made their households beautiful, disposed around them in narrow chambers as they best may be, coming down day after day, poor souls! to sit at the board with strangers; their hearts full of sad memories which have no language but a sigh, no record but the lines of sorrow on their features; orphans, creatures with growing tendrils and nothing to cling to; lonely rich men, casting about them what to do with the wealth they never knew how to enjoy, when they shall no longer worry over keeping and increasing it; young men and young

women, left to their instincts, unguarded, unwatched, save by malicious eyes, which are sure to be found and to find occupation in these miscellaneous collections of human beings; and now and then a shred of humanity like this little adust specialist, with just the resources needed to keep the "radical moisture" from entirely exhaling from his attenuated organism, and busying himself over a point of science, or compiling a hymn-book, or editing a grammar or a dictionary; — such are the tenants of boarding-houses whom we cannot think of without feeling how sad it is when the wind is not tempered to the shorn lamb; when the solitary, whose hearts are shrivelling, are not set in families!

The Master was greatly interested in the Scarabee's *Muscarium*.

— I don't remember, — he said, — that I have heard of such a thing as that before. Mighty curious creatures, these same house-flies! Talk about miracles! Was there ever anything more miraculous, so far as our common observation goes, than the coming and the going of these creatures? Why did n't Job ask where the flies come from and where they go to? I did not say that you and I don't know, but how many people do know anything about it? Where are the cradles of the young flies? Where are the cemeteries of the dead ones, or do they die at all except when we kill them? You think all the flies of the year are dead and gone, and there comes a warm day and all at once there is a general resurrection of 'em; they had been taking a nap, that is all.

— I suppose you do not trust your spider in the *Muscarium*? — said I, addressing the Scarabee.

— Not exactly, — he answered, — she is a terrible creature. She loves me, I think, but she is a killer and a cannibal among other insects. I wanted to pair her with a male spider, but it would n't do.

— Would n't do? — said I, — why not? Don't spiders have their mates as well as other folks?

— O yes, sometimes ; but the females are apt to be particular, and if they don't like the mate you offer them they fall upon him and kill him and eat him up. You see they are a great deal bigger and stronger than the males, and they are always hungry and not always particularly anxious to have one of the other sex bothering round.

— Woman's rights ! — said I, — there you have it ! Why don't those talking ladies take a spider as their emblem ? Let them form arachnoid associations, — spinsters and spiders would be a good motto.

— The Master smiled. I think it was an eleemosynary smile, for my pleasantry seems to me a particularly *basso rilievo*, as I look upon it in cold blood. But conversation at the best is only a thin sprinkling of occasional felicities set in platitudes and common-places. I never heard people talk like the characters in the "School for Scandal," — I should very much like to. — I say the Master smiled. But the Scarabee did not relax a muscle of his countenance.

— There are persons whom the very mildest of *facetiae* sets off into such convulsions of laughter, that one is afraid lest they should injure themselves. Even when a jest misses fire completely, so that it is no jest at all, but only a jocular intention, they laugh just as heartily. Leave out the point of your story, get the word wrong on the duplicity of which the pun that was to excite hilarity depended, and they still honor your abortive attempt with the most lusty and vociferous merriment.

There is a very opposite class of persons whom anything in the nature of a joke perplexes, troubles, and even sometimes irritates, seeming to make them think they are trifled with, if not insulted. If you are fortunate enough to set the whole table laughing, one of this class of persons will look inquiringly round, as if something had happened, and, seeing everybody apparently amused but himself, feel as if he was being laughed at, or at any rate as if

something had been said which he was not to hear. Often, however, it does not go so far as this, and there is nothing more than mere insensibility to the cause of other people's laughter, a sort of joke-blindness, comparable to the well-known color-blindness with which many persons are afflicted as a congenital incapacity.

I have never seen the Scarabee smile. I have seen him take off his goggles, — he breakfasts in these occasionally, — I suppose when he has been tiring his poor old eyes out over night gazing through his microscope, — I have seen him take his goggles off, I say, and stare about him, when the rest of us were laughing at something which amused us, but his features betrayed nothing more than a certain bewilderment, as if we had been foreigners talking in an unknown tongue. I do not think it was a mere fancy of mine that he bears a kind of resemblance to the tribe of insects he gives his life to studying. His shiny black coat ; his rounded back, convex with years of stooping over his minute work ; his angular movements, made natural to him by his habitual style of manipulation ; the aridity of his organism, with which his voice is in perfect keeping ; — all these marks of his special sedentary occupation are so nearly what might be expected, and indeed so much in accordance with the more general fact that a man's aspect is subdued to the look of what he works in, that I do not feel disposed to accuse myself of exaggeration in my account of the Scarabee's appearance. But I think he has learned something else of his coleopterous friends. The beetles never smile. Their physiognomy is not adapted to the display of the emotions ; the lateral movement of their jaws being effective for alimentary purposes, but very limited in its gamut of expression. It is with these unemotional beings that the Scarabee passes his life. He has but one object, and that is perfectly serious, to his mind, in fact, of absorbing interest and importance. In one aspect of the matter he is quite right, for if the Crea-

tor has taken the trouble to make one of his creatures in just such a way and not otherwise, from the beginning of its existence on our planet in ages of unknown remoteness to the present time, the man who first explains His idea to us is charged with a revelation. It is by no means impossible that there may be angels in the celestial hierarchy to whom it would be new and interesting. I have often thought that spirits of a higher order than man might be willing to learn something from a human mind like that of Newton, and I see no reason why an angelic being might not be glad to hear a lecture from Mr. Huxley, or Mr. Tyndall, or one of our friends at Cambridge.

I have been sinuous as the banks of Forth seen from Stirling Castle, or as that other river which threads the Berkshire valley and runs, a perennial stream, through my memory, — from which I please myself with thinking that I have learned to wind without fretting against the shore, or forgetting where I am flowing, — sinuous, I say, but not jerky, — no, not jerky or hard to follow for a reader of the right sort, in the prime of life and full possession of his or her faculties.

— All this last page or so, you readily understand, has been my private talk with you, the Reader. The *cue* of the conversation which I interrupted by this digression is to be found in the words “a good motto,” from which I begin my account of the visit again.

— Do you receive many visitors, — I mean vertebrates, not articulates? — said the Master.

I thought this question might perhaps bring *il disiato riso*, the long-wished-for smile, but the Scarabee interpreted it in the simplest zoological sense, and neglected its hint of playfulness with the most absolute unconsciousness, apparently, of anything not entirely serious and literal.

— You mean friends, I suppose, — he answered. — I have correspondents, but I have no friends except this spider.

I live alone, except when I go to my subsection meetings; I get a box of insects now and then, and send a few beetles to coleopterists in other entomological districts; but science is exacting, and a man that wants to leave his record has not much time for friendship. There is no great chance either for making friends among naturalists. People that are at work on different things do not care a great deal for each other's specialties, and people that work on the same thing are always afraid lest one should get ahead of the other, or steal some of his ideas before he has made them public. There are none too many people you can trust in your laboratory. I thought I had a friend once, but he watched me at work and stole the discovery of a new species from me, and, what is more, had it named after himself. Since that time I have liked spiders better than men. They are hungry and savage, but at any rate they spin their own webs out of their own insides. I like very well to talk with gentlemen that *play* with my branch of entomology; I do not doubt it amused you, and if *you* want to see anything I can show you, I shall have no scruple in letting you see it. I have never had any complaint to make of amateurs.

— Upon my honor, — I would hold my right hand up and take my Bible-oath, if it was not busy with the pen at this moment, — I do not believe the Scarabee had the least idea in the world of the satire on the student of the Order of Things implied in his invitation to the “amatoor.” As for the Master, he stood fire perfectly, as he always does; but the idea that he, who had worked a considerable part of several seasons at examining and preparing insects, who believed himself to have given a new *tabanus* to the catalogue of native diptera, the idea that *he* was playing with science, and might be trusted anywhere as a harmless amateur, from whom no expert could possibly fear any anticipation of his unpublished discoveries, went beyond anything set down in that book of his which con-

tained so much of the strainings of his wisdom.

The poor little Scarabee began fidgeting round about this time, and uttering some half-audible words, apologetical, partly, and involving an allusion to refreshments. As he spoke, he opened a small cupboard, and as he did so out bolted an uninvited tenant of the same, long in person, sable in hue, and swift of movement, on seeing which the Scarabee simply said, without emotion, *blatta*, but I, forgetting what was due to good manners, exclaimed *cockroach!*

We could not make up our minds to tax the Scarabee's hospitality, already levied upon by the voracious articulate. So we both alleged a state of utter repletion, and did not solve the mystery of the contents of the cupboard, — not too luxurious, it may be conjectured, and yet kindly offered, so that we felt there was a moist filament of the social instinct running like a nerve through that exsiccated and almost anhydrous organism.

We left him with professions of esteem and respect which were real. We had gone, not to scoff, but very probably to smile, and I will not say we did not. But the Master was more thoughtful than usual.

— If I had not solemnly dedicated myself to the study of the Order of Things, — he said, — I do verily believe I would give what remains to me of life to the investigation of some single point I could utterly eviscerate and leave finally settled for the instruction and, it may be, the admiration of all coming time. The keel ploughs ten thousand leagues of ocean and leaves no trace of its deep-graven furrows. The chisel scars only a few inches on the face of a rock, but the story it has traced is read by a hundred generations. The eagle leaves no track of his path, no memory of the place where he built his nest; but a patient mollusk has bored a little hole in a marble column of the temple of Serapis, and the monument of his labor outlasts the altar and the statue of the divinity.

— Whew! — said I to myself, — that sounds a little like what we college boys used to call a "s squirt." — The Master guessed my thought and said, smiling,

— That is from one of my old lectures. A man's tongue wags along quietly enough, but his pen begins prancing as soon as it touches paper. I know what you are thinking — you're thinking this is a *squirt*. That word has taken the nonsense out of a good many high-stepping fellows. But it did a good deal of harm too, and it was a vulgar lot that applied it oftenest.

I am at last perfectly satisfied that our Landlady has no designs on the Capitalist, and as well convinced that any fancy of mine that he was like to make love to her was a mistake. The good woman is too much absorbed in her children, and more especially in "the Doctor," as she delights to call her son, to be the prey of any foolish desire of changing her condition. She is doing very well as it is, and if the young man succeeds, as I have little question that he will, I think it probable enough that she will retire from her position as the head of a boarding-house. We have all liked the good woman who have lived with her, — I mean we three friends who have put ourselves on record. Her talk, I must confess, is a little diffuse and not always absolutely correct, according to the standard of the great Worcester; she is subject to lachrymose cataclysms and semiconvulsive upheavals when she reverts in memory to her past trials, and especially when she recalls the virtues of her deceased spouse, who was, I suspect, an adjunct such as one finds not rarely annexed to a capable matron in charge of an establishment like hers; that is to say, an easy-going, harmless, fetch-and-carry, carve-and-help, get-out-of-the-way kind of neuter, who comes up three times (as they say drowning people do) every day, namely, at breakfast, dinner, and tea, and disappears, submerged beneath the waves of life, during the intervals of these events.

It is a source of genuine delight to me, who am of a kindly nature enough, according to my own reckoning, to watch the good woman, and see what looks of pride and affection she bestows upon her Benjamin, and how, in spite of herself, the maternal feeling betrays its influence in her dispensations of those delicacies which are the exceptional element in our entertainments. I will not say that Benjamin's mess, like his Scripture namesake's, is five times as large as that of any of the others, for this would imply either an economical distribution to the guests in general or heaping the poor young man's plate in a way that would spoil the appetite of an Esquimaux, but you may be sure he fares well if anybody does; and I would have you understand that our Landlady knows what is what as well as who is who.

I begin really to entertain very sanguine expectations of young Doctor Benjamin Franklin. He has lately been treating a patient whose good-will may prove of great importance to him. The Capitalist hurt one of his fingers somehow or other, and requested our young doctor to take a look at it. The young doctor asked nothing better than to take charge of the case, which proved more serious than might have been at first expected, and kept him in attendance more than a week. There was one very odd thing about it. The Capitalist seemed to have an idea that he was like to be ruined in the matter of bandages, — small strips of worn linen which any old woman could have spared him from her rag-bag, but which, with that strange perversity which long habits of economy give to a good many elderly people, he seemed to think were as precious as if they had been turned into paper and stamped with promises to pay in thousands, from the national treasury. It was impossible to get this whim out of him, and the young doctor had tact enough to humor him in it. All this did not look very promising for the state of mind in which the patient was like to receive his bill for attendance when

that should be presented. Doctor Benjamin was man enough, however, to come up to the mark, and sent him in such an account as it was becoming to send a man of ample means who had been diligently and skilfully cared for. He looked forward with some uncertainty as to how it would be received. Perhaps his patient would try to beat him down, and Doctor Benjamin made up his mind to have the whole or nothing. Perhaps he would pay the whole amount, but with a look, and possibly a word, that would make every dollar of it burn like a blister.

Doctor Benjamin's conjectures were not unnatural, but quite remote from the actual fact. As soon as his patient had got entirely well, the young physician sent in his bill. The Capitalist requested him to step into his room with him, and paid the full charge in the handsomest and most gratifying way, thanking him for his skill and attention, and assuring him that he had had great satisfaction in submitting himself to such competent hands, and should certainly apply to him again in case he should have any occasion for a medical adviser. We must not be too sagacious in judging people by the little excrescences of their character. *Ex pede Herculem* may often prove safe enough, but *ex verruca Tullium* is liable to mislead a hasty judge of his fellow-men.

I have studied the people called misers and thought a good deal about them. In former years I used to keep a little gold by me in order to ascertain for myself exactly the amount of pleasure to be got out of handling it; this being the traditional delight of the old-fashioned miser. It is by no means to be despised. Three or four hundred dollars in double-eagles will do very well to experiment on. There is something very agreeable in the yellow gleam, very musical in the metallic clink, very satisfying in the singular weight, and very stimulating in the feeling that all the world over these same yellow disks are the master-keys that let one in wherever he wants to go,

the servants that bring him pretty nearly everything he wants, except virtue, — and a good deal of what passes for that. I confess, then, to an honest liking for the splendors and the specific gravity and the manifold potentiality of the royal metal, and I understand, after a certain imperfect fashion, the delight that an old ragged wretch, starving himself in a crazy hovel, takes in stuffing guineas into old stockings and filling earthen pots with sovereigns, and every now and then visiting his hoards and fingering the fat pieces, and thinking over all that they represent of earthly and angelic and diabolic energy. A miser pouring out his guineas into his palm and bathing his shrivelled and trembling hands in the yellow heaps before him, is not the prosaic being we are in the habit of thinking him. He is a dreamer, almost a poet. You and I read a novel or a poem to help our imaginations to build up palaces, and transport us into the emotional states and the felicitous conditions of the ideal characters pictured in the book we are reading. But think of him and the significance of the symbols he is handling as compared with the empty syllables and words we are using to build our aerial edifices with ! In this hand he holds the smile of beauty and in that the dagger of revenge. The contents of that old glove will buy him the willing service of many an adroit sinner, and with what that coarse sack contains he can purchase the prayers of holy men for all succeeding time. In this chest is a castle in Spain, a real one, and not only in Spain but anywhere he will choose to have it. If he would know what is the liberality of judgment of any of the straiter sects, he has only to hand over that chest of rouleaux to the trustees of one of its educational institutions for the endowment of two or three professorships. If he would dream of being remembered by coming generations, what monument so enduring as a college building that shall bear his name, and even when its solid masonry shall crumble give place to an-

other still charged with the same sacred duty of perpetuating his remembrance. Who was Sir Matthew Holworthy, that his name is a household word on the lips of thousands of scholars, and will be centuries hence, as that of Walter de Merton, dead six hundred years ago, is to-day at Oxford ? Who was Mistress Holden, that she should be blessed among women by having her name spoken gratefully and the little edifice she caused to be erected preserved as her monument from generation to generation ? All these possibilities, the lust of the eye, the lust of the flesh, the pride of life ; the tears of grateful orphans by the gallon ; the prayers of Westminster Assembly's Catechism divines by the thousand ; the masses of priests by the century ; — all these things, and more if more there be that the imagination of a lover of gold is like to range over, the miser hears and sees and feels and hugs and enjoys as he paddles with his lean hands among the sliding, shining, ringing, innocent-looking bits of yellow metal, toying with them as the lion-tamer handles the great carnivorous monster, whose might and whose terrors are child's play to the latent forces and power of harm-doing of the glittering counters played with in the great game between angels and devils.

I have seen a good deal of misers, and I think I understand them as well as most persons do. But the Capitalist's economy in rags and his liberality to the young doctor are very oddly contrasted with each other. I should not be surprised at any time to hear that he had endowed a scholarship or professorship or built a college dormitory, in spite of his curious parsimony in old linen.

I do not know where our Young Astronomer got the notions that he expresses so freely in the lines that follow. I think the statement is true, however, which I see in one of the most popular Cyclopædias, that "the *non-clerical* mind in all ages is disposed to look favorably upon the doctrine of the uni-

versal restoration to holiness and happiness of all fallen intelligences, whether human or angelic." Certainly, most of the poets who have reached the heart of men, since Burns dropped the tear for poor "auld Nickie-ben" that softened the stony-hearted theology of Scotland, have had "non-clerical" minds, and I suppose our young friend is in his humble way an optimist like them. What he says in verse is very much the same thing as what is said in prose in all companies, and thought by a great many who are thankful to anybody that will say it for them, — not a few clerical as well as "non-clerical" persons among them.

WIND-CLOUDS AND STAR-DRIFTS.

v.

What am I but the creature Thou hast made ?
 What have I save the blessings Thou hast lent ?
 What hope I but Thy mercy and Thy love ?
 Who but myself shall cloud my soul with fear ?
 Whose hand protect me from myself but Thine ?
 I claim the rights of weakness, I, the babe,
 Call on my sire to shield me from the ills
 That still beset my path, not trying me
 With snares beyond my wisdom or my strength,
 He knowing I shall use them to my harm,
 And find a tenfold misery in the sense
 That in my childlike folly I have sprung
 The trap upon myself as vermin use
 Drawn by the cunning bait to certain doom.
 Who wrought the wondrous charm that leads us on
 To sweet perdition, but the self-same power
 That set the fearful engine to destroy
 His wretched offspring (as the Rabbis tell),
 And hid its yawning jaws and treacherous springs
 In such a show of innocent sweet flowers
 It lured the sinless angels and they fell ?
 Ah ! He who prayed the prayer of all mankind
 Summed in those few brief words the mightiest plea
 For erring souls before the courts of heaven, —
Save us from being tempted, — lest we fall !

If we are only as the potter's clay
 Made to be fashioned as the artist wills,
 And broken into shards if we offend
 The eye of him who made us, it is well ;
 Such love as the insensate lump of clay
 That spins upon the swift-revolving wheel
 Bears to the hand that shapes its growing form, —
 Such love, no more, will be our hearts' return
 To the great Master-workman for his care, —
 Or would be, save that this, our breathing clay,
 Is intertwined with fine innumerable threads
 That make it conscious in its framer's hand ;
 And this He must remember who has filled
 These vessels with the deadly draught of life, —
 Life, that means death to all it claims. Our love
 Must kindle in the ray that streams from heaven,
 A faint reflection of the light divine ;
 The sun must warm the earth before the rose
 Can show her inmost heart-leaves to the sun.
 He yields some fraction of the Maker's right
 Who gives the quivering nerve its sense of pain ;
 Is there not something in the pleading eye
 Of the poor brute that suffers, which arraigns
 The law that bids it suffer ? Has it not
 A claim for some remembrance in the book
 That fills its pages with the idle words
 Spoken of men ? Or is it only clay,
 Bleeding and aching in the potter's hand,
 Yet all his own to treat it as he will
 And when he will to cast it at his feet,
 Shattered, dishonored, lost forevermore ?
 My dog loves me, but could he look beyond
 His earthly master, would his love extend
 To Him who — Hush ! I will not doubt
 that He
 Is better than our fears, and will not wrong
 The least, the meanest of created things !
 He would not trust me with the smallest orb
 That circles through the sky ; he would not give
 A meteor to my guidance ; would not leave
 The coloring of a cloudlet to my hand ;
 He locks my beating heart beneath its bars
 And keeps the key himself ; he measures out
 The draughts of vital breath that warm my blood,

Winds up the springs of instinct which uncoil,

Each in its season ; ties me to my home,
My race, my time, my nation, and my creed
So closely that if I but slip my wrist
Out of the band that cuts it to the bone,
Men say, " He hath a devil " ; he has lent
All that I hold in trust, as unto one
By reason of his weakness and his years
Not fit to hold the smallest shred in fee
Of those most common things he calls his
own —

And yet — my Rabbi tells me — he has left
The care of that to which a million worlds
Filled with unconscious life were less than
naught,

Has left that mighty universe, the Soul,
To the weak guidance of our baby hands,
Turned us adrift with our immortal charge,
Let the foul fiends have access at their will,
Taking the shape of angels, to our hearts, —
Our hearts already poisoned through and
through

With the fierce virus of ancestral sin.
If what my Rabbi tells me is the truth
Why did the choir of angels sing for joy ?
Heaven must be compassed in a narrow
space,

And offer more than room enough for all
That pass its portals ; but the underworld,
The godless realm, the place where demons
forge

Their fiery darts and adamant chains,
Must swarm with ghosts that for a little
while

Had worn the garb of flesh, and being heirs
Of all the dulness of their stolid sires,
And all the erring instincts of their tribe,
Nature's own teaching, rudiments of " sin,"
Fell headlong in the snare that could not fail
To trap the wretched creatures shaped of
clay

And cursed with sense enough to lose their
souls !

Brother, thy heart is troubled at my word ;
Sister, I see the cloud is on thy brow.
He will not blame me, He who sends not
peace,

But sends a sword, and bids us strike amain
At Error's gilded crest, where in the van
Of earth's great army, mingling with the best
And bravest of its leaders, shouting loud
The battle-cries that yesterday have led
The host of Truth to victory, but to-day
Are watchwords of the laggard and the slave,
He leads his dazzled cohorts. God has made
This world a strife of atoms and of spheres ;
With every breath I sigh myself away
And take my tribute from the wandering
wind

To fan the flame of life's consuming fire ;
So, while my thought has life, it needs must
burn,

And burning, set the stubble-fields ablaze,
Where all the harvest long ago was reaped
And safely garnered in the ancient barns,
But still the gleaners, groping for their food,
Go blindly feeling through the close-shorn
straw,

While the young reapers flash their glitter-
ing steel

Where later suns have ripened nobler
grain !

We listened to these lines in silence.
They were evidently written honestly,
and with feeling, and no doubt meant
to be reverential. I thought, however,
the Lady looked rather serious as he
finished reading. The Young Girl's
cheeks were flushed, but she was not
in the mood for criticism.

As we came away the Master said to
me — The stubble-fields are mighty slow
to take fire. These young fellows catch
up with the world's ideas one after
another, — they have been tamed a
long while, but they find them running
loose in their minds, and think they are
feræ naturæ. They remind me of young
sportsmen who fire at the first feathers
they see, and bring down a barn-yard
fowl. But the chicken may be worth
bagging for all that, he said, good hu-
moredly.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

RECENT LITERATURE.*

WE think every one will find Mr. Lamon's "Life of Lincoln" a book of uncommon interest, whatever may be the opinion of its wisdom, its reliability, and its propriety. On all these points we confess to having doubts, and on one at least something more than a doubt. We cannot see what there was in the career or the character of Lincoln that justifies Mr. Lamon in dragging from the dead man's grave the miserable fact of his unhappy marriage, and thrusting it again and again before the reader. It was a point that needed only to be touched with the lightest hand, to which it would have yielded all that was qualifying and significant in it; but this shameless pressure upon it, this record of preliminary occurrences, these hints of the spiritual squalor and the cruel suffering of his marriage, do nothing to explain Lincoln; and they form a violation of the silence of death, an aggression upon the right of those yet living — the widow and the blameless children — to the oblivion which at least temporarily falls upon such facts. This is the chiefly unpardonable feature of a work which has many features hard to forgive, and which treats all Mr. Lincoln's love-affairs with a maudlin insistence and a fumbling melodramatic sentimentality very repugnant to taste and trying to patience. There was really nothing uncommonly tragical in them; he lost his first love, and loved several times afterwards, as such vast numbers of other young men do, who finally marry happily, or marry unhappily, or marry not at all, and in either case do not greatly distinguish themselves from the human race at large. Lincoln was a man of profound inherent melancholy, and these disappointments doubtless had their effect upon him; but that this effect must have been superficial, all but the young ladies will believe; and his disappointments do little or nothing to account for him as the man we know. By and by it would have been well enough to tell of them; there is not necessarily any harm in them; there is nothing so "unchivalrous" even in Lincoln's own account of his courtship of Miss Owen that it cannot be excused as

a humorist's naturally fantastic view of the matter; but it was not yet the time to tell these stories. There are some things which the world has no right to know at once, even concerning the sorrows, the secret personal griefs, of a man who has inexpressibly benefited the world.

The history of Mr. Lincoln's childhood and early life is exceedingly full and minute. It appears to us at times quite too full to be quite true. There are few things so untrustworthy as the memory of a great man's boyhood friends and old neighbors concerning his life among them. The passion for distinction at his expense through indiscriminate praise or gross derogation, is one that few of them can resist; and even when their recollections are confronted and compared, it must be wellnigh impossible to sift the truth from them, to gather the grains of wheat from the bushels of chaff. However, this only tells against Mr. Lamon's book in greater degree than it tells against other biographies trusting to similar material, and it must be owned that the use of it is by no means unguarded. Some of the neighbor-lore is discarded, and poor, bragging Dennis Hanks, who wished to be drawn upon as an inexhaustible well of reminiscences, is quite needlessly snubbed before the world. Mr. Lamon was master to take Mr. Hanks's fables or leave them in silence; the jeering rejection of them has an air of cruelty.

But though there is little in this part of the work save an expansion of the stories told in some of the first campaign biographies of Lincoln, and the contribution to his personal history of a large additional quantity of similar stories, yet the whole is very useful as a description of the state of society in which he was born and passed his youth. In its general form and its external features life was the same in Indiana and Illinois during the first quarter of this century as in Kentucky and Western Pennsylvania and Virginia during the last quarter of the eighteenth century. But pioneer society in the younger States had lost nearly all its heroic and poetical traits, its hospitality, its dramatic courage, its picturesque religion, its sense of fraternity, and its hearty sympathy, and nearly all its vices remained. It was more shifting and unstable than ever, for it was born of the

* *The Life of Abraham Lincoln; from his Birth to his Inauguration as President.* By WARD H. LAMON. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1872.

vagabond impulse of the most wayward children of the maternal West; it had no civilization at all to forget, but everything to learn; it was rude and fierce, without the generosity sprung from danger in the earlier time; it was quite as lawless and coarse, and it was more squalid; besides the stock was not so good, for there was a larger admixture of poor whites from the South, and less of the steady Scotch Irish, thrifty Yankee, canny Jerseyman in the younger than in the elder Western States.

"The houses were scattered far apart; but the inhabitants would travel long distances to a log-rolling, a house-raising, a wedding, or anything else that might be turned into a fast and furious frolic. On such occasions the young women carried their shoes in their hands, and only put them on when about to join the company. The ladies drank whiskey-toddy, while the men took it straight; and both sexes danced the live-long night, barefooted, on puncheon floors. The fair sex wore 'cornfield bonnets, scoop-shaped, flaring in front, and long though narrow behind.' Shoes were the mode when entering the ball-room; but it was not at all fashionable to scuff them out by walking or dancing in them. 'Four yards of linsey-woolsey, a yard in width, made a dress for any woman.' The waist was short, and terminated just under the arms, whilst the skirt was long and narrow. 'Crimps and puckering frills' it had none. The coats of the men were home-made; the materials, jeans or linsey-woolsey. The waists were short, like the frocks of the women, and the long 'claw-hammer' tail was split up to the waist. This, however, was company dress, and the hunting-shirt did duty for every day. The breeches were of buck-skin or jeans; the cap was of coon-skin; and the shoes of leather tanned at home. If no member of the family could make shoes, the leather was taken to some one who could, and the customer paid the maker a fair price in some other sort of labor. The state of agriculture was what it always is where there is no market, either to sell or buy, where the implements are few and primitive, and where there are no regular mechanics. The Pigeon Creek farmer 'tickled' two acres of ground in a day with his old shovel-plough, and got but half a crop. He cut one acre with his sickle, while the modern machine lays down in neat rows ten. With his flail and horse tramping, he threshed out fifteen bushels of wheat: while the machine of

to-day, with a few more hands, would turn out three hundred and fifty. He 'fanned' and 'cleaned with a sheet.' When he wanted flour, he took his team and went to a 'horse-mill,' where he spent a whole day in converting fifteen bushels of grain. The minds of these people were filled with superstitions, which most persons imagine to be, at least, as antiquated as witch-burning. They firmly believed in witches and all kind of witch-doings. They sent for wizards to cure sick cattle. They shot the image of the witch with a silver ball, to break the spell she was supposed to have laid on a human being. If a dog ran directly across a man's path whilst he was hunting, it was terrible 'luck,' unless he instantly hooked his two little fingers together, and pulled with all his might, until the dog was out of sight. There were wizards who took charmed twigs in their hands, and made them point to springs of water and all kinds of treasure beneath the earth's surface. There were 'faith doctors,' who cured diseases by performing mysterious ceremonies and muttering cabalistic words. If a bird alighted in a window, one of the family would speedily die. If a horse breathed on a child, the child would have the whooping-cough. Everything must be done at certain 'times and seasons,' else it would be attended with 'bad luck.' They must cut trees for rails in the early part of the day, and in 'the light of the moon.' They must make a fence in 'the light of the moon'; otherwise, the fence would sink. Potatoes and other roots were to be planted in the 'dark of the moon,' but trees and plants which bore their fruits above ground must be 'put out in the light of the moon.' The moon exerted a fearful influence, either kindly or malignant, as the good old rules were observed or not. It was even required to make soap 'in the light of the moon,' and, moreover, it must be stirred only one way, and by one person. Nothing of importance was to be begun on Friday. All enterprises inaugurated on that day went fatally amiss. A horse-colt could be begotten only 'in the dark of the moon,' and animals treated otherwise than 'according to the signs in the almanac' were nearly sure to die."

Born of the lowest down of these low-downers, Abraham Lincoln, while he was yet in the passive ignorance of youth, took the color of things around him—how could it be otherwise? On the memory of his mother, from whom he seems to have

derived all his intellectual force and possibility of growth, a cloud rested; his father appears to have been as worthless a squatter as ever breathed,—in the expressive Western phrase, thoroughly “ornery”; and Abraham Lincoln grew up to be the life of the corn-husking, the stag-dance, the wrestling-match, the free fight, the cross-roads grocery. Those wretched Hoosiers and Suckers, decimated by fever and milk-sickness, frozen by ague and burned by whiskey, ill-fed, ill-clothed, ignorant, superstitious, fierce, had a truculent love of humor, to which the gaunt, uncouth, good-hearted, bright-witted, wandering farm-drudge ministered by his mock-sermons, his scurrilous rhymes, his coarse stories; and it is no wonder if throughout life the habit of some of these things clung to him. He always told equivocal stories, we believe, while he lived; but it is not credible that he had any affinity save with the undeniable humor of those lawless tales. He was essentially a humorist, while even this unsparing biography, which strips from him every shred of privacy, shows him singularly free from any quality that could sympathize with their mere grossness.

It shows him continually outgrowing his faults; just in proportion as he grew in knowledge he grew in wisdom. Your admiration of him suffers nothing by the fact that he wrote malicious lampoons when a boy on those who slighted or misused him; for his magnanimity kept pace with his thought, and for every good thing that he learned he put a bad thing away, until he stood the foremost man in greatness of soul as well as mental power in his State, if not his nation. The processes of his education are duly dwelt upon by Mr. Lamon, but they are not novel or singular. It is the old story of the borrowed books, of study by the cabin-fire, of groping up the hill of knowledge without a hand to help or guide,—a story which has been told of so many that its pathos is now blunted, and it has come to be despised by those to whom fortune has been friendlier. But it can never cease to touch the heart of our people, whose experience individually and collectively is so often mirrored in it; and it is one from which humanity can well take courage, for it teaches how sufficient is a man to himself in all noble aims. It will not do to say that in no other circumstances than those which attended his development was Lincoln possible, but it is certain that he was

the product of a state of things that, according to all our theories of transmitted qualities, of civilization, of education, ought not to have produced the man he was, but a brutal, ignorant clown. Self-made men, if they are more than half made up, always deplore their want of school and college; they are rarely arrogant for themselves, whatever their admirers may be for them; they are commonly resolute, as Lincoln was, that their children shall have the advantages they had not; but none the less each of them, grotesque and unbalanced and unpolished as he may be, is an irrefutable witness that the virtue is in the race, and not in mere continuous culture. Perhaps also he may even intimate that Divine Providence still concerns itself with human affairs, and selects its instruments by tests which the sciences do not know.

Lincoln seems certainly to have been such an instrument of Providence, and he was not less so because, as Mr. Lamon's book shows, he sought with a consuming ambition all the honorable places that he attained, and did not wait, as some feeble-minded have supposed, for honors to seek him. Ambition was the absolute condition of his intellectual growth; it is in fact neither a good nor a bad thing in itself, or, rather, it is an unmixed good of itself unless a bad purpose qualifies it; and without it the droll, uncouth lout of the backwoods, whose very origin was lost in doubt if not in shame, would be now a barefooted old squatter on some far Western river-bottom. But the biography which tells us that Lincoln was eager to rise, fond of applause, made an idol of the people, was a politician to the core, also proves that he never unworthily sought office, or meanly craved popularity, or was ever a dishonest politician. On the contrary, nothing betrays less of selfish design, less of ignoble expedient in our history, than the development of Abraham Lincoln's greatness. It is by very slow degrees, but it is out of his great, true heart. The raw country lad, who makes a flat-boat voyage to New Orleans has never thought about slavery, or if he has, he probably shares the vulgar contempt of “niggers”; but in the South he sees men and women chained and beaten, and from that moment he abhors slavery. When he enters political life, however, he does not sympathize with the first enemies of slavery; possibly he thinks the Abolitionists provoked all the violence they suffered. He is a Whig, and

he is opposed merely to the extension of slavery; he votes in Congress "more than forty times" for the Wilmot Proviso. When the Whig party begins to break up after the nomination of Taylor, he remains a Taylor Whig; when that short-lived negative organization to which he belonged, the Anti-Nebraska party, crumbles to pieces, he does not know what he is; "thinks he is Whig." But he no sooner becomes identified with the Republicans than he becomes their life in Illinois; and again he is their champion, beaten but undismayed. Finally he takes a step that terrifies them, defeats them, and threatens their ruin; he makes the speech declaring that the Union cannot exist half slave and half free. He is defeated for Senator, but he is the strongest man of the party. Wherever he goes, he makes this known; in Ohio, in New York, in New England. People are astonished at his simple and manly style, in which there is nothing rude or "eloquent," his shapely logic, his sagacity, his humanity, his humor; he is a revelation.

Mr. Lamon would have us believe that it was from shrewd forecast, from a desire to outdo Seward, to surpass the "irrepressible-conflict" speech, and thus snatch from the chief Republican the nomination in 1860, that Lincoln made "the house-divided-against-itself speech" in 1858. But this is asking too much. Lincoln had a perhaps superstitious consciousness of some high destiny reserved for himself, but he was no prophet, and it is far easier to believe that he spoke in 1858 from principle and conviction, and from a desire to be made Senator. No one could then foresee what the public mind would be in 1860; nay, we doubt if that phrase overthrew Seward, and raised Lincoln to the Presidency.

As to provisions for success less honorable than the prophetic instinct, there is little proof that Lincoln made any before the convention; yet he was a politician, and his "friends" were politicians, and they bought and sold as usual in the convention. Lincoln felt bound by their bargain with the Pennsylvanians, and sorely against his will gave Mr. Cameron a place in his Cabinet. But he never was at peace with himself as long as Cameron remained there, and he summarily dismissed him at last. In fact, the popular conception of Lincoln's character was an exceptionally sound and just one. He was honest. Whatever shadow of duplicity rests on his fame seems to have fallen from his slow

and hesitating habit of mind, and his continual self-subordination to the popular will. At the same time he did not become the prey of individuals; no one knew better how to manage and shake off the useless or worse than useless persons who believed they had greatly served him, and had "claims" upon him as early friends or zealous partisans. This facility Mr. Lamon is inclined to attribute to a cold-heartedness of which Lincoln seems to have given no other signs. Indeed, there is an antipathetic spirit towards Lincoln manifested through the greater part of the book, which is only restrained when the facts put it to shame, and which almost wholly disappears towards the end, when Lincoln has fully grown upon the reader's knowledge. It is as if the author had begun to write it with a dislike of Lincoln, which vanished as he learned to know him better. With this improvement of the author's tone, there is also a great improvement of his literature. The reader will perhaps get half-way through the large volume without great respect for the author's workmanship, which often appears coarse and flimsy; but the material immeasurably gains in dignity towards the close, and the author rises with it. We may instance as perhaps the best performance in the whole book the description of the final scenes of Lincoln's life at Springfield, and that of his farewell to his old friends and neighbors, though this is disfigured by the sentimentality which curiously mingles with the antipathy shown elsewhere:—

"It was a gloomy day: heavy clouds floated overhead, and a cold rain was falling. Long before eight o'clock, a great mass of people had collected at the station of the Great Western Railway to witness the event of the day. At precisely five minutes before eight, Mr. Lincoln, preceded by Mr. Wood, emerged from a private room in the dépôt building, and passed slowly to the car, the people falling back respectfully on either side, and as many as possible shaking his hands. Having finally reached the train, he ascended the rear platform, and, facing about to the throng which had closed around him, drew himself up to his full height, removed his hat, and stood for several seconds in profound silence. His eye roved sadly over that sea of upturned faces; and he thought he read in them again the sympathy and friendship which he had often tried, and which he never needed more than he did then. There was

an unusual quiver in his lip, and a still more unusual tear on his shrivelled cheek. His solemn manner, his long silence, were as full of melancholy eloquence as any words he could have uttered. What did he think of? Of the mighty changes which had lifted him from the lowest to the highest estate on earth? Of the weary road which had brought him to this lofty summit? Of his poor mother lying beneath the tangled underbrush in a distant forest? Of that other grave in the quiet Concord cemetery? Whatever the particular character of his thoughts, it is evident that they were retrospective and painful. To those who were anxiously waiting to catch words upon which the fate of the nation might hang, it seemed long until he had mastered his feelings sufficiently to speak. At length he began in a husky tone of voice, and slowly and impressively delivered his farewell to his neighbors. Imitating his example, every man in the crowd stood with his head uncovered in the fast-falling rain.

"'FRIENDS,—No one who has never been placed in a like position can understand my feelings at this hour, nor the oppressive sadness I feel at this parting. For more than a quarter of a century I have lived among you, and during all that time I have received nothing but kindness at your hands. Here I have lived from my youth, until now I am an old man. Here the most sacred ties of earth were assumed. Here all my children were born; and here one of them lies buried. To you, dear friends, I owe all that I have, all that I am. *All the strange, checkered past seems to crowd now upon my mind.* To-day I leave you. I go to assume a task more difficult than that which devolved upon Washington. Unless the great God, who assisted him, shall be with and aid me, I must fail; but if the same omniscient mind and almighty arm that directed and protected him, shall guide and support me, I shall not fail,—I shall succeed. Let us all pray that the God of our fathers may not forsake us now. To him I commend you all. Permit me to ask, that with equal security and faith, you will invoke his wisdom and guidance for me. With these few words I must leave you: for how long I know not. Friends, one and all, I must now bid you an affectionate farewell.'"

The book abounds in material which brings Lincoln personally before us, and some of the sketches in the closing chapters are very graphic:—

"Mr. Lincoln was about six feet four inches high,—the length of his legs being out of all proportion to that of his body. When he sat down on a chair, he seemed no taller than an average man, measuring from the chair to the crown of his head; but his knees rose high in front, and a marble placed on the cap of one of them would roll down a steep descent to the hip. He weighed about a hundred and eighty pounds; but he was thin through the breast, narrow across the shoulders, and had the general appearance of a consumptive subject. Standing up, he stooped slightly forward; sitting down, he usually crossed his long legs, or threw them over the arms of the chair, as the most convenient mode of disposing of them. His head was long, and tall from the base of the brain and the eyebrow; his forehead high and narrow, but inclining backward as it rose. The diameter of his head from ear to ear was six and a half inches, and from front to back eight inches. The size of his hat was seven and an eighth. His ears were large, standing out almost at right-angles from his head; his cheek-bones high and prominent; his eyebrows heavy, and jutting forward over small, sunken blue eyes; his nose long, large, and blunt, the tip of it rather ruddy, and slightly awry toward the right-hand side; his chin, projecting far and sharp, curved upward to meet a thick, material, lower lip, which hung downward; his cheeks were flabby, and the loose skin fell in wrinkles or folds; there was a large mole on his right cheek, and an uncommonly prominent Adam's apple on his throat; his hair was dark brown in color, stiff, unkempt, and as yet showing little or no sign of advancing age or trouble; his complexion was very dark, his skin yellow, shrivelled, and 'leathery.' In short, to use the language of Mr. Herndon, 'he was a thin, tall, wiry, sinewy, grizzly, raw-boned man,' 'looking woe-struck.' His countenance was haggard and careworn, exhibiting all the marks of deep and protracted suffering. Every feature of the man—the hollow eyes, with the dark rings beneath; the long, fallow, cadaverous face, intersected by those peculiar deep lines; his whole air; his walk; his long, silent reveries, broken at long intervals by sudden and startling exclamations, as if to confound an observer who might suspect the nature of his thoughts—showed he was a man of sorrows,—not sorrows of to-day or yesterday, but long-treasured and

deep, — bearing with him a continual sense of weariness and pain. He was a plain, homely, sad, weary-looking man, to whom one's heart warmed involuntarily, because he seemed at once miserable and kind. On a winter's morning, this man could be seen wending his way to the market, with a basket on his arm, and a little boy at his side, whose small feet rattled and pattered over the ice-bound pavement, attempting to make up by the number of his short steps for the long strides of his father. The little fellow jerked at the bony hand which held his, and prattled and questioned, begged and grew petulant, in a vain effort to make his father talk to him. But the latter was probably unconscious of the other's existence, and stalked on, absorbed in his own reflections. He wore on such occasions an old gray shawl, rolled into a coil, and wrapped like a rope around his neck. The rest of his clothes were in keeping. 'He did not walk cunningly, — Indian-like, — but cautiously and firmly.' His tread was even and strong. He was a little pigeon-toed; and this, with another peculiarity, made his walk very singular. He set his whole foot flat on the ground, and in turn lifted it all at once, — not resting momentarily upon the toe as the foot rose, nor upon the heel as it fell. He never wore his shoes out at the heel and the toe more, as most men do, than at the middle of the sole; yet his gait was not altogether awkward, and there was manifest physical power in his step. As he moved along thus silent, abstracted, his thoughts dimly reflected in his sharp face, men turned to look after him as an object of sympathy as well as curiosity: 'his melancholy,' in the words of Mr. Herndon, 'dripped from him as he walked.' If, however, he met a friend in the street, and was roused by a loud, hearty 'Good morning, Lincoln!' he would grasp the friend's hand with one or both of his own, and, with his usual expression of 'Howdy, howdy,' would detain him to hear a story: something reminded him of it; it happened in Indiana, and it must be told, for it was wonderfully pertinent."

This volume gives the history of Lincoln up to the moment of his inauguration, the account of his flight through Baltimore being full and circumstantial, and consolatory to the reader in showing that in this matter Lincoln yielded against his will and judgment to the wishes of his friends. The work is based upon the recollections of Lincoln's early and lifelong friends, upon

his own letters, and upon the abundant collections of his partner, Mr. Herndon. The theory upon which it is written seems to be that of photography; the faithful reproduction of every trait of Lincoln's character and every event of his life; and its failings are the faults which so often prevent photography from making a likeness; the focus is sometimes bad, the perspective is incorrect; more and less are included than should be in a truthful picture. Many trivialities are dwelt upon, and some things, such as the fact that Lincoln was not theoretically a Christian, are dwelt upon too much; what was needed being a brief refutation of the quackery on the part of his other biographers. But, on the whole, in spite of these defects, we think we may accept this as a likeness of Abraham Lincoln. There are extremely unpleasant things in it; here are the ineffaceable scars on those sad lineaments of early poverty, hardship, and mean associations; here is the coarseness which we all ought to have known was in him; but here also are the evidences of a rich, profound, wise, good soul.

Rarely in the whole course of literature have all the disguises of privacy been so stripped from any human character. It is as if it stood naked before the world. But in this gaunt, uncouth, melancholy figure there is so little to make his friends, who are all mankind, ashamed, there is so much of an immortal beauty and grandeur in him, that we might, save for a haunting sense of sacrilege, thank the half-unwitting hand that has so discovered him. The Lincoln of Mr. Lamon is after all the Lincoln whom the poet had already revealed to us: —

"Once more a shepherd of mankind indeed,
One whose meek flock the people joyed to be,
Not lured by any cheat of birth,
But by his clear-grained human worth,
And brave old wisdom of sincerity!"

His was no lonely mountain-peak of mind
Thrusting to thin air o'er our cloudy bars,
A sea-mark now, now lost in vapors blind;
Broad prairie rather, genial, level-dived,
Fruitful and friendly for all human-kind,
Yet also nigh to heaven and loved of loftiest stars.

He knew to bide his time,
And can his fame abide,
Still patient in his simple faith sublime,
Till the wise years decide.

Our children shall behold his fame,
The kindly earnest, brave, foreseeing man,
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,
New birth of our new soil, the first American."

FRENCH AND GERMAN.*

By far the cleverest and most entertaining book that we have to notice this month is Sardou's new play, *Rabagas*. The author is a well-known and experienced playwright, who has already lashed the follies and extravagances of the Second Empire with a dramatic success and a lack of moral improvement in his victims that might well make reformers despair if they were not generally made of very stern stuff, and did not go on their way in ignorance of the latest pieces of the theatres. In this play he strikes at higher prey than frivolous wearers of silks and satins, namely, at examples of the political levity of the French. He turns to ridicule both Émile Ollivier and Gambetta, while many less known Frenchmen may well feel their cheeks burning as they read his satire of their frenzies. It is simply the story of a turncoat, Rabagas, who is tempted from the position of demagogue by cheap bribes and gross flattery, who finds himself tricked by other machinations, is baffled in his revenge, and then, in bidding good by to those who have ousted him at the close of the play, announces that he intends to depart from Monaco, where the scene is laid, for the only country where talents like his are duly valued; they all ask him what country he means. He replies, "France," and with this last epigram the curtain drops. Running through the play is a little love-story that probably adds to the interest when it is acted, though to the reader it is of no great importance. We have not space enough to quote half of the epigrams that the play contains, or to do more than call the reader's notice to the Polish general who is to head the insurrection, and who has three thousand decorations but not a change of linen, and who, at the entrance of the police, hides under a table. The whole comedy is full of the keenest satire.

In the history of the stage this piece,

* All books mentioned in this section may be had at Schönhof and Möller's, 40 Winter Street, Boston.

Rabagas. Par VICTORIEN SARDOU. Paris. 1872.
Albert Fleurier. Par ADOLPHE JOANNE. Paris. 1872.

Francia. Par GEORGE SAND. Paris. 1872.
L'Année Terrible. Par VICTOR HUGO. Paris. 1872.

Le Roman des Soldats. Par JULES CLARETIE. Paris. 1872.

L'Allemagne en 1871. Par ERNEST FEYDEAU. Paris. 1872.

Der Krieg und die Künste. VORTRAG VON FRIEDRICH VISCHER. Stuttgart. 1872.

to our thinking, is of great importance. The English stage is in about as prosperous a condition as sculpture is in Washington; in Germany it is better, but in France alone does the drama really exist. That it will languish there without government aid seems certain, but the last few years, at any rate, have produced rich fruits. This, for obvious reasons, is almost the only political play of the day in France; but the author brings to it the experience of many years, during which he has profited by intelligent criticism and keen competition. We recommend this play to our contemporaries, and, with due humility, to posterity.

In fiction we have found but little that is new, and less that is good. Inveterate readers, whose minds are seared by a long course of French novels, may perhaps read Adolphe Joanne's *Albert Fleurier*. It is a novel belonging decidedly to the second class, but, on this very account it serves to show, by the care with which details are managed, the smoothness of the dialogue, the lack of creaking in the machinery of the plot, how much such respect on the part of the author for the reader is valued among a certain people which it is the fashion nowadays to decry for their frivolity. To the careful student of literature such novels are of importance, as are galleries of the paintings of second-rate men to the student of art, but no one wishes to write stories that may serve as literary warnings. No one feels flattered at being called an excellent example of mediocrity, one would rather be a first-rate villain. For still more hardened readers it will be almost enough to say that George Sand has written another novel, *Francia*, which is told with all of that author's admirable limpidity, as simply, smoothly, and clearly as if it had been all done at one breath. Whether the breath were worth taking is another question. Those who ignore what English readers would call, with the utmost mildness, lack of good taste, or who explain their fondness for such novels by alleged deep-seated psychological interest, will find the story readable, others will not. The volume contains a charming *proverbe*, as clever as need be.

In poetry there is Victor Hugo's new book, *L'Année Terrible*. It is not easy to read it with due reverence. The author's bombast, ranting declamation, noisy self-complacency, and rhyming billingsgate demand in the reader very ardent faith and

a great aversion to the ludicrous before he can admire the poem. It is in the terms following that the inspired bard speaks of Grant's message. We recommend the whole blast to the newspaper friends of Mr. Greeley, who may find in it excellent material for a campaign document : —

" John Brown, toi qui donnas aux peuples la leçon
D'un autre gologotha sur un autre horizon,
Spectre, défais le nœud de ton cou, viens, ô juste
Viens et fouette cet homme avec ta corde auguste."

Here is an allusion to Spotted Tail : —

" Que le sauvage, fait pour guetter et ramper,
Que le huron, orné de couteaux à scalper,
Contemplant ce grand chef sanglant, le roi de
Prusse,
Certes, que le Peau-rouge admire le Borusse," etc.

Speaking of *L'Amérique baisant le talon de César*, he says : —

" Kosciusko frémissant réveille Spartacus ;
Et Madison se dresse et Jefferson se lève :
Jackson met ses deux mains devant ce hideux
rêve ;
Déshonneur ! crie Adams ; et Lincoln étonné,
Saigne, et c'est aujourd'hui qu'il est assassiné."

We forbear to quote the lines addressed to Bancroft. Among other epithets, he calls him an "espèce d'ombre obscure et vague," "un nain," "un néant," and "un stercoraire." A gray-beard foaming with rage is not an agreeable sight.

M. Jules Claretie has written what he calls *Le Roman des Soldats*, which he dedicates to the army of vengeance. The book contains four short martial tales, praising highly the military valor of France. They

are of no special merit. The Introduction, in which he takes occasion to explain the military decay of his country, contains some intelligent writing.

M. Ernest Feydeau spent last autumn in Hamburg, and there devoted himself to the study of the German nation. He has embodied his results in a volume called *L'Allemagne en 1871*. He is not favorably impressed by what he saw. The Germans seem to him to lack polish, as well as more important virtues. He says that the nation has made no advance since the first century of our era. Nowhere, to our knowledge, has there been such an exhibition of poor taste, of petty spite, as in this book ; it is very much what the once notorious Belle Boyd might have written seven years ago about the North. With all its gross faults, it contains, however, some sparks of truth. Even the prejudiced enemy may see glaring faults.

Turning to the much-abused Germans, we find Vischer's *Der Krieg und die Künste*, a singularly German treatment of war, inspired by a desire to catalogue the effects it has had upon all the fine arts. For instance, the Iliad is a great poem ; it treats of war, statues represent warriors, there are some good paintings of battles, etc., etc. The same spirit, the scoffer would say, might persuade one to write about the æsthetical side of the recent hot weather, of railroad accidents, horse-cars, etc., but it is not likely that an American would do it.

ART.

THE establishment of Art Museums in New York and Boston constitutes, let us hope, the first step in the direction of a satisfactory development of the fine arts in this country. Among these it is to painting that we have probably to look for the greatest achievements in the approaching century. The history of this art in America has been a peculiar one. There are not wanting instances of genius bursting up spontaneously from the rugged soil of the Colonies or the early States ; the sense of beauty, and the instinct to express its perceptions pictorially, exist abundantly among

us. But none of our native painters have been able to find nourishment for their artistic faculties in this hemisphere. Europe draws them like a magnet ; and West and Copley are regularly included in the British school of the last century. Stuart is in reality an English painter ; and it is impossible to suppose that Allston could have left us the riches he did, without long and renewed foreign study. Those who stand highest in our traditions, then, belong virtually to the art of other lands. Nor have we yet succeeded in obviating this anomalous condition. The men of the most aspiring

and delicate genius still escape to France, or England, or Italy, as of old. Our academies apparently possess insufficient means for even the immediate ends of the best minds; and there is no doubt that increased facilities for instruction in technicalities will greatly assist in checking this exodus of genius. But here is not the solution of the difficulty. Neither academies nor museums alone can wholly bring about the desired change, though both can assist, and the latter especially. It is not that our artists refuse to stay with us, if we but give them the slightest encouragement. On the contrary, we believe there are many instances of painters who, pecuniary necessities apart, would prefer to dedicate their art to the honor of their own country, and of men who remain here at the expense of their better artistic possibilities abroad. But they want a social atmosphere favorable to artistic growth, and a solid and appreciative support. The avenues to the future greatness in art of this country must be paved with gold. Wealth is indeed already scattered before the advancing divinity, but not always wisely. Government patronage, in a country where the people profess to govern, should do a great deal in this emergency. But unfortunately "the people" are content to pay a great deal for the privilege of sounding again and again this watchword, and leave the governing power meantime to expend vast sums upon works which, by unworthy representation, rather injure the aspect of art, the acquisition of anything valuable being chiefly a matter of chance. It is therefore to co-operative agency that we have to look for help. Under this head fall the new Museums of Art. These institutions are calculated to organize wealth and taste in the community, and thus, while gathering materials for the artist's study, to engage the popular interest, thereby stimulating such general movements as can alone insure the advancement of painting to a thorough success in this country.

The New York Metropolitan Museum has brought together an extremely useful gallery of pictures. The Boston Museum of Fine Arts, on the other hand, has recently put on exhibition at the Athenæum a collection embracing something over five hundred objects of art, the chief strength of which lies in its specimens of the ceramic art, and the art of sculpture, including under this term carved wooden furniture and some fine Italian medals of the fifteenth

century, as well as a brief series of plaster-casts from reliefs in marble by several Italian sculptors, from Orcagna to Benvenuto Cellini. About a half-dozen only of pictures are displayed. Thus it will be seen that the Boston Museum begins its work with materials which will make its influence upon painting rather more indirect than that of the Metropolitan Museum. But it has secured, in the pottery from Cyprus, and the admirable loan collection from T. G. Appleton, Esq., of Græco-Italian fictile vases, objects which it will perhaps be more difficult to obtain hereafter; while, with proper means and due effort, opportunities will no doubt be found to gradually render complete the pictorial department. In its present state, however, the collection contains illustrations greater in variety than that of the Metropolitan Museum, and if not so complete in respect of painting, it will still justify the chairman of the committee on the Museum, in styling it "an artistic microcosm, well calculated to teach the visitor something of the character and quality of the art-industry of many nations during a long period of the world's history." The Appleton collection exhibits, besides three small vases from the prehistoric inhabitants of Southern Italy, very perfect and interesting amphoræ, together with a variety of mixers, pitchers, saucers, and perfume-bottles, from the four epochs of the art intervening between the prehistoric period and the first century before Christ. The trustees are also fortunate in the possession of a large Gobelin tapestry executed in the seventeenth century. The design represents France crowned by victory, and, with its gorgeous scarlet and indigo blue melting through the somewhat faded fabric, and its border of flowers and fruits, through the maze of which peeps an occasional parrot, will open to the uninitiated eye a pleasurable view into this kind of artistic activity.

At last, after long waiting, Ward's statue of Shakespeare has been set up in the New York Central Park, and it is time to look at it with a critical eye: to judge how near the artist has come to doing what he set out to do, to measure the degree in which the work is likely to satisfy the world, ready enough and willing, no doubt, to see Shakespeare embodied, if it might be, but evidently unwilling to commit herself to an almost impossible experiment. At last, however, here it is; and young America, with the enthusiasm, the consciousness of strength, and the rashness that belong to

youth, has done and dared the dangerous task, and has crowned Shakespeare with high festival in his proudest public place, before France, or Germany, or even England has so much as begun to talk about a statue to him. No doubt, the purpose did the country honor, and, fortunately for us 'all, those whose earnest love for Shakespeare gave us the statue, found a man to make it as earnest as themselves.

Mr. Ward's previous works had not very clearly pointed him out as the man best fitted to make a statue of the ideal Shakespeare. His work had been not at all "ideal," but decidedly "realistic." His first statue—that of Simon Kenton, a figure offered, just before the outbreak of the war, to the legislature of his native State of Ohio for a place in the rotunda of the capitol, and not accepted in that moment of confusion and huge war appropriations—was the first statue made by an American that gave promise of a brighter day. It embodied his Western feeling for the pioneer; not the pioneer of Cooper and the sentimentalists, but the real pioneer whom Ward had seen and loved, to whose race he belonged. In its intention it was worthy to be placed by the side of the St. George of Donatello: it was as simple, as direct, as manly as that. It had not the ideal charm, nor the trace of that influence that all the Italian Renaissance work borrowed from the air in which it grew, but it was marked with high-breeding in its simplicity and its repose. Some day it must be put into marble, for the State of Ohio cannot afford to let such a statue, so produced, remain forever an unfulfilled possibility. "The Freedman" was Ward's first attempt at an ideal figure, and was a disappointment to those who had not discriminated. "The Freedman" is well modelled, and the motive is expressed with sufficient clearness, but perhaps it would not be in the power of any sculptor to express that particular motive with simplicity. If Ward had been asked to make a statue of a particular negro doing a certain thing, we believe no man in our day would have been likely to perform the task better than he. But this figure is not real, it is an allegory, and Ward showed in it, what he has since showed in his "Genius of Insurance," that the making of allegories is not what he was born for. But, then, we may safely ask, who in our time could have done it better? To embody an allegory, whether in painting, sculpture, or poetry, needs strong

faith; it never has been done, and never can be done, to order. Ward only failed where almost every man since the fifteenth century has failed. We wish he had not tried, and we wish too that there were some redemption in his failure. Then came the "Soldier of the Seventh Regiment"; and that being a subject to kill the ideal in any man's mind, if once it had entered it, Ward made little of it beyond a good-looking young man, the type of a regiment of good-looking men. Made as it was, however, just at the close of the war, one naturally looked in it for a type of something more heroic, and looked for what Ward probably never tried to put there. A Joseph Curtis, a Winthrop, a Lowell, a Shaw, either one of these splendid types of the part played in the war by the young men of America, would have been a worthier subject, and might have produced a statue into which the sculptor could have put something of himself. We do not reckon it a piece of good fortune for Mr. Ward that this work of his has been set up in the Central Park.

With the exhibition, in the plaster, of the "Indian Hunter," Ward's fame may be said to have become national. Up to this time he had produced nothing that could give him a place apart. Few people out of the circle of his friends had ever seen the "Simon Kenton," and, with all its merit, that was a youthful work, more valuable for the promise in it than for the performance. But the "Indian Hunter" was ripe fruit. Evidently, the man that made it was one of those that knew. It met all demands, and was the ideal in reality. The poet was pleased, the matter-of-fact man content, the child excited. Here was the living Indian of the West brought before us by one who had known him intimately, and behold!—he was the Indian of our imagination!

So far as we know, the "Indian Hunter" belongs to Ward and nature. We have seen it stated somewhere that "the pose is said to be borrowed." We do not think it just to a man like Ward to make such an assertion in such a way. Either say outright who charges that the pose is borrowed, and from what it is borrowed, or, say nothing. Mr. Ward, who is frankness itself, and, as everybody who knows him knows, very candid in talk about his own work, never hinted at any other figure as having suggested his statue; and without pretending to an exhaustive knowledge of the world of art, we will venture to deny that there is any such figure in existence.

Mr. Ward has never been in Europe, and as our collections of casts from the antique sculpture—for we have no originals—include only the famous statues, where could he have found an original that with his intimate knowledge of Indians would have seemed to him worth borrowing? The truth is, the attitude of the “Indian Hunter,” being precisely the attitude which Ward had himself seen the Indians take in hunting, belongs to his statue by right, and we are very sure its originality will never be seriously questioned. The same, too, with the muscles, which, we are told, are not Indian muscles. But ought not the work of an earnest, studious man, which represents a subject he is familiar with by actual experience, and in which he takes a lively interest, to be trusted rather than the criticism of persons who do not profess to have had his opportunities, and who have not the motive and the cue that he had, to hold the mirror up to nature? Certain it is, that the “Indian Hunter” is full of life and purpose, and in all sincerity, having seen whatever has been done by the men of our time, we know not one that could bear away the palm from it for elegance, for truth, for fire, or for technical execution.

It was to be expected that the Shakespeare would be roughly handled, for, in truth, what subject could be chosen outside the range of the so-called sacred subjects, that should challenge like this? And the difficulty is not far to seek; it shows itself as soon as the subject is named. Is it the ideal Shakespeare or the real Shakespeare that the artist is to give us? Is it the ideal author of the body of poetry we call “Shakespeare,” or is it the native of Stratford, William Shakespeare by name, upon whom, for lack of a better, we have fathered all this splendid progeny? Now, those who had studied Ward’s work from the beginning ought to have known that the ideal Shakespeare was beyond his reach, as it was beyond the reach of any man that lives, or of any man that ever did live. The limited service Ward tried to render us was this: to make, by the aid of the Stratford bust, the Chandos portrait, and the German mask, a figure that should represent the man William Shakespeare,—a figure upon which it might be agreeable to look, and looking, conjure up all that is connected in our minds with that name, all that we know of the plays and poems by our own experience; a statue that should resemble the

real man Shakespeare, who, if he did not himself write all that is set down to him, wrote some of it, and was the friend of the best men of his time, and was at least reckoned worthy, by one of the wisest and greatest among his companions, of words so warm and tender as these: “I did love the man, and do honor his memory on this side idolatry as much as any.”

It seems to us that Ward has well accomplished what he set out to do; and if he has felt, as no doubt he has, and makes us feel too, the limitations of his own nature, we must not make it a point against him: another man would have made us feel *his* limitations, and we should have been no better off. We are told that the statue is six and a half of its heads in height; and that this ratio would have “made an old Greek faint”; and another writer, or, as is most likely, the same writer in another place, makes the statement that Mr. Ward’s statue is six and a half heads in length, while the “Apollo Belvedere” is eight, and adds: “It is difficult to conceive what purpose the artist could have had in view in this radical departure from all received canons of proportion, when he could have had no knowledge of his original to warrant it.” Now it would be easy to show that the best authorities are in dispute as to the whole subject of the proportions of the human figure; that though there was, most likely, some law which the Greeks, whether working in Greece or in Italy, followed in making their statues, yet we do not know what the law was, nor has it ever been satisfactorily deduced from the most careful measurements of the famous statues. The measurements themselves vary, and even those statues whose height is the same vary materially in the proportions of the other divisions of the body. Vitruvius, it is true, tells us that the figure, according to the famous canon of the sculptor Polycletus, now lost, was eight heads high, yet the actual statues all fall short of that in measurement. Vitruvius, who was an architect and knew nothing practically of sculpture, gives a very confused account of the canon, and as to measuring by the head, any one who attempts it practically will acknowledge how impossible it is to obtain accuracy. Beside, even if the ancients as a rule followed this canon of Polycletus, yet there were orthodox and heterodox; and several sculptors—Lysippus chief among them—tried his hand at improving upon it. The tendency in the development of art seems

to have been, to lengthen the lower limbs, and it is to be observed that the same thing took place in painting and sculpture in the late Renaissance in France and Italy. But we see it plainly enough in the "Apollo Belvedere," a late Roman work made of Carrara marble in the time of Nero, though probably by a Greek sculptor, in the "Huntress Diana" of the Louvre, and in the lately discovered "Athlete using the Strigil" by Lysippus, now in the Vatican. Now with all this confusion, uncertainty, and disagreement, it is going out of the way to take Mr. Ward to task for not obeying a law whose terms no one knows, and by which, even as guessed at, or interpreted, sculptors of our day are not bound, and do not pretend to be bound. But the objection seems downright silly when we reflect that Ward had not the intention to make an ideally perfect human figure, but a characteristic human one, and that he must have taken the head — all he had — for a scale and standard of the body, and made the body such a one as he thought this head would naturally belong to.

We do not wish to take the attitude of a champion of Ward, whose work is his best defence. But justice to him can only be done by trying to find out what was his intention in any particular work, what seems to be his aim in his work generally, and then looking searchingly to discover how near he has hit his mark. All who know the private history of this statue of Shakespeare know that Ward has given the best study he is capable of to reconciling the known portraits, and that he believes in the German mask as a veritable mask taken from the dead face of Shakespeare. Now when he came to model this head, he must put it upon a trunk and legs that seemed to him made to support it and be controlled by it; probably it never entered into his mind to compare it with the Apollo, or the Faun, or the Antinous, or to apply to it any scale whatever but the scale of proportions he always carries in his eye, — as every man, by fate, and not by reason, carries his own. He tried to make the parts of his figure correspond to each other, and it is whether or not he has succeeded in doing this that we must question, not whether he has put an Apollo into doublet and hose.

Certainly, the statue is not free from a suspicion that the sculptor saw too much of Edwin Booth while modelling the figure, and fixing its attitude. Probably it is not well that it should remind us of Hamlet, as he enters, reading. But, after seeing the statue many times, and studying it long, we do not find this impression gaining ground; it cannot last when our regards are constantly drawn to the head, where all traces of any known person are quite lost in the individual characteristics that make up Mr. Ward's "Shakespeare." The drapery is well managed on the whole, though we could have wished that the cloak had not been caught up on the arm, but suffered to hang as it would. It is this, more than anything in the pose, which gives the ever so slightly theatrical look to the figure. But drapery has, once or twice, troubled Mr. Ward. The "Indian Hunter" should in a strict adherence to facts have been stark naked; the original model was so, for Mr. Ward, and others who know Indians as well as he, never saw an Indian hunting in any other state than naked; but a fear of prudes, male and female, made him present the Indian with the fur fig-leaf which at present covers his loins. However, the fur fig-leaf is perhaps better than a tin one, and we suppose it must have come to that. In the "Seventh Regiment Soldier," too, there seemed no good reason for turning up the corner of the overcoat skirt, and there was no reason but the conventional advice of somebody to break the lines a little, no matter whether logically or not. And now we have this Elizabethan cloak, which seems to have been as much in Mr. Ward's way as it is in Shakespeare's: neither of them knows what to do with it.

But, after all these drawbacks, there remains to us in this statue an impression of so much manliness, sincerity, and right-thinking in the sculptor of it, and of so much beauty and strength in the lines and masses, of so much lightness in the poise, with the pleasant sense, not of motion, but of a motion arrested and soon to begin again, we cannot but acknowledge that the excellences of the work outweigh its faults by far, and that it must be long before any sculptor will give us a more satisfactory Shakespeare than this of Ward's.

MUSIC.

AT last the Jubilee is over. The monster whose coming was heralded some months ago by such portentous rumblings in and about the Hub, and whose fitful career was anxiously followed by the eyes and ears of so many thousands, has in its turn become a thing of the past. Its career has been at times a brilliant, at times a sluggish, at all times an oppressive one. But if the monster came in like a lion, it certainly went out like the mildest of lambs; and even in its leonine days of vigorous youth, its roar was neither so terrible nor so lion-like as those who like roaring might have desired. It lacked the very vital principle of success, namely, unity of purpose. Got up as a business enterprise by a company, many of whom were little conversant with and even little interested in music, the "World's Peace Jubilee" was accepted by the public as a distinctly musical festival. The national or international phase of it, which, in the end, turned out to be the most interesting part of the whole, was at the outset thoroughly mistrusted by ninety-nine people out of a hundred; and however sincere Mr. Gilmore may have been in making it, to the best of his abilities, a genuinely international affair, which sincerity we see no reason to doubt, the "World's Peace Jubilee and International Musical Festival" was considered by most people to be merely a name, — under the circumstances as good a name as any other. As the Jubilee stood face to face with the public, the musical part of it held the first place. We fully believe that the projectors and promoters of the affair did their best, according to their lights, to make the musical part of it as good and as generally enjoyable as possible, and that the higher musical education of the mass of our people was one of their objects. After dispassionately looking back upon the whole Festival, we feel less and less inclined to quarrel with the fact that it was, after all, principally a business enterprise. In a young, democratic country like ours, these speculations in art, or, as Berlioz says, *ces mariages de convenance entre l'art et la basse industrie*, are inevitable. Art in any shape can nowhere live without money, and in a country where the tendencies are strongly utilitarian, and where four fifths of the

people are, at the very best, only willing to take for granted the benefits done mankind by art, and only negatively to encourage her by not running her down with their railroads and steamboats, or grinding her to atoms between the cog-wheels of their factories, we poor art-lovers and artists should only be too thankful when men who have the means think it worth their while to invest in art-stock instead of in railway bonds; and although the manner in which they handle our poor goddess is at times rough and even insulting, we must believe that they mean her no harm, and can only wish that, even in our own interest, they found her a more paying speculation. There was a deal of humbug about the whole affair, to be sure; but all the musical enterprises ever set on foot in this country that have not been composed at least of one third part humbug, could be written down with a swan-quill on a sheet of ladies' note-paper.

We think the Jubilee, on the whole, a failure, as whatever results were attained were vastly disproportionate to the means employed. We have hinted that this failure was owing to the want of any unity of purpose in the whole scheme. The thing tried to be too many things at once. It tried to combine a musical festival with a sort of all-the-world's Fourth-of-July; even the musical part of it was with too indefinite an artistic purpose. The programmes were from the first rather generally conciliatory than guided by any artistic principle, either good or bad; there was a want of backbone about the musical management of the whole. One of the most amiable features of the Festival was the great expenditure, both of pains and money, lavished on the production of Handel's "Israel in Egypt," even in the face of a certainty that the oratorio would be a dead pecuniary loss. So far from thinking that a whole day was given up to the performance of a great classic work merely "to lend respectability to the affair," as some people imagine, we believe that the committee were too well impressed with the "respectability" of the whole Festival to think for a moment that it needed the indorsement of a Handel oratorio to save its reputation from scandal. We think rather that the production of "Israel" sprang from an honest de-

sire to conciliate a taste that was known to exist in our more musically cultivated cities, and which, if the committee did not sympathize with, they at least respected and looked up to. The importance given to Verdi's Anvil Chorus was a like attempt to conciliate a taste of a different order, which, judging from the experience furnished by the previous Jubilee in 1869, was a strongly predominating one. We take "Israel in Egypt" and the Anvil Chorus as the two opposite magnetic poles of the Jubilee. What one attracted the other repelled. The two elements were essentially antagonistic, and could not be made to harmonize. The other choral portions of the programmes ranged themselves on a scale of attractiveness between these two points.

The most interesting as well as the most successful part of the Jubilee was the appearance of the French, English, and German bands. Apart from the musical excellence of their various performances, the evident friendly feeling between them and the audience was in itself something worth witnessing. This was particularly noticeable in the reception of the English band. The whole audience seemed to welcome them as brothers and kinsmen; and when at last they responded to the continued applause with the "Star-spangled Banner," which was in turn answered by "Auld Lang Syne," a feeling came over all present deeper than that to be roused even by the noblest music. Considered musically, the French band was the most artistic. The only defect noticeable in their playing was one which we are too ignorant of the capacities of wind-instruments to know whether to attribute to the natural, unavoidable imperfections in the instruments themselves, or to some shortcoming in the players. This was a certain exaggerated, almost gasping *sforzando*, which at times recalled the asthmatic *crescendo* and *diminuendo* of a harmonica. As their playing was in other respects so perfect, we are inclined to think that this was the unavoidable result of trying to force wind-instruments out of their proper use in orchestral transcriptions and to do impossible things with them, namely, to imitate the peculiar stirring accent of the *strings* when strongly attacked by the bow. The Germans played with great fire and precision, but in loud passages they greatly overblew their instruments, especially their low brass, which made the quality of tone coarse and blaring, and many of those deli-

cate effects of light and shade so noticeable in the other bands were wanting in their playing. There was a stirring, martial, warlike spirit in their playing which was well in accordance with our ideas of the Prussian Army; and they even played Strauss waltzes as if they were marching to battle. So long as they played military music, this was all well enough and there was something characteristic in it; but their renderings of other music were generally coarse both in conception and execution, the opening chords of the Egmont Overture, for instance, sounded as if they were trying to blow down the walls of Jericho. The man with the cymbals was in particular a terrible fellow, and seemed to dominate the whole band. The performance of this overture by the Germans was in strong contrast with the playing of some selections from "Lohengrin" by the Frenchmen, which shortly followed it. This was almost the perfection of playing, never lacking life or emphasis; yet throughout, even in the ball-music (which, by the way, was taken in a most furiously rapid *tempo*), full of delicate lights and shades, and in fine, full, unforced tones. One of the best bits of playing during the Festival was the performance of the Semiramide Overture by the English band, which was very spirited and full of finely marked contrasts. The double-tonguing of the clarinets in the *allegro* was, indeed, something marvellous. At times the *tempo*, especially the *accelerando* at the end, smacked rather more of the band-master than of the cultivated orchestra-conductor; but this, after all, is a matter of taste, and from all accounts Rossini himself was not averse to a little exaggeration of "effects" now and then by way of spice. Another interesting point in the Jubilee was Johann Strauss's conducting. There was a demoniac, electric *je ne sais quoi* about the man that was peculiarly fascinating. His command over the orchestra was simply wonderful; they were like an instrument with him, and he played upon the men under his *bâton* just as much as he played upon the violin in his hands. Hearing his waltzes led by himself, after having heard them played by Thomas's orchestra, was like hearing our old friend of the ball-room, Mr. J. S. Knight, play them, after the matter-of-fact strumming of some school-girl.

The ingenious person who first hit upon the idea of having piano-forte solos in the Coliseum, may safely lay claim to a certain amount of not unamusing originality. Of

the three pianists who performed, we most sincerely pity Madame Goddard, and regret that she should have been led into playing on such an occasion, or have been in any way associated with such pianists as Herr Bendel or Mr. Wehli. Really fine pianists who are at the same time conscientious artists are too precious to have (in all literalness) their sweetness wasted on the desert air. As for Herr Bendel, he seems to have for once got into the right place. He is well known in Germany as what a Western critic once called, not infelicitously, "a first-class ivory-thumper," and the Coliseum gave him ample opportunity of showing off his powers to advantage. We heard him some three years ago in Berlin play Weber's *Concertstück* in a most disconcertingly astounding manner; and comparing his recent performances at the Jubilee with his playing then in a room of more limited dimensions, we have come to the conclusion that he is one of those *virtuosi* to whose playing "distance lends enchantment." We would not by any means say "the farther off the better," but we think that what Mr. Wegg calls the "mellerin" influence of a reasonable distance, say half the length of the Coliseum, might always be grateful to the ears of his audience. The first time we heard Mr. Wehli, several years ago, we could not help feeling that his proper sphere was the circus or the variety theatre, and not the concert-room, and we find that that opinion strengthens with time. Another of the *mistakes* of the Jubilee was Madame Rudersdorff's singing. She simply could not fill the house with her voice, and she was compelled to force her tones until her singing became a positive screech. As with Madame Goddard, it was only painful to see such a genuine and accomplished artist, in the highest sense of the word, placed in such a false position. Madame Peschka-Leutner's singing was in every way a charming success. Her rich, telling voice easily penetrated every part of the building, so that little even of her most rapid passage-work was lost by anybody.

But the most significant thing in the whole Jubilee was that the very point that was trumpeted forth in all the announcements as the greatest musical attraction, the one element that was to have made a "Peace Jubilee" grander and more imposing than all other musical festivals, turned out to be the thing of all others that most prevented its being a *musical* success.

This was the monstrous size of the whole thing. In this last Jubilee, as in the previous one, the mass of singers had to be distributed over so large a space, that any precision of attack was physically impossible; there was not and could not be any clearly defined outline to the singing, but everything was blurred and indistinct. Pieces with little melodic outline, such as the chorals and psalm-tunes, suffered least from this, but even here the effect was not so good as when similar pieces were performed at the Handel and Haydn triennial festivals by an incomparably smaller chorus in a smaller hall. This vagueness of outline was so great, that it was wellnigh impossible to judge of the merits of a composition heard then for the first time. One thing sounded about like another. Then again, it is impossible to keep so large an audience quiet, and the constant running up and down stairs, the walking in the corridors, and the talking and even whispering of so many people, formed a serious drawback in preventing the music from having its full effect.

And now a word as to the advisability of jubilees of this sort from a purely musical and educational point of view. First, as to the good they do. It may be safely said that fully half of the members of the chorus would never have become acquainted with much of the better class of choral music but for these festivals. The months spent in careful rehearsal of even one Bach *choral*, and a few Handel, Haydn, and Mendelssohn choruses, cannot fail to be of great benefit to a large class of music-lovers who would otherwise in all probability never have studied anything better than common choir psalmody or poor street ballads. The performances of the foreign bands were no doubt of benefit, and we hope to see some consequent improvement in our own bands in future. So far, good. But, on the other hand, great harm is done by creating in the general public an unnatural and perverted appetite for what is merely big, rather than for what is great and good, a craving after quantity rather than an appreciation of quality. Even though a large mass of the public probably heard fine specimens of classic music for the first time on coming to the Jubilee, the performance of the music was, from the nature of things, so vaguely imperfect and ineffective that little if any real good can be hoped from their making its acquaintance in such a manner. Enterprises like

the Jubilee are only pardonable on the supposition of a very low degree of general musical culture in the country, and we think that the small success of the last one, as compared with the Festival in 1869, shows that our people have already made great advance in musical culture. We are not prepared to deny that the first Jubilee may

have been an important agent in educating them up to this point. If it was, it certainly did a good work, and Mr. Gilmore should now be content to repose on his fairly earned laurels. But for the future it must be borne in mind that the people have been educated up to the appreciation of something better.

SCIENCE.

IN 1835 Auguste Comte observed that there will probably never be any such thing as a science of sidereal astronomy; for without measuring the distances of the stars and ascertaining their actual motions, we cannot even be sure that the law of gravitation prevails beyond the limits of our solar system; and up to 1835 all attempts at measuring stellar distances had proved abortive. In less than four years, however, the first step was taken toward founding a science of stellar astronomy, when Bessel ascertained the distance of the star 61 Cygni. The obstacles which he overcame were such as might well have seemed insurmountable, and it is but slowly and with uncertain steps that astronomers have been able to extend his researches. The measurement of the distance of 61 Cygni — the nearest star in the northern heavens — was indeed followed by the determination of its real transverse motion, which was found to amount to about fourteen hundred and fifty millions of miles per annum, or about forty miles per second. But a single fact like this in reality tells us next to nothing concerning the structure of the sidereal system, and the hosts of similar facts which we need are extremely hard to gather. Without knowing the distances of the stars, we cannot translate their apparent motions into their real motions; and of the five thousand eight hundred and fifty lucid stars which can be seen by the naked eye, there are not more than twenty of which we have as yet been able to estimate the distance, while in only ten or eleven cases has the distance been satisfactorily determined. In the next place, even when we have obtained the amount of a star's real transverse motion, as in the case of 61 Cygni, we have got but

half-way toward a knowledge of its total actual motion. For obviously the star's apparent transverse motion may be due either to a real motion which is at right angles to the line joining the earth and the star, or — which must be much oftener the case — it will be due to a real motion in a diagonal direction as referred to the same line. In the latter case we can ascertain but one of the elements of the diagonal motion, that, namely, which may be called the thwart-motion. The other element, namely, the motion towards the earth or away from it, cannot of course be determined by observation, as it does not affect the star's apparent motion. When a railway-train at a long distance is directly approaching us, it has no apparent motion, it seems to stand still; and if it is approaching us diagonally, all that part of its motion which is bringing it nearer to us is subtracted from the apparent motion it would have if viewed from a point at right angles to the track upon which it is running. In short, it is only thwart-motion which can make any object directly inform our eyes that it is changing its place.

This statement, however, is not rigorously correct. If a train is coming directly toward us as we stand in the depot, its approach is directly determinable, partly from comparison with neighboring fixed objects, partly from the increased size of its image upon the retina. When we look at the stars, however, we do not have these helps to our vision. If a given star is coming straight toward us at the rate of forty miles per second, a comparison with neighboring stars will not help us at such an enormous distance. And, as for intensified retinal impression, if a star were to move toward

us at this rate of speed, a thousand years would hardly suffice to make an alteration of two per cent in its brilliancy.

To measure the rate of direct approach or recession of a star would, therefore, seem to be forever impossible. And as this element of direct approach or recession must enter into the motion of all stars whatever save the few which may be supposed to move precisely at right angles with reference to the earth's position, it would appear to become questionable whether we can ever get any available knowledge of the behavior of the bodies constituting the stellar universe. So that Auguste Comte might seem, after all, to be justified in his bold assertion, that we are never to have a science of stellar astronomy.

But it is rash to seek to set limits to the possibilities of human achievement. Here, from the quarter least expected, a ray of the needed light has been shed upon this most difficult problem. As the doe, in the old fable, keeping her sound eye landward, was at last shot by archers passing in a boat, so Nature has here been forced to render up her secret in the most unlooked-for way. Through the amazing results obtained by spectrum analysis it has turned out that our heavier difficulty has become the lighter one, and that the direct approach or recession of a star is actually easier to measure than its thwart-motion! Properly to exhibit the character of this most brilliant discovery, we must beg leave to recall to the reader a few considerations of which he may not otherwise bethink himself.

If the waves of a river, blown by the wind, are travelling in the same direction in which a swimmer is swimming, it is obvious that the white crests of any two consecutive waves will seem to the swimmer to follow each other more slowly than would be the case if he were swimming in a direction parallel to the direction of the wave-fronts; while, if he were swimming in a direction contrary to the motion of the waves, the crests would pass him with an apparent increase of speed. And manifestly, the more rapidly the waves appeared to pass, the narrower would the waves seem to be; and the slower the waves, the broader would they seem from crest to crest. Now the case is essentially the same whether the waves in question be those of a river, or those atmospheric waves which are known as sound, or those molecular waves which are known as light. Sound-waves travel, of course, much faster than the waves of water,

namely, twelve hundred feet per second. Yet if from any source a sound of uniform pitch be emitted, the pitch of the sound will nevertheless seem to vary when the hearer approaches or recedes from the source of the sound, provided his rate of movement bears some appreciable ratio to the speed of the sound-waves. It is thus that when a railway-train is rapidly approaching us, its steam-whistle, though maintaining a uniform pitch, yet seems to sink by a fifth or an octave.

In the case of a star moving directly toward us or away from us, the same principle holds good; yet it would seem impossible that the motion of a star, however rapid, could bear any appreciable proportion to the enormous velocity of light. A speed of forty miles per second, when compared with the speed of light, is as that of a snail to that of an express-train. Nevertheless, when we consider the inner structure of a ray of light, we find that assistance is obtainable from this quarter. It was some time since suggested by M. Doppler, that the color of a star may depend upon its motion. If a star can be supposed to approach us so swiftly that the red waves emitted by it will be so shortened as to produce upon our retinas the effect of orange light, and so on through the spectrum, then the star's change of color, resulting from the loss of its red rays, will afford an index of the rate of speed at which it is nearing us. But this reasoning is fallacious, because it loses sight of an essential fact. Below the extreme red rays of the spectrum, there are numberless dark rays, with wave-lengths greater than are cognizable by our retinas. Obviously the general shortening of wave-lengths occasioned by the star's swift approach would so shorten these dark waves as to enable them to produce in us the sensation of red light, so that the color of the star would remain unaltered. And in the case of a receding star the result would be the same, since the lengthening of the waves answering to dark rays above the violet end of the spectrum would keep up the supply of the violet portion of the star's light.

We cite this erroneous suggestion of M. Doppler, because it has proved suggestive of truth by reason of its very erroneousness, and because the reader, having duly considered it, will the better understand the ground upon which rests Mr. Huggins's magnificent discovery. Though it is not true that the color of a distant object will change with its motion towards or

away from the observer, it nevertheless happens that the *lines* of the spectrum cast by the object will be shifted in position as the object draws near or recedes. Here, as Mr. Proctor observes, in his lately published volume of "Essays on Astronomy," "we have at once a most delicate means of detecting stellar movements of approach or recession. If in the spectrum of a star we can see a recognizable group of lines, or a line recognizable by its strength, and if in any way we can prove that this line does not hold the exact position which it has in the solar spectrum, then the change of position must be looked upon as due to the star's motion towards or from the earth. The shifting of the spectrum bodily, which produces no change whatever in the star's *color*, brings all the *lines* into new positions, and any one line, marked enough for ready examination, suffices as well as a hundred to determine the existence of such a change." The rapid approach of a star, causing a general diminishing of wave-lengths, shifts the lines upward toward the violet end of the spectrum; while when the star is swiftly receding, the lines are shifted down toward the red end. Four years ago Mr. Huggins, working upon these general principles, found that the F line in the spectrum of Sirius was displaced downwards, being removed by about one two hundred and fiftieth of an inch from the corresponding line in the spectrum of hydrogen. From this accurately measured displacement Mr. Huggins was enabled to calculate a recession of rather more than forty-one miles per second; which leads to the result, after taking into account the earth's own motions, that Sirius is travelling away from us at the rate of twenty and five tenths miles per second.

Now Sirius does not move directly away from us, but diagonally, and as this is one of the few stars whose distance has been measured, we are able also to calculate its

transverse motion; so that, as a final result, we find that the star is moving through space in a given direction at the rate of thirty-three miles per second. In one case, then, the problem of stellar motion was solved by Mr. Huggins's discovery of 1868.

But during the present year Mr. Huggins has obtained a large number of striking facts by this same ingenious method of research. He finds, for example, that Arc-turus is approaching us at the rate of fifty miles per second, with a thwart-motion of about the same speed. And, having with equal success measured the motions of many other stars, he observes a general tendency among the stars in one portion of the heavens to approach the solar system, while in the opposite quarter the stars are receding from us. Moreover, the results obtained by Mr. Huggins throw welcome light upon the lately noticed phenomena of star-drift. For example, it is shown that five stars in the constellation of the Great Bear are all receding from the solar system at the common rate of thirty miles per second.

In view of these results, — obtained by attacking the great problem upon what was apparently its least vulnerable side, — we may reasonably hope ere long to be in possession of data sufficient to constitute a genuine science of sidereal dynamics. It can hardly be doubted that, with the aid of Mr. Huggins's marvellous disclosures, and of other discoveries to be obtained by the prosecution of the same method, we shall eventually know enough of the true motions of the stars to be able to frame some theory of the mutual relations among the forces which impel this stupendous system of worlds. Already there begins to be detected a complexity of arrangement and behavior among the members of the starry universe sufficient to carry our speculations far beyond the point at which they were left by the painstaking researches of the elder and the younger Herschel.

POLITICS.

THE fate of the Washington Treaty has for many months been as uncertain as that of the hero in Charles Reade's novels. It has been left for dead and rescued so many times, that the public have ceased to take much interest in its condition. Thrice has it been saved by the masterly inactivity of Mr. Gladstone, thrice by the presence of mind of General Schenck, and latterly the tribunal of arbitration at Geneva has been saving it, when it was supposed to be utterly and hopelessly dead. Exactly how this final restoration to life will turn out does not quite appear, nor whether it is yet safely past all its perils; whether

Malice domestic, foreign, tory, naught
Can harm it further,

or whether General Butler and Earl Russell still have power to vex and torment it. Many humane persons had hoped that a vote in the House of Commons or another *ultimatum* from Washington (say the tenth) would finally put the poor sufferer out of its misery, and leave the way clear for a permanent settlement on a better basis. But apparently this is not to be. It is so manifestly the wish of both governments to have the skeleton at least of the treaty preserved, its complete failure would be such a political dead loss to both, that it has long been plain no pains would be spared to keep it alive at least till the close of the parliamentary session, and of our Presidential campaign. Whether the decision of the arbitrators, throwing out the indirect claims, will do more than prolong its existence until Congress meets again, will depend somewhat on the result of our election. After all that has passed, the downright refusal of the English nation to submit a part of our case to arbitration at all, followed by so much petty and higgling negotiation, and by several very questionable letters and declarations of General Schenck, it is by no means so certain as it once was that the United States, under a new administration, would accept an unfavorable decision by the arbitrators as final. Mr. Greeley is understood to be utterly opposed to the whole course of our government, on this question and every other, since he was nominated for the Presidency. Should he be elected, and should his election happen to place Mr. Sumner in the

State Department, all that has yet been done to save the unlucky treaty might still prove useless. The re-election of General Grant, we presume, would be held to indorse all the acts of his administration which it had not then repudiated; but as it is not probable that Mr. Fish and Mr. Bancroft Davis will continue in office, if General Grant does, there is no certainty that the new Secretary of State will follow in the steps of his predecessor. However gratifying, therefore, the complete settlement of our controversy with England might be, and however well disposed the Geneva tribunal may be to settle it, we cannot see that they are likely to do so, at their present rate of activity, before the November election shall come on, perhaps to give the question an entirely new aspect. But it seems to be decided that each portion of the treaty is to stand or fall by itself; so that, whatever may be the disposal of the Alabama claims, the other matters at issue may perhaps go on to a complete settlement while this Gordian knot is still as fast tied as ever. The Geneva arbitrators have kept their own counsel since their first decision, ruling out the indirect claims, was made public; and though we have rumors that they are reducing very much our claims for direct damages, there is as yet no certain information on the subject. Apathetic as our people have become respecting the treaty and its practical results, it is far from certain that they would acquiesce in a verdict at Geneva by which — to quote the coarse but expressive language ascribed to Mr. Evarts, one of our counsel — we should both lose our money damages and be “chiselled out of our grievance.” This new danger to the “amicable settlement” which the treaty aims at has already begun to excite the apprehensive minds of the Tory newspapers in London, and ought not to be quite overlooked on our side of the ocean. Whatever the final result may be, the poetry and sentiment of the treaty negotiation have long since evaporated in the handling, and we have come down to the boldest prose in our treatment of the matter on both sides. American diplomacy is largely responsible for this fine example of natural disillusion; it lost a great opportunity to be magnanimous, to secure the good-will of other na-

tions; and the curse of a granted prayer may yet be keenly felt by our negotiators when they come to sum up, a year or two hence, the whole result of their long labor. But we will hope for better things; partly because Mr. Adams has now quite as much voice in the decision as Mr. Fish has.

ALTHOUGH the country has seen, in the twenty Presidential elections that have occurred since Washington's first term ended, almost every phase of political contest of which it was deemed capable, we are having this year a new campaign, of which the beginning and progress have been unlike anything before seen. At first, Presidential candidates were taken from a small list of the Revolutionary leaders, and were selected neither by conventions nor congressional parties, but indicated by their own prominence before the country. Washington, Adams, and Jefferson are examples of this; the first and perhaps the grossest illustration of the modern doctrine of availability, however, appeared in the union of the Federalists in 1800—1 upon Aaron Burr in opposition to Jefferson. After Jefferson's administration the custom prevailed of making the Secretary of State a candidate for the Presidency, and this had become important enough in 1827, when Henry Clay was Secretary, to call out from the partisans of Jackson a protest against handing down the office in this way, by a sort of legitimate succession. Amos Kendall, then editing a Kentucky newspaper, and a bitter enemy of Clay, spoke of him and John Quincy Adams as "mayors of the palace," who in the Presidency of their chief, had plotted to gain the sovereign power for themselves. The danger was not a very alarming one, and since Adams's time very few Secretaries of State have risen to be President. Van Buren did, but after a long interval, and so did Buchanan, who was Mr. Polk's Secretary ten years before he was elected over Fremont, in 1856. But neither Harrison, nor Polk, nor Cass, nor Taylor, nor Scott, nor Pierce, nor Fremont, Lincoln, Douglas, Breckenridge, Bell, McClellan, Grant, nor Seymour had been Secretary of State, and only two or three of them had been in the Cabinet at all when they were candidates for the Presidency. Nor did Webster, or Calhoun, or Marcy, or Seward—all able Secretaries—ever come to be Presidential candidates, in the modern sense of the word, after 1828; that is, they did

not obtain the sanction of a party caucus or convention. The national convention, properly speaking, is but thirty-two years old, for it did not become an established institution till 1840, when Harrison was nominated over Clay and Webster, as Taylor was in 1848, and Scott over Webster in 1852. Such a convention opens a lottery in which the real leaders of a party are as likely to draw blanks as prizes, and which is not favorable to the selection of great men as Presidential candidates. With the exception of Clay in 1844, and Lincoln in 1860 and 1864, no first-rate man has received the nomination in such a convention of either party; the ordinary result being men, like Polk and Pierce, or Scott, Taylor, McClellan, and Grant, who were either mere party instruments, or men with a military reputation, but of unknown political qualities. This year the cut-and-dried partisan conventions were anticipated by the irregular and eccentric Cincinnati gathering, which, by a sort of accident, put in nomination a man as unique as the occasion of his appearance. For Mr. Greeley had been a party leader for thirty years, and yet had no party when he was nominated; he is not a first-rate man, though the equal in ability of any of our later Presidents save Lincoln; yet he defeated Mr. Adams, who is one of the few trained statesmen of the country, and caused every Democratic aspirant for the nomination to vanish from the field; so that the Baltimore Convention literally did nothing but ratify the proceedings at Cincinnati. Mr. Greeley has developed unsuspected strength as a candidate, so that, as we write, the election is as doubtful as any that the present generation of voters can remember. It has become quite common to say, in view of the rapid and apparently firm concentration of parties on Mr. Greeley's support, that, "unless something unforeseen should happen," he is in a fair way to be elected. This may be true; but the unforeseen is sure to happen this year, and from the present aspect of the campaign no safe conclusion can be drawn.

In fact, if ever the Horatian virtue of *nil admirari* and the Indian's resolution not to be surprised at anything were in request, it is in this year of 1872, which has been one succession of surprises, politically speaking, from the beginning until now, and which promises to surprise us still more in various ways. We began with open-mouthed wonderment over England's reception of our "case" under the

treaty; the unexpected growth and still more unexpected result of the Cincinnati movement surprised the country more yet; but its greatest astonishment has been the course and attitude of the Democratic party since the Cincinnati nomination. Steady-going old political prognosticators have been quite thrown out of their reckoning; the ancient landmarks have not only been removed, but have taken to waltzing up and down and all about in a most confusing manner; and of the political situation that seemed to exist a year ago, "naught doth endure but mutability." Fancy the laughter that would have greeted the prediction, twelve months since, that the Democratic National Convention, by a vote of more than ten to one, would nominate Horace Greeley for President, and that the whole effective force of that party in stubborn, unchanging regions like New Hampshire and Kentucky would rapturously applaud the nomination! And yet this is what the month of July bore witness to. Less remarkable now, but quite as extraordinary a year ago, would have seemed the harmonious combination between these Democrats and such Republicans as Trumbull of Illinois, Julian of Indiana, Blair of Michigan, Sedgwick of New York, and Bird of Massachusetts. Not less surprising in the last-named State is the cordial union in the new Greeley party of prohibitionists and imbibitionists, (to coin a much-needed word,) of Butler men and anti-Butler men, and every shade, in fact, of the thousand-fold opinions that Massachusetts permits her citizens. Driven to his wit's end for an explanation of these things, the observer is forced to conclude that there is a cause far deeper than those ordinarily suggested. When the compass-needle varies greatly this way or that, the surveyor suspects local attraction, and is generally right; but when it traverses irregularly and inexplicably, he gradually understands that he is in the midst of a magnetic storm, of which the current cannot be calculated. Something analogous to this is happening politically this year; we have reached one of those periods of upheaval, when it is futile to predict anything but change, and perfectly safe to predict that.

One thing seems certain at this date and it is quite as unexpected as any part of the year's record. The campaign is not likely to turn on the personal fitness or unfitness of either candidate. Mr. Sumner might have spared his speech against

Grant, and the caricaturists and editors may as well give over their onset against Greeley's eccentricities of dress, opinion, conscience, and manners. The contest, such as it is, is fought above or below the range of arguments of this sort; the Republicans would support a much worse man than Grant is even supposed to be, rather than give up the government of the country; and the Democrats and disaffected Republicans would vote for a more objectionable man than Greeley, if one could be found, rather than not change the present administration. All this, too, while the platforms of the two contending parties are in essentials the same. The real question is one of confidence in the administration, and on this the issue is making up. Thousands, perhaps even hundreds of thousands of citizens will abstain from voting at all, because they believe both candidates personally unqualified or disqualified for the Presidency; but the election will be carried for or against the administration on its general merits, and on the strength or weakness of the popular demand for a change, "for the sake of change," as Mr. Webster once said.

The great difficulty in Mr. Greeley's way is the dread and disgust which the country still feels at the thought of the old Democratic party, whose nominee, under a change of policy, Mr. Greeley has become; and in pressing the Democrats with their old iniquities the Republicans do well and make a decided impression on the voters, especially at the North. But, on the other hand, he has an advantage in the apparent disposition, not only at the South, but with the war Democrats and many of the Republicans, to close the war record and open new books. It is even possible that the military renown of General Grant, which secured his first election, will prove a hinderance in this contest, since it was gained in a civil war. Mr. Greeley's trophies, such as they are, belong to more pacific and bucolic contention; and if Mr. Sumner's letter to his colored friends has the effect to be anticipated for it from their reliance upon his counsels hitherto, we may yet behold the amazing spectacle of the rebel lion and the colored lamb lying down together, and sweetly submitting themselves to the childlike guidance of Mr. Greeley, while the wicked spectres of race-prejudice and kukluxery fly dismayed from this most unexpected result of that leader's life-long empiricism.